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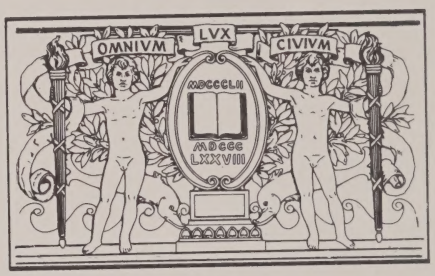

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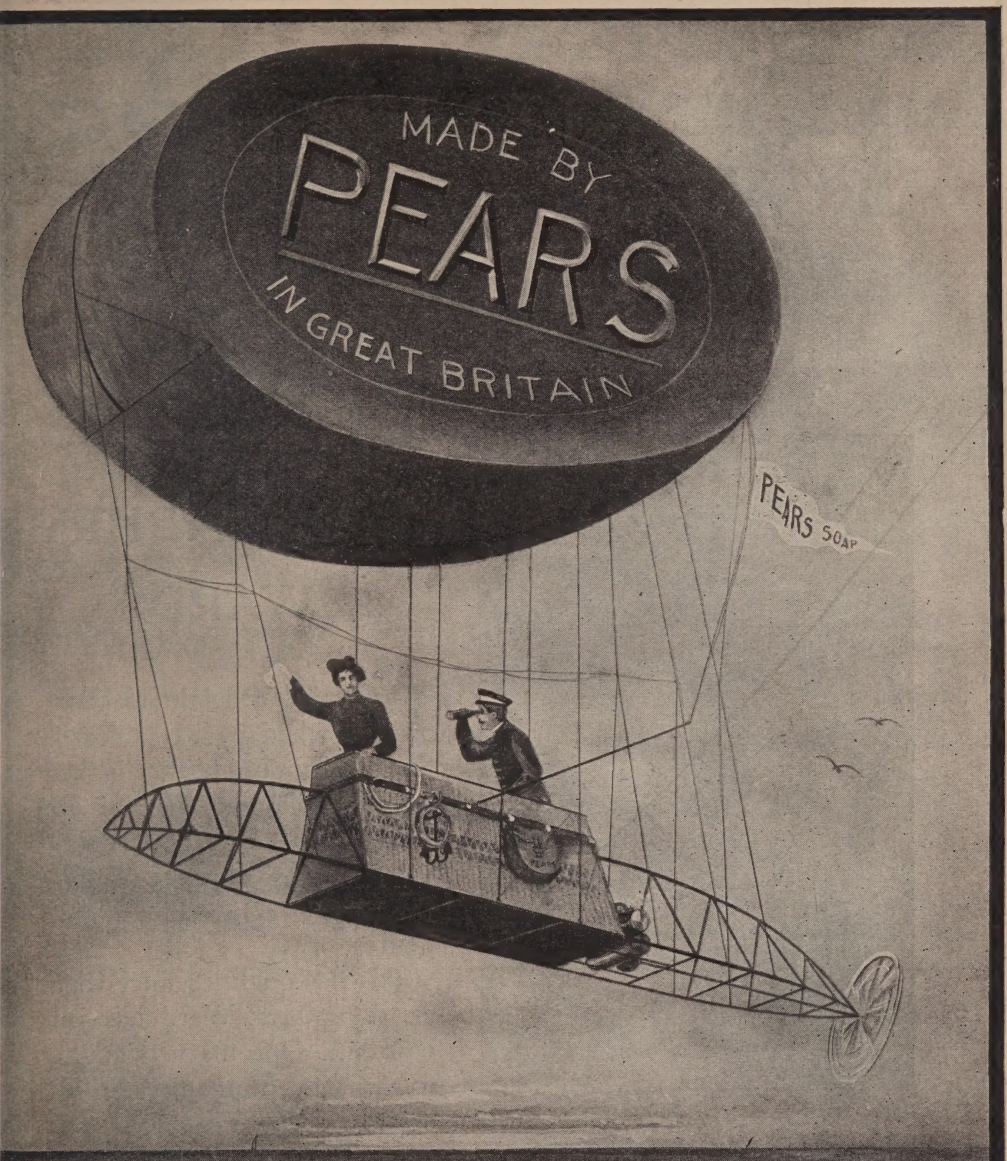

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HENRIK IBSEN.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

It is within the memory of people still young that a change has come over the mood of the world concerning great men who die. The time was, before this time, that the commemoration of a great man began with his death. In ceasing to be an activity he became an increasingly important interest. But in the recent change of the world's mood this seems to be no longer so. A great man in dying, nowadays, goes out of the minds of the living much more rapidly than he once went. His passing is still a human event, and for a day, a week, a month, a year, his name reverberates in the newspapers and the magazines; his biography revives the fading curiosity; and then, according to the convention, which we still respect, his place in history is supposed to be ascertained. But in fact a subtle neglect steals upon his fame almost with the publication of the fact that he is dead, and this deepens and deepens into forgetfulness with a swiftness quite in keeping with the pace of all things in our hurried age.

It is probably because our age is hurried, and not because we have so many great men, that we forget them with increasing ease when they die. In any case, it seems certain that the renown of few or none is destined to widen with the lapse of years. After

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all, there has been but one Shakespeare in literary history, and the attempts of historians to rehabilitate the fame of other sorts of great men who have passed out of remembrance, or to vindicate the right of any to the interest which they inspired while living, have not been of a success encouraging to great men in the enjoyment of an actual obscurity. The rewards of writing for posterity are more and more uncertain; if one is not a classic in one's own day, it is not probable that he will become so later.

I.

Whether Henrik Ibsen has been and is a classic is a question which the generation passing with him could not answer dispassionately, and one would not wish to kindle the fires of controversy from his funeral pyre. I will merely note that, if having the praise of the first minds in all countries is to the effect of being a classic, then Ibsen is and has been a classic; for there can be no doubt that the highest criticism has everywhere recognized his greatness as a dramatist. With this criticism in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, England and these States, there could hardly be any longer a misgiving as to his primacy, there could hardly be a hesitation. There is no one whom it would put beside him, and few whom it would put near him, in a time when there has been a universal revival of the dramatic art, and when, among every civilized people, the theatre has been of a performance, and not a promise merely, unsurpassed except in the supreme moment incarnated in Shakespeare. Yet with this universal recognition by the highest criticism, which ought to have the power of classicizing, it must be owned that there is wanting to Ibsen's towering repute that breadth of base which apparently gives security and perpetuity. It is no

"star y-pointing pyramid,"

with foundations spreading as far as its upward reach, but a lonely column climbing the skies from a pedestal almost as narrow as itself. In every country, where the first intelligences have given him their unanimous acclaim, the second intelligences have as unanimously refused him theirs; and these intelligences, though second, are still of a quality which commands respect. In their refusal they hold by tradition, by convention, by what may be called the vested ideals, those collaterals by which men enjoy a mental increment without the labor of original

thinking. Such intelligences will always have the regard of the majority, and a vast influence. They stand between the majority and the first intelligences, who mostly fail to reach the popular mind; and perhaps they usefully protect it from the shock of innovation until it is able to bear a novel truth. At any rate, Ibsen, whom the highest criticism of our time regards as the greatest dramatist of our time, is altogether without popular standing. His name, indeed, is almost as widely known to the multitude as that of Tolstoy himself, and in much the same sort; but his work is almost quite unknown to it. The multitude has heard of his name, and it has a derivative from it, and uses the word "Ibsenism" convertibly with "pessimism"; it is not impossible that, if a strong appeal were made by the second intelligences, the multitude would approve the exclusion of his works from the mails. If we trusted to the popular knowledge of the nature and intention of "Ghosts," it would then be as useless to order a copy of it through the post as it would once have been to order a copy of "The Kreutzer Sonata."

This is the anomalous situation one must face; these are the distracting contradictions one must recognize, before hoping to impart any just conception of Ibsen. The difficulty is very great; perhaps it is insuperable; and yet Ibsen is always a problem of such interest that one cannot turn from him in despair, without a sense of intolerable loss to one's self and to others. One cannot quite hope to make him clear, but there is a cloudy significance in all his work that charms and edifies; the light breaks through in flashes, but though it is resumed again in the stormy sky, it is a precious light, and one's vision is forever purified of certain mists by it.

II.

What this cloudy significance is, however, I do not find myself much helped to say by any of those prime critics who have joined in declaring Ibsen's importance to the modern drama, to the modern life. Unaided, I should say what I have already said elsewhere, and reaffirm that the great and dreadful delight of Ibsen is from his power of dispersing the conventional acceptations by which men live on easy terms with themselves, and obliging them to examine the grounds of their social and moral opinions. This cruel joy, this "*höchst angenehmer Schmerz*," as Heine would call it, is not welcome to all; it is welcome to so very few that the

vast majority will shrink from the mere rumor of it, and it is with no hope of winning favor or following for him that I suggest it as the prevailing effect of his peculiar talent. But I believe that this effect is the sum of all his other excellencies, and of a value higher than that of any one of them.

To my experience he is a dramatist of such perfection, he is a poet of such absolute simplicity and veracity, that when I read him or see him I feel nothing wanting in the æsthetic scheme. I know that there are graces and beauties abounding in other authors which are absent from him, but I do not miss them; and I perceive that he abundantly fulfils his purpose without them. I am sensible of being moved, of being made to think and feel as no other has made me think and feel, and I think that sufficient; I do not care what is left out of the means to the end. For illustration, we will say, what I believe, that "Macbeth" is the supreme play of conscience, of that spirit in us that censures conduct. The means to its end are of an opulence which renders "Ghosts," in the contrast, bare and poverty-stricken. Yet I do not miss in "Ghosts" any of the means that richly edified me in "Macbeth," and I am aware of a spirit in it that censures conscience itself. Shakespeare in Macbeth and in Lady Macbeth has made me shudder for their guilt; Ibsen in Manders and Mrs. Alving makes me tremble for their innocence. The difference measures the advance from the mediæval to the modern man, and accounts for the hardihood of those who have declared that Ibsen says more to them now than Shakespeare says. They are right if they mean that Shakespeare makes them question the evil, while Ibsen makes them also question the good. The time has come, apparently, when we are to ask ourselves not of the justice of our motives, so much as of the wisdom of our motives. It will no longer suffice that we have had the best motive in this or that; we must have the wisest motive, and we must examine anew the springs of action, the grounds of conviction.

That is what Ibsen invites us to do, not in "Ghosts" alone, but in most of the plays which may be called his most realistic. Some of his dramas deal typically with human, with Norwegian, life—as "Brand," as "Peer Gynt," as "The Lady from the Sea"; others deal personally with Norwegian, with human, life—as "Ghosts," as "Pillars of Society," as "The Wild Duck," as "Hedda Gabler," as "Little Eyolf," and it is these last which

Ibsen valued himself most upon, and which, I think, form the richest part of his legacy to literature. It has been conjectured that when they have had their full ethical effect, and the world has come more or less to the ground where they challenge conscience for its reasons, they will be of less interest and less significance than the more idealistic dramas; but if the representation of character, and the study of personality, form the highest office of art, as I believe they do, I think Ibsen will not be finally found mistaken in his preference. I am quite willing to own that I agree with him, perhaps because I like the real better than the ideal, though I find abundant reality in his idealistic dramas.

III.

As to the ethical effect of the plays which I permit myself, in the company of their author, to like best, I have my doubts whether it is so directly and explicitly his intention as some of the highest critical intelligences have imagined. He is, first of all, not a moralist, and far less a polemicist, but an artist, and he works through instruments, as the creative force always works, in which he is himself intangible, and, as it were, absent. His instruments are of course the characters of the drama in hand, and it is not to be inferred that the end to which any of these comes is Ibsen's conclusion, any more than it is to be inferred that what any one of them says is Ibsen's opinion. You are not to take this thing or that as the point of the moral, but to consider the whole result left with you, and to use your reason, not your logic, upon it. In "Ghosts," Mrs. Alving upbraids her old lover for not letting her stay when she took refuge with him from the horror of her marriage, and for making her go back to her husband; she upbraids herself for not having sympathized with the life-lust in her husband, which mainly manifested itself in love-lust outside of their marriage; she seems willing, rather than make the same mistake again, that her son shall have his half-sister for wife, or even for mistress. But in her case, as in every other, Ibsen does not wish to teach so much as he wishes to move, to strike with that exalted terror of tragedy which has never hesitated at its means; which in Shakespeare confronts us with a son forced to bring his mother to shame for her incestuous union with his uncle, and to study the best moment for the murder to which his father's revengeful

spirit urges him, and from which his own faltering temperament withholds him, though the spectator is made to feel it is his sacred duty, and shares the truculent impatience of the spectre at his delay. It would be no sillier to suppose that Shakespeare meant to inculcate such bloody deeds as that which Hamlet shrinks from doing, than to suppose that Ibsen means in Mrs. Alving's distraction to teach libertinage, or that complicity with suicide in which the play apparently ends. The moral is far back of all this, and involved by her violation of duty in marrying for the worldly ends of her family a man she does not love, for this is the wrong-doing which no after duteousness in her mismarriage can catch up. Here is the source of all the sorrow that ensues; and the lesson, so far as the play is lessoned, is that you must be true from the start, if you would not be false in the truth itself afterwards. But probably Ibsen meant nothing so explicit as that. He was writing a play, not a sermon. He was offering a bitter and poisonous flower of life as he had found it growing; not a botanical medicine that he had dried and pressed for the ethicist's herbarium.

"Ghosts" is the most tragical of Ibsen's plays, and it is none the less tragical because it is a tremendous effect of the author's peculiar humor. He is a humorist in the presence of its dreadful facts not because he is a hard-hearted cynic, but because he sees that the world which a wise and merciful and perfect God has created seems full of stupidity and cruelty and out of joint to utter deformity, and he shows it as he sees it. If he is apparently inconsistent, it is because the world is really inconsistent; and if we hold him to any hard and fast rule of logic, we may indeed *have* him, but his best meaning will escape us. In "Pillars of Society," that tragedy of his which comes nearest being a satirical comedy, or for the most part is so, the misery comes because Bernick will be a hypocrite and a liar; and the inference is, that any sort of truth, or anybody's, would be better than the falsehood in which he lives. In "The Wild Duck," the truth is brought home from the outside to a wretched creature unable to bear it, who has existed through the lie become vital to him, and who goes to pieces at the touch of the truth, and drags those around him to ruin and death in his fall; and the inference is that the truth is not for every one always, but may sometimes be a real mischief. The two plays seem to contradict each other,

but they do not; they are both true to different predicaments and situations of life, and can no more be blamed for inconsistency than God's world which they faithfully mirror. There is in fact a divine consistency running through them and through "Ghosts," where you shall learn, if you will pay due heed, that the truth once denied avenges itself in the dire necessity of falsehood, and renders all after-truth mechanical and of the effect of a lie. When Mrs. Alving had once been false to herself in marrying for money and position a man she did not love, while she loved another man, she never could again be true to herself without doing him harm. She lent herself to his evil as long as she could bear it, and when she could bear it no longer the worst had been done. She had borne a son on whom his father's sins must be visited, and had pledged herself to falsehood against which she revolted in vain and forever too late. If she had revolted earlier, and made known the facts of her life to all the world, still it would not have availed. People who saw in "Ghosts" merely a heredity play, based upon a questionable assumption of science, never saw it whole, and they who saw in it merely a destiny play, in which fate relentlessly brooded as in Greek tragedy, as little fathomed its meaning. This, as I think we have found, is very simple, and is not discordant with any dictate of religion or reason, and it is always Ibsen's meaning. Do not be a hypocrite, do not be a liar, do not be a humbug; but be very careful how and when you are sincere and true and single, lest being virtuous out of time you play the fool and work destruction.

This is what he is always saying, but this is not the effect to which he is always working. It is his prime business and his main business to show things as they are so that you shall not only be edified, but also stirred and charmed in such sort as you never were before, and in the measure that you are capable of emotion. But when I say that the representation of life is his prime business and his main business, I do not mean that he works always in the same way, or that he convinces us of the reality of what he shows us by the same methods. Some of his plays are more allegorical than others, and in these he finds the reality far below the surface ideality which we see; and he makes us find it if we are capable of so much; if we are not capable of so much he must leave us to the obvious facts. This will account for a very

general supposition that in "A Doll's House" he teaches that a wife who finds her husband a priggish fraud ought to abandon her home and go away, somewhere or anywhere, so only that she may be freed from her false relation to him. The moral in that play, and in every other play of Ibsen's, is that certain actions result in certain tendencies, and that from these tendencies certain things happen. If the actions are selfish, they eventuate in misery; if they are false, they hold the doer in a bondage to falsehood from which no truth can avail to free him later. It might appear that Ibsen believes with the Preacher that the heart is above all things deceitful and desperately wicked, but in showing this, he cannot justly be accused of inculcating its immoralities and iniquities, as they follow in an endless train of evil from the first evil. Yet I can quite understand how people who feel so intensely the tragic effect of his plays, accept the catastrophe as if it were a solution which the dramatist offered. Never was human nature shown so nakedly as in his tremendous scene; it is stripped as bare of all its disguises as it could be at the Judgment Day; yet the dramatist does not deliver judgment. He leaves every wretched being, whether before or behind the footlights, to pronounce sentence upon himself. His homily is acted on the stage, not preached from the pulpit, and its applications are made by the people who go home and think it over.

IV.

In the awful moment of Hawthorne's romance, when Dimmesdale stands with his paramour and their child on the scaffold, and declares his guilt before the people, he hopes for mercy only through the fulness of his public ignominy; and in the closing chapter, where the author gathers up the threads of his story, and tries to make his meaning clear, he bids his reader "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely your worst to the world or some trait by which the worst may be known." Yet, in spite of this sublime and, as it seems to a later art, only too obvious simplicity of motive, "The Scarlet Letter" was in its time fiercely denounced as an attack on the character of the Puritan clergy of New England, made with the satirical motive of bringing them into contempt. It is not very strange, then, that Ibsen should have been as widely and wildly mistaken, and should have been honestly believed a malignant cynic, with no higher motive than

mockery, and no aim but to pervert and to corrupt. As an artist, he could not say what ought to be plain to every one who reads him or sees him played, that his increasing purpose, from first to last, has been to confront selfishness and conceit and falsehood with themselves. His view of human nature is the humorist's; but it amuses him sorrowfully, and his view of human life is far above the satirist's. It is the realist's view, the view of the honest man, the only honest man; and in this view he sees that selfishness, conceit and falsehood form that sin of hypocrisy on which modern civilization is founded. It is this which he is always allowing to expose itself on his scene, and he has no other agency in the affair than to let it. He does not praise this action or blame that one; he has nothing to do with any inference which the wrong-headed or weak-minded may draw from any fact or trait represented. His sole business is to make us feel that the basis of society, as we now have it, is hypocrisy, though an hypocrisy now grown almost involuntary and helpless, and it is not his business to do this by precept, but by example. You may say that he is right, or you may say that he is wrong, but you cannot say that he does not believe in what he is doing, or that he is trying to do something else, or that he is not trying to do anything, but is only diabolically delighting in the spectacle of human weakness. If he takes the world as he finds it, certainly he does not leave it so, as each witness will own who feels himself unmasked in the presence of those terrible sufferings and shames. With Hawthorne he says, "Be true, be true, be true!" but he adds, "Be true in time, be true from the beginning; for later you shall be true in vain, and your very truth shall become part of that great lie, that world-hypocrisy, in which civilization lives and moves and has its being."

I do not pretend that Ibsen is a comfortable companion, or that a play of his is something to take up and while away a pleasant hour with, or that if seen upon the stage it will take a tired business man's mind off himself, or help a society woman forget the manifold vexations of the day. His plays were probably never intended to do anything of the kind, and probably they were as little meant to be seen by the inexperienced young people who go to the theatre in pairs, with or without a chaperon. But neither of these probabilities has anything to do with the question of their literary value, or their effect, though both of

them have everything to do with the question of their popularity in all Anglo-Saxon countries. They will never have a great or a small popularity with our race, in any of the seven seas; and yet, for all the reasons against them, however furiously urged, we should be the better for their wide acceptance, honester and cleanlier.

It is one of the conventions of our hypocritical civilization that young people are ignorant of certain matters because they do not speak of them to their elders, and that their minds will be tainted or corrupted by others' open recognition of them. Ibsen's recognition of the fact is not, indeed, as open as it might be, but it is unmistakable, and its purport is wholly sanative. He addresses himself most terribly to those who have committed the mistakes or the misdeeds which he puts before them; but, if the hopes of reform are always with the young, he more usefully addresses himself to those who are no longer ignorant but are still innocent. I say this, not because I see any chance of his being presently suffered to do so, on the popular scale, but because I think it a pity that art should not be allowed to enforce the precepts of religion, in regard to matters of which the young drink in knowledge from the very fountain of our religion.

Such a play as "Little Eyolf" is awful, no one can deny that. It wrings the heart with grief and shame, but any one who refuses to see the hope which it holds out, that if you will do right you are safe from wrong, must be wilfully blind. It proclaims, in terms that humiliate and that almost disgrace, the truth which Tolstoy preaches in other terms when he declares that there is and can be no such thing as personal happiness. Both of these just men perceive that, in the scheme of a just God, there is no room for such happiness; and that, wherever it tries to force itself in, it pushes aside or crushes under it the happiness of some other human creature. In "Little Eyolf," where the wife and mother vainly hopes to perpetuate the passion of her first married years, and wishes to sacrifice to that idolatry herself, her husband and her child, we have something intolerably revolting; but the lesson is, alike from Ibsen and from Tolstoy, that you must not and you cannot be happy except through the welfare of others, and that to seek your bliss outside of this is to sin against reason and righteousness both.

As for the fact involved, and put in words so plain that it can

scarcely be called hinting, it is one of those things which they who shrink from such wicked and filthy things as the drama has commonly dealt with may shrink from having handled, and these will be shocked quite as much by the diabolism of Hedda Gabler as by the animalism of Rita Allmers. Obsession is an easy name for the state of such women, but if it is the true name then it is time men should study the old formulas of exorcism anew.

V.

I do not say that this is what Ibsen means men to do, or that he finally thinks some of them better than such women. Upon the whole he holds the balance between the sexes pretty evenly in portraying the actions in which their not so very different natures eventuate. In fact, they seem in his handling rather different temperaments than different natures. We see women-natured men, and we see men-natured women, and the first are no better than the last. Both are obviously included in human nature, and their variations of temperament are not more convincing of good in men of feminine temperament than of evil in women of masculine temperament. We distinguish there the quality of their sins, by our common, thumb-fingered morality; but, to the more delicate touch of Ibsen's ethics there is no distinction in the quality of the sinners.

He does not affirm this more strenuously than some other things, and it is not his habit to affirm anything very strenuously. Georg Brandes sums up his attitude toward life in a saying of Ibsen's own: "My calling is to question, not to answer," and this is what all of those who have tried to divine him have paraphrased in one way or another. It is the essence of Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism," a fascinating but by no means always convincing book; it is the effect of the several admirable things that Mr. William Archer has written about Ibsen; it is the somewhat desperate and faltering conclusion of Brandes; it was substantially the mind of one of his best critics, the too early dead Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen. We are instinctively dissatisfied with this attitude of Ibsen's; we demand something more of the only partially, or not at all, developed. It is because we are still creatures of instinct, or still children with reasoning powers only partially developed, or not at all. It is because we are irreverent of the divine mystery in which we are posited here,

the whole mystery of life. If we took thought in making our foolish demand, we should realize that nothing is answered here; not one of the things that are worth knowing is answered. Not one passion explains itself; not one principle will be traced back to the source where it gets its name as principle. In the mean time, there are abundant explanations and researches.

In some sort Ibsen can be personally and even intellectually accounted for, and I commend to those whom his death has interested in his life a very interesting critical biography of him by Henrik Jaeger, which Mr. William Morton Payne has translated better than I know, for I do not know Norwegian, with all my airs of knowing Ibsen. But he seems an author very little dependent on his native vehicle in his prose dramas; he gets there, as far as concerns the effect with the reader or spectator, as well in English as in his mother-speech; and from Mr. Payne's Jaeger-biography my equally little Norsed reader can learn fully enough how Ibsen found his way to mastery while continuing singularly aloof from circumstance. With fair beginnings early blighted by adversity, he grew strong by standing alone in a small Scandinavian seaport, where to have been first could not have been much, and to be last was to be the sort of outcast that Ibsen afterwards rather chose being. The son of the broken merchant became an apothecary's apprentice, and then, by steps inevitable, if not natural, a poet, a journalist, and a playwright; but we need not trace the steps. It is enough that he arrived in Norway at the position he held in Skien, an eminence of unpopularity and misunderstanding accorded to few but the greatest. All this and more is apparent from the recently published letters of Ibsen, in which we hear him speaking replylessly, as one through a telephone, for there are no answers printed with his letters. They confirm the impression of the biographies that he was the victim of his disadvantages, and from being forced to stand too much alone became too conscious of the claim of his genius, too much devoted to its development as the prime, if not the sole, interest of his being. As the world is now built, a man can no more live to himself than he can live to others exclusively; one is bound selfishly as well as unselfishly to one's fellows in the competitive conditions which are so far from final, and Ibsen's life has not the grandeur of his gift, one of the rarest and finest bestowed upon mortal, though not the most definite in effect.

In a sort he was ultimately reconciled to Norway; but it would not be strange if he kept a grudge to the end. The citizen of a small country must suffer at short range the wounds dealt afar to high spirits in wider lands; and, doubtless, there was something peculiarly embittering to Ibsen in his close acquaintance with his misunderstanders and maligners. But, after all, his hardships were not very different from the hardships of most literary men; and his dislike of Norway was founded upon public as well as private grounds. The grief between them was that Norway was provincial and Ibsen was not, though some of the more ignorant of the Anglo-Saxonry have supposed him provincial because he always put the scenes of his realistic dramas among the people he knew best. He went from these early enough, and stayed away long enough to learn the great world as it is known in the chief German, French and Italian cities, and he returned to them only after he was high above their control. He was then fairly enough a cosmopolitan, such as it is difficult to be in London or even New York, and spiritually he seems to have been pretty much always the same Ibsen.

That is to say, he lived as he has died, "a very imperial anarch," for, more even than agnosticism, the note of this mighty solitary, hermited in the midst of men, was anarchism. Solidarities of any sort he would not have. The community was nothing to him, and, if not quite so despicable as the majority, was still a contemptible substitute for the individuality. That was alone precious, and it was like some medicines, in doing good in proportion as it disagreed with the taste of the patient, of the fellow man. Ibsen had really a dread of being acceptable, for in the popular favor he feared the end of his usefulness. In some way or other he was often saying that, both directly and dramatically; and he lived it as nearly as civility would let him. He had not differenced himself so much from the generality of his kind as not to have married; he had become a husband and father, and his domestic life was of a physiognomy undistinguished by the experiences which stimulate the conjectures of criticism as to the personal sources of an author's most impersonal inspirations.

Since his early allegories and romances, there has been a wonderful unity in his work. It has been constantly a challenge to thought from the instances of life. His very last drama is the

most mystical of these challenges; but never has any literary man looked life so squarely in the face, except perhaps Flaubert or Tolstoy, though he has confronted her on such very different terms that he cannot very well be compared with these widely parted masters. If he found her countenance full of terrible and insoluble mysteries, and rendered her likeness so as to impart the most piercing sense of tragedy, it can scarcely be imputed to him for a fault. It is at worst his characteristic, his habit, his business. He was, if not born to it, trained to it; and it seems very much as if he were born to it. In a way, he is himself the greatest proof, if any besides common experience were needed, of the truth of what he tells. Faculties like his were given him to be employed, and they could not be employed if there were not facts to use them upon. Let us suppose him created for some wise purpose, and keep on trying to make him out.

As to how long we shall keep on, now he is dead, I have already hinted my doubt. As I have said, he has always been as he is now, more known than read, and more read than seen. Even in his own country, even in Germany, in France, his pieces have been comparatively seldom played, though the plays that he has inspired others to write have been very much played. If we can call him a force, we can still better call him an influence. It can be said, quite short of exaggeration, that but for him we should hardly have had, just as they are, Sudermann, Hauptmann and others in Germany, Echegaray in Spain, D'Annunzio in Italy, and Pinero, or that unhappy Oscar Wilde, in England; perhaps not Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. He is one of those masters, by no means surprisingly rare, who are more accepted through those they have influenced than in themselves. The public knows the name of Ibsen in an ignorance of his work in really stupendous measure. It would not be altogether impossible that the future should know him on some such terms, just as it would not be altogether impossible that some in the future should know him with the passionate joy with which a few in the present have had the courage to know him.

W. D. HOWELLS.

REASONS FOR CONTINUED CHINESE EXCLUSION.

BY GEORGE C. PERKINS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

THE question of the unrestricted admission into the United States of undesirable immigrants is becoming more pressing from year to year, and is more and more attracting public attention. Not many years ago, the Chinese problem was the only one which demanded solution, and the people of the Eastern States had scant sympathy with the inhabitants of California, Oregon and Washington who demanded that immigration from China should cease. But, as time has given better opportunities for learning what the Chinese are who come here as contract-laborers, and what effect their presence in large numbers would have in this country, the greater is the proportion of Americans who believe in restrictive measures and the more rigorous they believe those restrictions should be. And it is fast becoming evident that it is not the Chinese peons alone that should be prevented from overrunning our country at their own sweet will. There are other Asiatic nations whose people would be as great a menace to Americans and their institutions as are the subjects of the great Empress who rules the four hundred million inhabitants of China from the secluded imperial palace in Peking. It cannot be denied that from some parts of Europe it is possible to receive a class of immigrants that are little more desirable than those from Asiatic countries, though there is not between them and us that vast abyss which separates us from the Oriental. The latter we have been able through sad experience to study very closely and to ascertain what his presence among us means. Of necessity the Chinese, because of the large colony which has grown up in California, have been the principal objects of this study; but it has

also been learned that what has been found true of them is true in all essential particulars of all the other peoples of the Orient.

The opposition to the Chinese is not an unthinking, unreasoning prejudice. In the early days of the Pacific Coast they were gladly welcomed. There was work for them to do in building railroads, in reclaiming waste-lands, in caring for and harvesting crops; and, even now, it would be a boon to all agriculturists and horticulturists of California if Chinese laborers could be freely admitted without danger to interests far greater than the successful management of a ranch. Yet our experience has created an intelligent public opinion which is unalterably opposed to the immigration of Chinese peon labor. The reasons are not far to seek. They are fundamental—racial—and are bound to make themselves felt in spite of theories as to moral obligations or the assumed needs of foreign trade. They bring to the front again that pitiless truth of the survival of the fittest. In the question of life or death which is involved, the moral theories of the pro-Chinese advocates can scarcely have that weight which would be theirs were the future of our institutions and our race on this continent in no danger. When two races so radically different as Chinese and Americans freely intermingle in large numbers, there must be assimilation or the subjection of one to the other.

The experience of the United States for fifty years, and of other countries for far longer periods, proves conclusively that the Chinese are not assimilative. Witness the Chinese colonies in San Francisco, Hongkong, Manila, Singapore, Penang and Malacca. Their racial tendency is more strongly opposed to amalgamation with other races than that of the Hindoo or the Parsee. Far into future history they will be what they now are, and they will remain aloof from all other peoples. If they are not assimilative, they can be only a foreign body within our borders, and must either suppress or be suppressed.

In the contest for survival between the American and the Chinese, the latter has an overpowering advantage. Centuries before there was an Anglo-Saxon, the Chinese had gained their present characteristics. Thousands of years of exclusion of all other peoples had made them unassimilative. Their country, walled against the external world, which they regarded with contempt, became crowded to the limit of support, and universal poverty was the result. For thousands of years, the people of

China have been compelled to live on the scantiest of means; and the result is a race—the fittest only surviving—which is probably capable of sustaining more hardships, of living on cheaper food, of needing less clothing and shelter, of having fewer wants, and a lower estimate of life, as a whole, than any other civilized people. They are capable of entering into competition with any race on earth, with the chances in favor of their ultimate supremacy. To attempt to meet the Chinese on their own ground would mean decimation at once. No other civilized people could endure were it to adopt the Chinese standard, and that standard they would have to adopt were they to compete at all.

Such competitors with men and women of our own race do not come to us even as free agents. It is well known that they are in practical slavery, more harsh and exacting than that suffered by the victims of the padrone system who come to us from Southern Italy to earn as slaves, in the land of liberty, fortunes for harsh taskmasters here or abroad. This slavery is not an accident of Chinese communities in America. It is one of the institutions of China. There the practice of buying and selling men and women is nearly as common as the buying and selling cattle among us. It is a system recognized by Chinese law and has been in vogue for thousands of years. It is a feature of Chinese civilization which is more firmly rooted than the principle of industrial liberty is with us. This is the system which is imported into the United States with coolie labor, and which would supplant free labor in field and workshop were the opportunity given. Coolie laborers are hired out in gangs by a "boss" who collects their wages, giving them a part and turning over to some Chinese "Company" the remainder; and they are compelled to endure this servitude because the members of their families in China are hostages for them, and are guarantees that they will return to China and will maintain their allegiance to the country of their birth. As an American Consul-General has pointed out, the horrible punishment that may lawfully be inflicted on these hostages is sufficient to account for the rarity of instances of naturalization which have occurred in the history of Chinese immigration to the United States. Even when a coolie dies here, his bones, under terms of the contract, are sent home for burial.

When men are held in slavery, it is not to be expected that women will be exempt, and they are not. In China they are law-

fully held as household slaves, as concubines or for immoral purposes. In fact, women are looked upon as legitimate objects of barter. The real wife, even, has only a semblance of freedom, and she is surrounded by actual slaves—girls bought for so much cash. But these wives, except in a few isolated instances, never accompany their husbands abroad. They are left at home as hostages, and it is to see them and to conform to the requirements of their religious belief that Chinamen make their periodical visits home. Such women as are found in the domestic establishments of Chinese in America are to be classified with those slaves recognized by Chinese law as concubines. The true family life of the Chinaman is not found here; but, if it were, the conditions would not be changed—they would simply be intensified. The American ideal of a home has never arisen in the Chinese mind, and there is no evidence that it ever will. The teachings and practices of thousands of years can be overcome only by other thousands of years of education along other lines. In order to embrace Christian civilization, the entire mental and moral make-up of the Oriental must be changed. He cannot be made an American in a day.

There is still another danger that unrestricted immigration from the Orient would bring upon us. This is particularly conspicuous in the case of the Chinese. If they were firmly entrenched here, there would be introduced a trades-union system compared with which the American system is child's play. China is a nation in which the guild principle is a necessary part of the industrial system. It exists also among the mercantile class, as well as among the members of the handicrafts. What it is capable of doing, and how silently and irresistibly it works, we have had good reason to learn from the boycott on American goods which it has made so effective.

In addition to the mercantile and handicraft guilds, there are the guilds which are formed by the people from the same town or province when living in other than the place of their birth. Such guilds follow the Chinaman everywhere; and, when a considerable number of Chinese from the same district are gathered together, there is founded a guild which binds them in a homogeneous whole for self-protection and aggressive action against those by whom they are surrounded, if such action can in any way promote their own interests. Consul Fowler says that, in dealing with such

guilds in China, "consuls and diplomats have a very grave matter on their hands." So would the United States Government also have a grave matter on its hands, were there permitted among us a large Chinese population, which would surely come were the bars of restriction lowered.

What has been said will give some idea of the character of the immigrants that we desire to exclude from our shores. It is easy to infer, from the facts given, something of the nature of the communities that would be formed were immigration unrestricted. Bringing with them slavery, concubinage, prostitution, the opium vice, the disease of leprosy, the offensive and defensive organization of clans and guilds, the lowest standard of living known, and a detestation of the people among whom they live and with whom they will not even leave their bones when dead, they form a community within a community, and there live the Chinese life.

They have their terrorists' societies, their laws and customs, enforced with the barbarity which characterizes such enforcement in China, and they yield only outward obedience to the law of the land. They make use of our courts, by means of false witnesses, to reach with punishment some offender against themselves, and by the same means they prevent justice from being done in cases in which they are a party. They are rigidly organized to evade all laws bearing hard upon them, and the organization is so perfect that evasion is not difficult. They herd together by thousands in small space, caring nothing for shelter beyond the four walls and roof, and creating a district of dirt and filth where once were cleanliness and beauty. Within the dark and smoky rookeries where they dwell, they open dens for the demoralization of the white youths who surround them. They neither build nor repair, beautify nor cleanse, and their quarter reverts to the conditions found in the densely crowded cities of China. In such a sink, is it to be wondered at that nothing American can have a place; that no idea born of our civilization can find a lodgment; that the most prominent result is crime?

Looking to the more material aspect of the case, it is found that practically none of the earnings of Chinese in this country are invested here. All the savings of these shrewd money-makers go eventually to China, and no benefit accrues to our own country from the capital amassed by Chinese merchants. In San Francisco, the official figures for 1899 showed that one-quarter of the

duties on imports were paid by Chinese merchants. This is evidence of the great volume of trade in the hands of these Orientals. But in spite of the vast sums made, one would have looked in vain for any evidences of public spirit among them. They built no stores, no houses; they expended no money in any of the hundreds of ways in which prosperous Americans are wont to make their presence felt to the benefit of the community in which they live. On the contrary, the quarters that they inhabited were the most dilapidated, dirty and uninviting in the whole city—so noxious that, since the great fire, an effort is being made to prevent the reestablishment in the heart of the town of a foreign settlement that was offensive to the eye, the ear, the nose, and often to the touch. The Chinese merchant, rich, educated and refined in accordance with Chinese ideals, lived within these quarters and there maintained his domestic establishment; and yet between the genuine Chinese merchant or scholar and the coolie there is a gulf which the latter can never cross. The educated and cultivated Chinamen in America are comparatively few in number, but when one of them is met he is recognized readily. He is a man keen and intelligent, and when he can escape from his habitual distrust of Americans he is most pleasant to meet. But this distrust is hard to overcome, because it results from the hereditary and ineradicable social and moral ideals and manner of thought by which he is differentiated from Americans and Europeans through centuries of teaching and practice. The educated Oriental is a superior man, and it is not against him that objection is raised, but against the coolie who finds in this country a field for competition so vast and so profitable that, without restrictions, it would be filled to overflowing with Asiatic labor, bringing with it standards of life and morals which can tend only to drag down the American workman from the high level he has attained.

Personal freedom, the home, education, Christian ideals, respect for law and order are found on one side, and on the other the traffic in human flesh, domestic life which renders a home impossible, a desire for only that knowledge which may be at once coined into dollars, a contempt for our religion as new, novel, and without substantial basis, and no idea of the meaning of law other than as a regulation to be evaded by cunning or by bribery. The attack of the coolie laborer is not alone on wages, but on the

very foundation of the American workman's prosperity and well-being. The contest is between two social systems utterly opposed to each other. Customs and ideas that are the growth of three or four thousand years, which have made the Chinese a people of the strongest vitality, of fewest wants, and least aspiration for improvement, will inevitably conquer, as they have always conquered, in a strife with a civilization of a high plane. A scale of wages like that given by Consul-General Jernigan at Shanghai—blacksmith, 13 cents a day; brass-worker, 16 cents; barber, 3 cents; bootmaker, 10 cents; bricklayer, 10 cents; cabinet-maker, 11 cents; tailor, 10 cents; cotton-mill machinist, 11 to 22 cents; and cotton-factory hands, 18 cents—shows the margin which the coolie laborer has in a competition with American labor. With such a margin and such a heredity as he has, there can be no doubt as to his ability to overwhelm the laborer of any nation having modern civilization.

The immigration from China presents the most serious question in regard to emigration from the Orient, for the reason that China contains from 400,000,000 to 450,000,000 people, the mass of whom are of the class that are so objectionable here. But there are other Asiatics against whom similar objections are urged, and who would form here colonies that would forever remain distinct. Among these are the Japanese and Coreans, the former 50,000,000 in number, and already forming too large a population for the limited area of the Empire. Chances to expand have for a long time been sought, and the domination of Corea by Japan is one of the results of the great pressure of population in the Japanese islands. To relieve this pressure, longing eyes were once cast towards Hawaii, and it is probable that in the near future the Philippines will be the object of desire. These two Asiatic nations, while differing from the Chinese in many important respects, are alike with them in their lack of assimilative power, and for similar reasons. The Japanese will be always a Japanese, and will never become an American. He will maintain here intact all the characteristics of the civilization which is a thousand or more years older than our own, and between these two forms of progress there are irreconcilable differences. The competition of such a people with our own artisans can have only one result—the lowering of the standard of life among our own people, who must relinquish some of the best results of Christian

progress in order to compete at all. But such objection, as in the case of the Chinese, applies solely to the immigrants who come here to enter fields of industrial labor which are now filled with a prosperous and progressive population of our own blood, animated by the high ideals of the Anglo-Saxon. One of those ideals is the home, which is unknown to the Oriental. On the home, as a unit, is built up the system under which we live. The family, the family life and all its interests, is the firm basis on which rests all that is best in our present stage of advancement. With it the Church and the free schools are inextricably blended; and whatever affects one affects the other two elements of our civilization. Sweep them all away, and we should revert to the semi-civilized condition of the Orientals who have not developed the ideas which are embodied in the home, the Church and the schools. Admit among us a large population lacking those ideas and incapable of developing them, and there would be introduced a powerful force constantly opposing advancement along Christian lines and tending to drag down society to the Asiatic level.

Although from some parts of Europe and Asia Minor there come to us many immigrants who, like the bulk of the Chinese, are peons, there cannot be urged against them the same objection that is brought against the Chinese coolie. Natives of Southern Italy, Syria and Greece come here under the padrone system, some of them receiving only $100 per year for the work they do, their earnings going to their masters. But these, perhaps the most objectionable of the immigrants from the other side of the Atlantic, are of our own civilization, and if given a chance eventually fit into our system without difficulty. In any event, the second generation, educated in our public schools, becomes American in the best sense of the term. What becomes of the average immigrant from Ireland, England, Germany, France, Sweden, Norway, Austria and Italy is readily ascertained by a glance at any community which has received such accessions. One will find them in all walks of life, industrial and professional, and their children among the most ardent of young Americans.

Mr. Z. F. McSweeny, formerly Assistant Commissioner of Immigration, in an article published not long ago, reviewed the course of immigration past and present, pointing out its characteristics, its advantages and the dangers which threaten from the unrestricted admission of people of criminal instincts, the men-

tally unsound, and those who are unable to make a living by honest means. He says:

"When we consider this question it compels us to pause in wonder as to what its effect will be on the future of the American people. If, in spite of our institutions and forms of government, the alien races that have already come and are still coming can succeed in undermining our religious, political, and economic foundations, it will be because we willingly succumb, through inertia, to their influences. Rome, Babylon, and all the nations of the world that have fallen have done so because they abandoned their moral, religious, and social ideals, their decline in most cases being contemporaneous with the introduction of alien races. If such is to be the result in this country, it will simply be history repeating itself; but I have confidence enough in the morals and character of the American people to believe that the races introduced among us will take from us only that which is good, and through education we will give them stability and the power to become thoroughly assimilated."

I, too, have confidence that the morals and character of the American people will leaven the mass of our population, if we take care to exclude the inert elements of inbred criminality, degeneracy and Orientalism.

GEORGE C. PERKINS.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT.

BY HANNIS TAYLOR, LL.D.

In the last number of this Review appeared, side by side, two articles of far-reaching and portentous importance: the one entitled "An Appeal to Our Millionaires," by X, who is said to be "the most profound philosopher living in the United States"; the other entitled "The Graduated Taxation of Incomes and Inheritances," by the Hon. Wayne Mac Veagh, justly distinguished as one of the foremost of our jurists and statesmen. By these coincident declarations, emanating from the highest and most conservative sources, the American people have been warned, in no uncertain terms, that they are in the presence of an irrepressible conflict by whose side "all the other questions under public discussion are of little or no importance." X, in his "appeal to our millionaires," fearlessly states the ultimate question, when he reminds them that the title to their "surplus wealth" rests upon nothing more substantial than the legislative will of the American people. He admonishes them, therefore, to abstain from such vulgar and cruel ostentation as is likely to bring upon them the growing wrath of an all-powerful electorate. To use his own language:

> "These considerations naturally bring us to the *crux* of the situation, which is, as has been stated, the popular estimation of the absence of any moral title of our millionaires to the billions of money they have either themselves succeeded in abstracting from the common store or have inherited from ancestors who had so abstracted it."

His argument is that, under a popular government, all property rights rest solely upon laws made by the people themselves, whose moral convictions are the ultimate bases of everything. In view of that fact, he thinks it well for the millionaires to be reminded of the words of Daniel Webster, who said:

"In the nature of things, those who have not property and see their neighbors possessed of much more than they think them to need cannot be favorable to laws made for the protection of such property. When this class becomes numerous, it grows clamorous. It looks on property as its prey and plunder, and is naturally ready at all times for violence and revolution. It would seem, then, to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property, but to establish such distribution of property, by the laws which regulate its transmission and alienation, as to interest the great majority of society in the support of the government."

Mr. Webster's sagacious suggestion is then supported by the declaration of the late Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, who, in discussing the rules by which the practical enjoyment of property is regulated, said:

"Now, what is the right of property? The end of property is subsistence, by which end nature has bounded our pretentions to it; hence, in a state of nature, we cannot take more than we use, nor hold it longer than we live and are capable of using it. . . . The right of inheritance, a purely artificial right, has been at different times and in different countries very variously dealt with. The same power which prescribes rules for the possession and descent of property can of course alter them, for plain absurdities would follow if this were not so; and the consent of nations and the practices of ages have long since established this simple truth."

Stating the same principle in his own language, X says:

"Now, what are the bulwarks of private property in the imperial commonwealth of New York, where so much of it is situated? As to incomes, nobody will have the effrontery to deny that, if the majority of the voters choose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking and a majority in both houses of the Legislature, they can readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which will limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters consider sufficient for him. It is, if possible, even less likely that anybody will deny that, in order to effectually turn every dollar of the property of every decedent into the public treasury at his death, no affirmative legislation is necessary. It is only necessary to repeal the statutes now authorizing the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent. It is perfectly apparent, therefore, that there is no ultimate security for a single dollar of private property in New York, and precisely the same statement is true of all other American States, except such as a majority of the voters may decide to be just and wise, both to the possessors of such property and to the community at large."

X impresses upon his readers the fact that such principles were proclaimed as elementary by Webster, speaking to an assemblage of conservative citizens of New England met to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims, and by Chief-Justice Coleridge, addressing an assemblage of conservative lawyers in conservative Scotland.

After stating the contentions involved in the discussion of "the graduated taxation of incomes and inheritances," Mr. Mac Veagh asks this question:

"Ought there to be a limit fixed beyond which, for the public welfare, the further accumulation of surplus wealth should be discouraged? If so, where should the limit be placed and the discouragement begin, and at what ratio should the discouragement proceed? And if there is to be such discouragement, is a system of graduated taxation the most effective and least objectionable method of applying it? The suggestions formerly made in reference to such a system were concerned with apportioning the inevitable burdens of taxation. These latter suggestions relate themselves to the welfare of society, and raise the question whether gigantic fortunes are in themselves, or in the methods of their acquisition, such serious obstacles to the contentment, the peace, and the healthy growth of the community as to call for their abatement. We are to-day face to face with these grave and far-reaching problems. It is impossible either to avoid them or to postpone them. All that is left for us is to discuss them and to endeavor to settle them upon some sane and rational basis. It is equally futile and cowardly to pretend that they do not exist or that we need not bother ourselves about them."

Two weeks before the foregoing saw the light, the President of the United States, in a thoughtful and weighty speech made at the laying of the corner-stone of the office-building of the House of Representatives, said:

"It is important to this people to grapple with the problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes, and the use of such fortunes, both corporate and individual, in business. We should discriminate in the sharpest way between fortunes well won and fortunes ill won; between those gained as an incident to performing great services to the community as a whole, and those gained in evil fashion by keeping just within the limits of mere law-honesty. Of course, no amount of charity in spending such fortunes in any way compensates for misconduct in making them. As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a

certain amount, either given in life, or devised or bequeathed upon death, to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of these enormous fortunes to hand out more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the National and not the State Government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes beyond all healthy limits."

The mighty problems thus solemnly propounded by leaders of American thought are pending for solution throughout the English-speaking world. They are no less serious at Westminster than at Washington. As X points out, within a fortnight after President Roosevelt had declared in favor of the graduated taxation of inheritances, Mr. Asquith, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, admonished the House of Commons that "the time has arrived for an inquiry into the practicability of a graduated tax upon incomes." The supreme power in the hereditary republic of England is vested in a representative chamber, whose members are chosen by an electorate resting practically upon manhood suffrage, an electorate which has grown from about 400,000 voters in 1832 to nearly 7,000,000 at the present time. The sudden appearance in the British House of Commons of more than fifty Labor members is conclusive evidence of the fact that this growing element of political power is resolved to take a hand in the solution of problems in which they feel they are deeply concerned. As the English constitutional system is far more democratic than our own, any revolution may there be wrought under the forms of law the moment the majority of the popular chamber passes under the control of those who have resolved to bring it about. Such majority is entirely unrestrained by any constitutional limitations on the legislative power. The omnipotent Parliament knows nothing of vested interests or vested rights. Above all, it knows no such thing as a charter of a private corporation as an inviolable contract beyond legislative control. For that reason, it is impossible for a trust or monopoly to live a moment in the British Empire in opposition to the legislative will. When the monopolies granted by Elizabeth were attacked, she at once sent a message to the Commons with the promise that, as to such patents as were "grievous to her subjects, some should be presently repealed, some superseded, and none put in execution but such as should first have a trial, according to law, for the good

of the people." In the Parliament of 1621, the power of impeachment which had lain dormant for a hundred and sixty-two years was revived, in order to punish two monopolists for fraud and oppression committed by them as patentees for the exclusive manufacture of gold and silver thread, for the inspection of inns and hostelries, and for the licensing of ale-houses. By an act which could be printed on a page of note-paper, the British Parliament could cut the roots of all such trusts and monopolies as now vex the national life of the United States, without any review whatever by the judicial power. In the same way, it could rearrange the entire system of property rights, and tax incomes and inheritances in any form it saw fit to adopt. Nothing is more barren than Austin's ethical theory that an act of Parliament which violates fundamental rights, though legal and binding, is still unconstitutional.* No English jurist will for a moment deny that the omnipotent Parliament, if it sees fit, may seize and sell the estates of any landowner in the realm and distribute the proceeds among the poor of London. The only restraint which protects the holders of property against such a possibility is the conservatism and sense of natural justice of a people who, for a thousand years, have lived under the reign of law. As the English people have always been willing to trust themselves, they have not hesitated to leave the supreme legislative power untrammelled, so that, at critical moments, great offenders or combinations of offenders against the state may be made to feel the stroke of "that two-handed engine at the door," ever "ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Our system of constitutional limitations on legislative power is purely an American invention, and its most important outcome is the term "vested rights,"—rights protected against legislative interference forbidden in fundamental laws, and against judicial interference contrary to "the law of the land." Thus the founders of this republic, unwilling to commit untrammelled legislative power either to State or Federal Legislatures, vested a supreme revising power in the judiciary, State and Federal. The cardinal purpose of this system of checks and balances was to prevent, in the course of our political evolution, any sudden or radical changes as the result of popular wrath or fanaticism; it being most

* "Province of Jurisprudence," Sect. vi. See also Leslie Stephen, "Science of Ethics," p. 143.

desirable that all such changes should be worked out gradually, under the forms of law. In the earlier stages of our growth, the harness did not chafe very much, as there was room enough for expansion within the lines which our paper constitutions defined. But, now that the national life has become vast and complex, and abnormal accumulations of wealth have resulted mainly through such protection and privileges to private corporations as are granted in no other country, we are confronted with a situation in which the question of questions is this: How can a readjustment be brought about, under the existing system of constitutional limitations, without a revolutionary change in the organism as a whole? All conservative statesmen and jurists should seek such a solution, with the fact clearly before their eyes that, if it cannot be found, the readjustment will force itself through revolutionary channels. As X has stated the case:

"The American people, like most other peoples of which we have knowledge, may be roughly divided into three classes—those who have much more money than is good for them, those who have perhaps as much money as is good for them, and those who have less money than would be good for them. The first class is numerically small; the second class is larger but still small; and the third class is vastly larger than both the others together. As each voter in this country at this time has exactly the same voice in the government as every other voter, the laws regulating the acquisition and descent of property must sooner or later conform to the views of the voters of the third class."

The ranks of that third class are being rapidly recruited from Teutonic, Slavonic and Latin lands, where the growth of Socialism and Anarchism is rampant among the laboring classes. Here the American Federation of Labor has announced its purpose to enter the field of practical politics, in order to give political effect to its demands. It is, therefore, equally futile and cowardly to pretend that the problem of problems is not before us for solution. The simple question now is as to the capacity of the existing constitutional machinery to provide the means through which certain inevitable changes can be brought about without a sudden wrench. That machinery must be so operated as to produce two results: first, the organized and consolidated power of corporate wealth must be subjected, as never before, to State control; second, the abnormal accumulations of surplus wealth, largely the product of corporate agency, must be gradually redistributed and

made impossible for the future, through a graduated tax on inheritances and incomes, on the bases outlined by President Roosevelt and Mr. Mac Veagh.

As all the world knows, the peculiar vantage-ground occupied by corporations in the United States is the outcome of the judge-made law laid down in the Dartmouth College case, wherein it was held, contrary to English ideas, that the charter of a private corporation is a contract, within the meaning of that clause of the Constitution of the United States which declares that no State shall make any law impairing the obligation of contracts. For a long time, the effects of that decision were salutary, as the national wealth was vastly increased through the confidence which it imparted to corporate enterprise. But, since the corporate power and wealth thus nourished have become a menace to the commonwealth, the Supreme Court has been doing all in its power to narrow the scope of the decision, by widening the declaration that the obligation clause does not restrain States in the regulation of their civil governmental institutions. While the Bar would justly regard the entire overruling of the case in question as revolutionary, it may be well for all who are interested in its authority to remember the fact that the power that made can unmake, the power that created can destroy. If Marshall and his associates had only interpolated the word "not" at a certain place in their opinion, private corporations in the United States would have stood upon the only basis ever provided for them in the law of England. If that basis had been adopted, while we would have less corporate wealth, we would not be confronted with the gigantic evils arising out of the control of interstate commerce through combinations between common carriers, and through discriminating methods employed by individual carriers. The struggle of Congress with the $14,000,000,000 invested in railroads is progressing hopefully, under the valiant leadership of President Roosevelt. That struggle, which began with the ineffectual Interstate Commerce Act of 1887, halted for many a year, until the popular impetus came whose outcome is the Hepburn Bill, by which power is given to the Commission, not only to declare old practices and rates unreasonable, but to formulate and prescribe new, just and reasonable practices and rates, and to put them in force with the aid of the Federal courts, subject to a broad and immediate court review. That

bill, however, terminates only the first stage in the conflict, as the advocates of still greater state control contend that, in fixing the amount the railroads may earn, the Commission must take into account the actual value of the railroads, estimated in round numbers at $6,000,000,000, and not their nominal capitalization, estimated in the same way at $14,000,000,000. The ultimate question thus presented is this: Shall $8,000,000,000, claimed by the railroads as property, be annihilated through a further exercise of Federal control? That question must find its ultimate solution at the ballot-box, because the Supreme Court has held that, if a railroad corporation has bonded its property for an amount that exceeds its fair value, or if its capitalization is largely fictitious, it cannot impose upon the public the burden of such increased rates as may be required for realizing profits upon such excessive valuation or fictitious capitalization. In his recent discussion of the question in the Senate of the United States, Senator La Follette said: "The public contends that the capitalization is grossly in excess of the fair value, and not a lawful basis for taxing transportation. . . . This session of Congress will be but the preliminary skirmish of the great contest to follow." When we consider the number of innocent, and often helpless, holders of railroad securities, the need is certainly manifest for the arbitrating power of a just and conservative public opinion.

As stated already, the Chancellor of the English Exchequer has very recently said to the House of Commons that "the time has arrived for an inquiry into the practicability of a graduated tax upon incomes." Certainly, such a proposal should not startle a country in which the graduated taxation of inheritances, during the last twelve years, has become fixed as a matter of permanent financial policy. While Adam Smith said long ago that "the subjects of every state ought to contribute towards the support of its government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities," the Supreme Court, in the case of Thomas *vs.* Gay (169 U. S., 283), held that the law-making power is to determine all questions of discretion or policy in ordering or apportioning taxes, and all necessary rules and regulations for their collection; such questions are not for the courts, unless the legislature transcends its functions. And the same court, when it was called upon to determine the constitutionality of that part of the War Revenue Act of 1898 which imposed taxes on inherit-

ances by steadily increasing the rate to be levied as the amount of the inheritance increased, said that:

"Taxes imposed with reference to the ability of the person on whom the burden is placed to bear the same have been levied since the foundation of the Government. So, also, some authoritative thinkers and a number of economic writers contend that a progressive tax is more just and equal than a proportional one. In the absence of constitutional limitation, the question whether it is or not is legislative, not judicial. *The grave consequences which, it is asserted, must arise in the future, if the right to lay a progressive tax be recognized, involves in its ultimate aspect the mere assertion that free and representative government is a failure.*"

Because, by a single vote, the Supreme Court decided some time ago against the validity of a proportional income tax levied in a certain form, there is no reason to believe, in the light of the foregoing declaration, that the Court, as it is now, or as it will be constituted in the near future, will attempt to annul acts, drafted in the proper form, imposing graduated taxes upon both incomes and inheritances. When public opinion becomes so emphatic upon this all-important measure as to drive both political parties to unite in its support, as in the case of the rate bill, the outcome will be, no doubt, an act upon which the Supreme Court will put the stamp of its approval. When a calm survey is thus made of all the pending problems involved in the gradual redistribution of the abnormal masses of surplus wealth accumulated in the hands of a few individuals, mainly through the appropriation of state powers which are common property of all, it is probable that all necessary reforms can be worked out through the agencies which our complicated constitutional machinery provides. The driving power must be an aggressive public opinion, which will treat with equal severity the bloated monopolist, who is striving to retain more than his share, and the lazy Socialist, who is striving to appropriate a share produced by the sweat of some other man's brow. The individual freeman seeking an honest return for honest labor must be carefully protected against both, while the imported anarchist, who looks on with a scowl, must be given to understand that, if he lives here, he must live according to law, and that, if he attempts to assail that law with the bomb and the torch, he must die according to law.

If this republic is to stand forth distinctively for anything, it

should be for the principle of Individualism, as opposed to Socialism and Anarchy on the one hand, and to the tyranny of consolidated corporate wealth on the other. It should be the great missionary field in which the apostles of Individualism should preach its gospel to the rest of the world, less by precept than example. Those of its founders who fled from the intolerable restrictions of a political and ecclesiastical system dominated by the Star Chamber and High Commissions, attempted to establish here a new state system, in which the individual Christian man, guided by his own conscience and responsible spiritually only to his private judgment, could be restricted as little as possible by the intrusion of state power into the domain of individual activity. With that end in view, the state powers, local and national, were incased in a system of constitutional limitations, without a precedent in the world's history. An entirely unforeseen outcome of that system of restrictions has been an immunity from state control in favor of private corporations never guaranteed to them by English law, or by Roman law as administered in the Continental nations. Thus a vitalized monster like unto Frankenstein's has developed within the palisades, which, through immunity from state control, has drawn into its hands an almost inconceivable aggregate corporate wealth, estimated at many billions of dollars. The dominating impulse of those who direct this mighty force is so to organize and consolidate it that the will and identity of the individual toiler, in every department of life, shall be obliterated and lost in aggregations which swallow up all minor competitors. Thus the inevitable mission of the monster born of corporate exemption from state control is to cut the tap-root of the national life, by eliminating Individualism as its foundation. Who can doubt that that consummation is inevitable, unless there still remains in the American people, manacled as they are by fetters of their own forging, enough unrestrained legislative power in the State and Federal Legislatures to remove the menace to Individualism which is more uncompromising and deadly in its tendency even than that embodied in the state system of the Mother Land at the time of the migration.

HANNIS TAYLOR.

RELATIVE PROPERTY RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN MOHAMMEDAN COUNTRIES.

BY GEORGE S. BATCHELLER, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF APPEALS (MIXED COURTS) OF EGYPT.

THE institution of Woman's Rights is of comparatively recent establishment. Until within about sixty years the rights of married women were classed in America and England with those of "lunatics." In the legal formulas of England and until about 1850 in America, the classification was "Infants, Lunatics and Married Women." In about the year 1848 the legislature of the State of New York overthrew the common-law distinction, and enacted the statute emancipating married women from these barbaric disabilities, and placed her on the same plane with men in regard to property rights and privileges.

Throughout Europe, the old repressive system continued; and, in most countries, is in force to-day, with these unreasonable disabilities as to the exercise of property rights. Only in 1882 did England emancipate women from these humiliating restrictions, by adopting almost literally the New York statute in the "Married Woman's Property Act"; while on the Continent, with the exception of Hungary, the "Germanic system" of disabilities still prevails.* The Hungarian law is quite unique, giving to all women, married or single, full control of their property, and going so far as to declare of full age and contracting capacity all married women, no matter how young they may be on entering into the marriage relation.

In France, as in all other Continental countries, married women remain under the tutelage of their husbands, and can exercise no independent powers over their personal estates; but their *rights*

* The German Emperor recently defined the vocation of woman as follows: "*Kirche, Kinder, Küche*"—Church, Children and Cooking.

may be assured and regulated by the Contract of Marriage, which in France and most European countries must be passed in the presence of some Government functionary with subscribing witnesses. In this document they stipulate as to the "*dot*" or dowry, and as to their separate estates; and determine whether they will join their property with that of their husband under the "Community of Goods," or, under the "*régime dotal,*" keep it separate; but it must always be under the supervision of a guardian, who may or may not be the husband. There is a judicial adage which declares: "*Le mari est maître et seigneur de la communauté.*" The most frequent contract is what is termed "*régime dotal avec limitations,*" wherein the original estate of the parties is kept separate, but whatever is acquired after the marriage is owned jointly by the husband and wife. This is a considerable advance on the ancient system; still, the wife is not free to control her estate, and is considered for all practical purposes as an "infant" or minor as to ownership or control. While single, the women of France are now practically free.

The situation of women in Mohammedan countries presents many interesting conditions very little understood among so-called "civilized" people.

The prevalent notion that Mohammedan women are very materially restricted in their property relations—that, in fact, they are little better than slaves, possessed of few rights which man is bound to respect—is quite erroneous.

In general terms, "woman's rights" in respect to property and material possessions of pecuniary value exist in the largest sense among Mohammedan people, and have so prevailed for many centuries. In fact, Mohammedan women, whether single or married, are absolutely free in respect to property relations. They may inherit, buy and sell and acquire by all the methods of legitimate business, the same as men; and they may carry on any trade or profession, and manage their business affairs, without the participation of husbands, parents, brothers, or other persons than those designated by themselves, should they prefer not to act personally, as their agent or representative.

The "*Wakil,*" or business attorney of a woman, is a very frequent personage in business affairs; and he is often called into Court to answer for his administration, cited by the woman proprietor, who is not required, if she be of full age, to have the

consent of her husband or guardian, as in Europe, to sue and be sued and perform all the acts incident to her estate. Property rights, it will be noted, are entirely independent of sex or marital relation.

The only disability attending these women's property relations is in acquirement by inheritance. Their sex and social condition throw about them certain restraints, but solely as to succession and inheritance. There are no restrictions as to purchase and sale and general administration. In the sale of land, the husband remains an entire stranger; he does not join in the deed of conveyance nor participate in the price. But, in respect of inheritance, the rights of women are relatively inferior to those of men.

Sons inherit one-half, daughters one-quarter, wives only one-eighth; but if the wife has no children, she takes one-quarter. Where there are more than one wife (and the Mohammedan law allows of four), the eighth, or quarter, as the case may be, must be distributed *pro rata* among them all. The wife is allowed but one-eighth when there *are* children, because the mother will share to a degree in the minor child's inheritance; and, again, children are bound, as soon as capable, to contribute to the support of the mother. Furthermore, there is invariably a "*dot*" or dowry provided by the husband at the time of marriage, which remains inviolate to the wife; and, if it has not all been paid over to her in advance, or if it has been used by the husband even for family necessities, it remains a debt against the estate, and must be paid before distribution to the other heirs. The wife is not obliged to contribute from her separate estate for the maintenance of the family; and, if the husband has used any part of the wife's property for such purpose, she may maintain a suit against him for its restitution. As for the daughters, it is presumed that they require less than the sons, and they may remain under the protection of the male members of the family even after the breaking up of the "home." Furthermore, should they marry (and marriage is universal, there are no "*old maids*"), they receive a "*dot*" from their husband.

A Mohammedan can only dispose of a third of his estate by will and testament to the prejudice of his legal heirs, nor can he prefer one member of his family to another. The succession of estate is a Koranic canon, and may not be altered or modified by

individual act or governmental legislation. But there are certain fixed inhibitions as to inheritance: for instance, the person must be free. "He is prohibited if he has ever attempted the life, with or without premeditation, of his parent;" but he may inherit "if he has slain his parent" in legitimate self-defence, or if he was the indirect cause of his parent's death, or if he was insane.

The difference of religion excludes a Christian from all rights of inheritance from a Mohammedan, and *vice versa*. A Mussulman may inherit the goods of his apostate parent, acquired before the abjuration of his faith; but goods acquired after the abjuration go to the "*Beit-el-Mal*," the Treasury.

While a Mohammedan may not by testament dispose of more than one-third of his estate to the prejudice of his legal heirs, there is a very extraordinary exception to this rule which is not unfrequently followed by the devout Mussulman, or by a married woman for some less pious motive. "While in perfect health and sound mind," he may constitute a "*Wakf*" (trust) of all or a part of his estate, the revenues to be paid in whole or in part to his family; or the revenues may be devoted to other "moral purposes" to the exclusion of the family, provided always that the "remainder," after the expiration of the special trust, shall go to some "pious object"—the maintenance of mosques, hospitals, or other charitable institutions. But if the "*Wakf*" be constituted "during the last illness" of its creator, he may only "*wakfieh*" (or trustee) one-third of his estate. The same right of *wakf* is enjoyed by women, and they not unfrequently by its exercise exclude the husband, or other members of their family, from motives entirely their own.

Egypt may be said to be the country of trust estates. There are so many, both public and private, that there is an Administration of *Wakfs*, with a Minister at its head, and this Institution holds some of the most valuable property in Egypt, and exercises extensive powers in the management of estates. A private *wakf* passes to this Administration after the extinction of the family or other object for which it was created. These private *wakfs* are usually administered by a private trustee, or "*Nozeer*," who may be called to an account by any beneficiary and replaced for sufficient cause. This "*Nozeer*" is usually some member of the family, but not necessarily so; and women are often heard in court on

allegations of maladministration of their interests. Their rights are maintained with scrupulous exactitude, whether the "*Nozeer*" be a member of their family or a "stranger." It may not be inappropriate to cite a couple of instances, from thousands of cases, of the independent exercise of "woman's rights," under this institution.

The wife of a prominent Pacha of Cairo, who had received a large dowry on her marriage from the Khedive Ismaïl, had permitted her rather gay lord to employ her fortune as suited his peculiar methods of enjoyment, thinking there was sufficient to last out. But, discovering that he was intrenching upon the principal, his wife revoked his power of attorney, and placed a large portion of her remaining fortune in trust with the *Wakfs* Administration, providing that the income should be paid to herself and her husband during their lifetime, and, as there are no children, the remainder to charitable objects.

The other instance is where an emancipated slave claimed in the Mixed Courts the revenues of a large portion of the immense fortune of Prince Halim. The Princess Zenab Hanem, the sister of Prince Halim, inherited this large estate from her father, Mehemet Ali; and, having quarrelled with her brother (who had been banished from Egypt by the Khedive Ismaïl), sought to cut him off by the constitution of a *Wakf* of all her estate for the benefit of her husband and children, the remainder of revenue, in the absence of children, to go to her enfranchised slaves, and finally to the *Wakfs* Administration. Unhappily, her husband died, and there were no children. Later, she became reconciled with her brother, and sought to revoke the trust for the enfranchised slaves, and bestow her "succession" upon her brother, Prince Halim. In fact, on the death of the Princess, Halim took possession of the estates and enjoyed for fifteen years their vast revenues, consisting of the rentals of the new Shepheard's Hotel, the fine blocks of buildings ranging to the south, and also vast tracts of agricultural lands. After this long delay, the sole survivor of the enfranchised slaves, a negress, came forward to claim the revenues, maintaining that the act revoking the trust was illegal; that consequently the trust should be administered for her benefit; and that Halim or his heirs should account to her for the fifteen years' wrongful enjoyment. Owing to the interest of Halim's associate, a Greek subject, jurisdiction in this case

came to the Mixed Courts. This case, involving several millions of pounds sterling, serves to illustrate the fact that there are judges in Egypt who take cognizance of the rights of women, even of an enfranchised negress.

The division of property is such as to greatly facilitate its distribution among heirs, and especially to women of the poorer classes, whose inheritance is often exceedingly small. The unit of distribution is the "*Kierat,*" or twenty-fourth part, and the "*Kierat*" has also its twenty-fourth part, or "*Sem.*" For instance a "*Feddan*" of land (about an acre) is twenty-four "*Kierats,*" and so with a house, or any other specified property. An intestate leaves a farm of twenty-four *Feddans,* and five heirs —two sons, two daughters and a widow. The widow would first receive her eighth, being three *Kierats,* leaving twenty-one *Kierats;* of this the sons would receive two-thirds, or seven *Kierats* each; and the remaining third, seven *Kierats,* would be equally divided between the two daughters.

It is not the policy or general practice for heirs to sell their heritage; and, as the patriarchal system prevails, the oldest capable male member of the family is usually authorized to administer the succession and distribute the revenues according to the legal proportions. It frequently happens that by a partition—and any heir may demand the setting apart of his or her inheritance—a single room in a house will fall to an heir, who thereby acquires an absolute title, with right of access, although the remainder of the house may eventually be owned by strangers; or a single *Kierat* of land, situated in a large tract belonging to others, may be owned by a poor woman who has the right of way and irrigation privileges the same as the greater proprietor. Many legal actions are brought by women for the maintenance of their rights often violated by the larger adjoining proprietors. Quite recently, an action was maintained in the Mixed Courts by a woman, whose single room, on the third floor, was damaged by the giving way of a supporting wall in a store on the ground floor, through the fault of the owner, a foreigner.

And thus, since the foundation of the Mohammedan religion, over sixteen centuries ago, these "rights" of Mohammedan women have been recognized and held as inviolate as those of the "sterner sex."

GEORGE S. BATCHELLER.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS: ITS OPPORTUNITIES AND DUTIES.*

BY SAMUEL BOWLES, EDITOR OF "THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN."

"Here shall the Press the People's cause maintain,
Unawed by Influence and unbribed by Gain."

SUCH was the noble motto which a famous Massachusetts judge wrote for a newspaper in Salem many years ago. Does the average man, or even the exceptionally informed and intelligent man, realize how difficult it is for the press under modern conditions to fulfil its highest and most important function thus admirably expressed? The development of the news service of the great American newspapers has, of itself, made them at last politically independent. It has come to pass that a party organ of the old-fashioned type cannot now be successfully maintained; but the political thraldom of the press has been succeeded by a commercial thraldom more insidious and more dangerous to the welfare of society. The cheap newspaper of many pages, selling often at wholesale for less than the cost of the paper on which it is printed, is dominated by the advertiser, who pays all of the other heavy expenses and the profit. Nevertheless, in spite of the obstacles and the limitations which attend its service, speaking broadly, the press does still stand for the rights and interests of the people. In fact, it represents them, on the whole, more efficiently than ever before. It does this, not so much by its editorial opposition or advocacy, as by its publication of news, its daily presentation of each day's history of the whole world, the record not merely of events but of thought, opinion, discovery. The marvel of this achievement is not less because we no longer think of it. Even the corrupt and dependent press is compelled to

* This article formed a part of an address delivered before the State University at Columbia, Missouri, May 4, 1906.

publish the news. It cannot hope to exist if it fails to do so. The possession of the news, the knowledge of the world's daily life, thought, movement, constitutes the most effective weapon for the protection of society. Justice and truth flourish in the light of publicity. Iniquity and wrong dread it and are ultimately cured by the influences which flow from its illuminating rays.

It is often lightly remarked that the newspapers have lost their influence, that nobody cares what they have to say, that the great editors whose utterances commanded respect and guided the political actions of large and loyal constituencies are all dead and have no successors. It is true that the commanding personalities who dominated certain editorial pages have disappeared, that the character of the newspaper has changed, but the ability of the press to affect public sentiment through its news columns has made it a greater power than ever. The modern editorial page, moreover, is a most important part of the news-giving mechanism of the press. Its function is to illuminate, to suggest, to inform, to expose, rather than to persuade or denounce. The annual oration before the Phi Beta Kappa society at Harvard University in 1904 dealt ably and justly with the newspaper, and in opening it the speaker, Congressman Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, said: "We tax ourselves enormously to support schools and colleges, and carefully discuss systems of education, and yet the press as a practical educating force for good or evil is hardly second to any other agency." No candid, informed and observant man will deny the truth of that statement.

Recognizing clearly, then, the tremendous power in a free state of the modern, news-giving press, throwing its search-light fearlessly and vigorously in all directions, consider its inspiring opportunities and sobering responsibilities, and also the responsibilities of society in relation to the press. Think for a moment of the conditions of our lives as citizens of the great American republic. The new achievements in the manufacture of power and the application of power, the engineers tell us, have developed a new epoch, a period distinguished by its marvellous material advancement, its increase in human comforts and conveniences, its expansion of human interests and pleasures. There are two significant features of this new life which command our attention and with increasingly insistent force will command our ac-

tion for the sake of self-protection. One is our growing dependence upon each other, not merely for our welfare, but for existence itself. In our modern closely interrelated society the failure of any class, even of the individual under many circumstances, to perform their or his part in the social economy involves disorder, discomfort, suffering, aye perhaps even death itself to hundreds, thousands,—it may be, as in the case of a great coal strike, to millions—of innocent and more or less helpless persons. The growth of population, the increasing disposition of people to gather into towns and cities, the new methods of co-operation and specialization which have been introduced into our domestic affairs, the intimate relations of mutual service which now exist between individuals, industrial classes, communities, sections, nations, all emphasize the lesson of our universal dependence upon others, the duty of consideration for our fellows, the vital importance of social harmony.

The other impressive and portentous feature of our American economic system thus far is the substantial control of our great lines of transportation and communication, upon which the welfare of the nation depends, by private capital, for private profit. Influenced by our inherited love for individual freedom and respect for individual enterprise and leadership, incited also by our thirst for personal gain and our eager demand for quick achievement, we have given over to groups of individuals, organized in corporate form and strongly led, great privileges and opportunities inhering in the people themselves, without adequate public control or recompense. The result has been the development of a combined private property interest which dominates, if it does not control, the government, and threatens to make a hollow sham of our democratic institutions,—an interest avowedly created and conducted for the public service, but administered, broadly speaking, with notorious injustice and partiality, promoting the acquirement of enormous private fortunes which are in themselves a menace to the nation. We have allowed our tariff laws, theoretically designed for the sustainment of the people's government and the development and enrichment of the entire nation, to be perverted to the advantage of individuals and the production of private wealth so fabulous that its possession is a depressing burden to its owners, and its distribution by gift is attended with a pauperizing and debilitating influence

upon the communities and institutions which seek to be its beneficiaries. We have permitted capitalists and laboring men, respectively, to combine among themselves for a common selfish advantage with a practically free hand, but whenever there has been a movement on the part of the citizens of any community or state to combine to serve themselves, to do their own business as it were, the cry has been raised that such undertakings were impracticable, undemocratic and an improper encroachment upon a field that should be reserved for individual enterprise.

But a new light is breaking, a new spirit of democracy is having birth, a new consciousness of power is coming to the people, a new determination to assert and maintain their liberty. And the fundamental principle at the bottom of this movement is the human brotherhood taught by the Divine Master, which is, after all, the basis of just, true, honest democratic government and which must be more and more realized if our great experiment in democracy is to stand the test of time. In spite of the marked materialistic tendencies of the age, the common striving for wealth and the worship of wealth, there has never been a period in the history of the world when the social conscience was so active, so sensitive, as it is to-day, when the forces making for righteousness were so numerous and so potential. It is the self-protecting obligation and opportunity of our democratic society to unify and utilize these forces in procuring a greater measure of justice in the distribution of wealth, in promoting a deeper sense of social solidarity, in spiritualizing, as it were, for the common good, the common advancement, the material gains and powers that science and engineering are achieving. Art and beauty are no longer to be reserved for a favored class, but are more and more to be coupled with practical utility in public works and in private construction under public regulation, and are to be exemplified in countless ways for the enjoyment and elevation of all mankind. The essence of such a revitalized, modernized democracy is the civic spirit, the common readiness to serve and cooperate. Our present political and social ills are due in the last analysis to our own neglect, our own short-sighted, narrow selfishness as citizens. We are to cultivate a broader view, an enlightened selfishness, if you please, an understanding that democratic government is what we make it, and that it will not be clean and honest and just until we put those qualities into it

with incessant interest and watchfulness and service. We are to realize, too, that the responsibilities of citizenship in a democratic state are far greater in these days than ever before, that they comprehend our obligations to our families and transcend our duties to any particular class or order of society. The principle of competition, or individual action, is still to play its vital part in the progress of humanity, but recognition that the individual and class interests are to bend when the common interest is at stake is now an essential element in a happy social order.

Under such conditions and demands of our professedly democratic society, how important the agency of the press, how vital to progress its honest and intelligent service! Is it not clear that the first principle of such service is an absolute devotion to the public interests? When the individual citizen neglects his civic duties, the community and state suffer; but when the newspaper, with its exceptional facilities for influence, is derelict or prostitutes its powers, the effect is far-reaching and momentous. It is obviously the pretence of every newspaper, seeking public support, that it stands for the public enlightenment and welfare. Even though it have no editorial opinions to express, and be simply an organ of information, it professes to publish things that are true and to be so far an honest servant of those who buy it. It is, then, a national misfortune that so large a section of the American press, under the operation of commercial influences, has been led into the adoption of methods and practices which are essentially dishonest. I refer especially to the exaggerations and misrepresentations which characterize the so-called "yellow press." The predominant tone of this class of journal is a painful and distressing scream which manifests itself in dreadful typographical effects, and to which the advertisers are encouraged to add their discordant notes.

Such newspapers are a disgrace to modern civilization. Nevertheless, they have an influence and following, not, as I believe, because of these methods, but in spite of them. They particularly appeal to the poor and lowly, and exhibit, often with skill, a real or pretended sympathy with the causes of the masses, whom they are able to reach through their low-selling price. It is not, however, necessary that a newspaper should be ugly and repulsive in physical appearance, or dishonest in its manner of

presenting the news, in order to attain large circulation and financial prosperity. On the contrary, there are happily in this country examples of low-priced and thoroughly popular journals which are clean and attractive in their make-up, and honest and honorable in their service of their readers.

A first essential to the adequate fulfilment of its avowed function in the news-giving press is honest art and genuine proportion in its construction. It is the work poorly done that retards the world. The newspapers slovenly, dishonestly, crudely made, are those that conspicuously fail in their pretended public service and tend to become degrading and harmful influences. Whatever principles he may advocate on his editorial page, the newspaper-maker is bound in honor and by every just consideration of his calling to treat his readers in good faith and with respect. He certainly cannot afford to desregard the interests of his advertisers; but, when the rights of the readers are subordinated or submerged to meet the short-sighted demands of the advertisers, the newspaper becomes so far simply a lie. Such a policy persisted in defeats itself, and the newspaper produced simply or principally to carry advertising, ultimately becomes of very little value to its commercial patrons. So in respect to the unrestrained, intemperate use of scare head-lines and the faking of sensational news; these practices may win temporarily in the game; but, in the long run, they are poor business investments, and of course they are shamelessly dishonest.

The true policy for the newspaper-maker, as indeed for every other manufacturer, is to produce a good and attractive article by honest, open methods, to harness brains, incessant energy, human sympathy, art, trained judgment, knowledge, patience to his honest purpose, and he may then safely await the issue in public confidence and support. If it is the duty of every live man to do good work in the world, that responsibility rests especially on the journalist because of his exceptional opportunities, powers, and professions. He should seek to make his daily output interesting, individual, helpful, stimulating, productive of better living and saner, sounder thinking by his readers. If his business is in one sense that of a manufacturer, in another and higher and broader sense it is like unto that of the learned professions, law, medicine, the ministry; and it should be conducted in conformity to the standards which are supposed to rule in those callings.

The journalist has one client, one patient, one flock—that is to say, the whole community; and nothing should stand in the way of his single-minded and devoted service of that one common interest. He should beware of all entangling alliances—political, social, commercial—which may limit or embarrass such service. He should let the honors and emoluments of public office go to other people. His own office, if properly administered, is more important and powerful than any that his fellow citizens are likely to confer upon him. The independent newspaper may be and should be the most vital and effective instrument that democratic society can produce for its own advancement and protection; and its true business welfare, in the long view, lies in a complete, intelligent, sympathetic devotion to public interests.

It is but just to remark, however, that society has its own grave responsibilities toward the press. The newspaper and its human environment inevitably act and react upon each other; and, in large measure, it is true that the press is but an expression of the society which it undertakes to serve. How important, then, that educated men and women in free America should sustain the independent, honest press and help to make it better by their intelligent criticisms, sympathetic cooperation, responsive service and just demands!

At the beautiful opening service of the International Peace Congress of 1904, held in Symphony Hall, Boston, an inspiring address was made by the Bishop of Hereford, England, which contained this passage:

"Such is that spirit of commercial militarism which has spread through a great part of the political life of Europe like some dangerous epidemic disease. If it should threaten to invade your country, my prayer is that you may escape the danger and be true to your destiny as a great democracy inspired and ruled by the spirit of industrious and generous peace."

The phrase "industrious peace" caught my fancy and stirred my imagination. Think of what it means, of what it implies in its full and far significance. It is my hope, my ambition, that the independent newspapers of the United States shall become, as the years roll on, more and more truly apostles of an industrious peace, not only for the sake of the highest and best development of this nation, both spiritually and materially, but for the advancement of liberty, justice and enlightened democratic government throughout the world.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

NEW LIGHT ON THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

AMONG the various problems of American history, none has proved more perplexing or productive of acrimonious controversy than the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. For close upon one hundred years, the question whether or no the national Declaration of Independence was anticipated by the action of an assemblage of North-Carolinians has been a thorn in the flesh of historians. To-day the consensus of critical opinion is adverse to the claims of those who would give the "Old North State" priority in this bold and important step, and the conviction is wide-spread that the Mecklenburg Declaration is of the stuff of which myths are made. But, within the past few months, hitherto inaccessible evidence has been secured by its supporters, and it has again become a live issue requiring more rigid scrutiny than at any other time in its stormy career. This necessary sifting and weighing the present writer would leave to others, contenting himself with stating the problem as presented in the light of the new evidence and, since it is essential to appreciation of the significance of the recent discoveries, with taking a preliminary survey of the occurrences at the Mecklenburg meeting as variously viewed by the advocates and critics of the Mecklenburg Declaration.

The entire problem hinges on what took place at this meeting, which was held in the town of Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, some time during May, 1775. According to the believers in the authenticity of the Declaration, the meeting was the outcome of sundry earlier and informal gatherings, at which the leading men of the county of Mecklenburg sought to ascertain the prevailing sentiment of the county with

respect to the claims of Parliament to impose taxes and regulate the internal affairs of the colonies. It was ultimately determined that Thomas Polk, then Colonel commandant of the county, should request each militia captain to call a company meeting to elect two delegates from his company to assemble in convention at Charlotte on the 19th day of May, in order to take such measures "as to them should seem best calculated to promote the common cause of defending the rights of the colony, and aiding their brethren in Massachusetts." Meantime, certain resolutions were prepared for submission to the convention, which, the Mecklenburg claimants aver, met on the day appointed. It so happened, however, that, while the convention was in session, the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charlotte, and, intensely inflamed by the demands of the onlookers, the convention decided to substitute for the prepared resolutions a formal Declaration of Independence, to which the delegates subscribed amidst popular approval, and which ran as follows:*

"I. *Resolved,* That whosoever directly or indirectly abets, or in any way, form or manner countenances, the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America and to the rights of man.

"II. *Resolved,* That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County, do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connection with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.

"III. *Resolved,* That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual cooperation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

"IV. *Resolved,* That we hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct all and each of our former laws, and that the Crown of Great Britain cannot be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges or immunities amongst us.

"V. *Resolved,* That all officers, both civil and military, in this county,

* This is the version first made generally known by Francis Xavier Martin's "History of North Carolina," issued in 1829, but, according to the author's preface, written before 1809 and published from the unrevised manuscript. The Mecklenburg claimants contend that it is a true copy of the original Declaration.

be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of country until a more general and better organized system of government be established.

"VI. *Resolved,* That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body."

After these resolutions had been adopted, Martin's History tells us:

"James Jack, then of Charlotte, but now residing in the State of Georgia,* was engaged to be the bearer of the resolutions to the President of Congress, and directed to deliver copies of them to the delegates in Congress from North Carolina. The President returned a polite answer to the address which accompanied the resolutions, in which he highly approved of the measures adopted by the delegates of Mecklenburg, but deemed the subject of the resolutions premature to be laid before Congress. Messrs. Caswell, Hooper and Hewes [the North Carolina delegates to Congress] forwarded a joint letter, in which they complimented the people of Mecklenburg for their zeal in the common cause, and recommended to them the strict observance of good order; that the time would soon come when the whole continent would follow their example."

The opposition, which include an overwhelming majority of historians, do not deny that a meeting was held at Charlotte in May, 1775. But they contend (1) that the convention assembled not on May 19-20, but on May 31, and (2) that the resolutions adopted were twenty in number, and of quite another character than the Declaration quoted above. These resolutions, first discovered by Colonel Peter Force, of Washington, and announced by him through the "National Intelligencer" in December, 1838, merely provided a temporary form of government for the county of Mecklenburg, "until instructions from the Provincial Congress regulating the jurisprudence of the province

* Captain Jack died in 1822, seven years before Martin's work went to press. This fact is cited by Dr. George W. Graham, of Charlotte, the son of the late Governor William A. Graham, and now the most prominent advocate of the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration, as a reason for accepting Martin's statement that his History was published without revision of the manuscript as prepared by him before 1809. The importance of this point will develop as the narrative of the controversy proceeds.

shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America." They breathed an independent spirit, to be sure, but they did not in so many words declare for independence, and they fell far short of the defiant and bellicose expressions of the Martin version. They were originally published, it later appeared, in the "South Carolina Gazette and County Journal," of June 13, 1775, and they were republished in the "New York Journal," of June 29, 1775, and in the "Massachusetts Spy," of July 12, 1775. To the argument based on these resolutions, known from their date as the "Thirty-first Resolves," the Mecklenburg claimants reply (1) that the date ascribed to them is erroneous; (2) that they are the resolutions which it was originally intended to submit to the convention; (3) that measures embodying the same powers as the Thirty-first Resolves were enacted by the delegates immediately after adopting the Declaration; and (4) that if all that was done by the convention was the adoption of the Thirty-first Resolves, there would have been no reason for transmitting copies post-haste to the Continental Congress, nor would the Thirty-first Resolves, with their comparatively tame resolutions, have elicited from the President of Congress and the North Carolina delegates to Congress the comments ascribed to them by Martin. In explanation of the fact that the Thirty-first Resolves found their way into print, it is suggested by the present leader of the Mecklenburg claimants, Dr. George W. Graham,* that doubtless copies of the proposed resolutions were sent to the delegates-elect, so that they might make themselves acquainted with the details of the intended action, and that one of these copies fell into the hands of the editor of the "South Carolina Gazette and County Journal," who printed it in the mistaken belief that the resolutions had actually been adopted, and supplied the date which has been the source of such additional controversy.

These, briefly, are the opposing views.† And now it is neces-

* In a conversation with the writer, April 14, 1906.

† For the best exposition of the case against the Mecklenburg Declaration, the reader is referred to the late Rev. Dr. J. C. Welling's article on the subject in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, April, 1874; while the case for the Declaration is ably presented in Dr. George W. Graham's "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," 1905. The new evidence to be presented in these pages has, however, been discovered since Dr. Graham's work was published.

sary to indicate rapidly the successive stages in the long-enduring dispute. Whatever the reason, it was almost forty-five years before the occurrences at Charlotte became a matter of general knowledge. In 1819, John McKnitt Alexander, son of the secretary of the convention, writing under the name of "John McKnitt," contributed to the "Raleigh Register" an account of the proceedings, including a copy of the resolutions adopted. This copy was essentially similar to the subsequently published Martin copy, but differed from the latter in phraseology, in being partially written in the past tense, and in omitting the sixth resolution. It was certified:

"The foregoing is a true copy of the papers on the above subject left in my hands by John McKnitt Alexander, deceased. I find it mentioned on file that the original book was burned, April, 1800; that a copy of the proceedings was sent to Hugh Williamson, then writing a history of North Carolina, and that a copy was sent to General W. R. Davie."

This publication reappeared in the "Essex Register" and came to the notice of John Adams, who, impressed with the resemblance between certain phrases in the Mecklenburg Declaration and the Fourth of July Declaration, and being at the time in unfriendly relations with Jefferson, hastened to call the latter's attention to "John McKnitt's" statement. Jefferson, smarting under the imputation of plagiarism,* wrote to Adams in reply: "You seem to think it genuine. I believe it spurious. I deem it to be a very unjustifiable quiz." From that moment the controversy was under way.

On the one hand, it was asserted that the great Virginian had freely borrowed from the Mecklenburg in drafting the Fourth of July Declaration; on the other, that the latter was the basis of the former, which was denounced as a cruel hoax. The seeming attempt on the part of "John McKnitt" to conceal his identity,† the long interval of silence between event and an-

* At this day it seems peculiar that, so far as concerns Jefferson, the accusation of plagiarism should have been a factor in the controversy. As was pointed out by Dr. Welling, the fact is that, with one exception, the parallel phrases in the Fourth of July Declaration were written, not by Jefferson, but by Richard Henry Lee.

† It was otherwise contended, however, and not without force, that Mr. Alexander frequently dropped his surname, the better to *disclose* his identity, on account of the commonness of the name "Alexander" in that section of the country. The writer is informed that there are today several hundred "Alexanders" in the Mecklenburg region.

nouncement, the absence of documentary evidence—all this conspired to create an atmosphere of suspicion. Charges and countercharges were freely made by both parties, theories advanced which are still operating to cloud perception of the real points at issue. Then came the publication of Martin's History with its variant version, declared by some to be a reproduction of the actual resolutions, by others to be merely the "John McKnitt" copy polished and refined. There seemed to be no way of terminating what was rapidly developing into a sectional quarrel, and the State of North Carolina decided upon official intervention. During the winter of 1830-31, the General Assembly appointed a Committee to take evidence on the subject. Depositions were obtained from witnesses then living, who had personal knowledge of the meeting at Charlotte. Their testimony was uniformly, but vaguely, to the effect that independence had been declared, and the Committee rendered a favorable report, affirming the evidence to be satisfactory and directing the Government to cause to be published a pamphlet containing the Mecklenburg Declaration, the names of the delegates subscribing thereto, and the certificates of the witnesses testifying to the attendant circumstances.

This merely added fuel to the fire already burning so briskly. The dependence thus placed upon the known fallibility of human memory was alone sufficient to excite the derision of the critical. Nor was it long before a new turn was given to the controversy by a statement contained in a criticism of Tucker's "Life of Jefferson," written by the Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawks for the "New York Review," of March, 1837. In his paper, Dr. Hawks revived against Jefferson the old charge of plagiarism, and asserted that the Mecklenburg Declaration would be found in a June, 1775, issue of the "Cape Fear Mercury," a copy of which, it was stated, was on file in the British State Paper Office, where it had been placed by Lord Dartmouth, who had received it from Governor Martin of North Carolina, the chief executive at the time of the Charlotte convention. Soon after the publication of this statement, according to Lyman Draper, application for the loan of this copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury" was made by United States Minister Stevenson, who, receiving it in August, 1837, failed to return it, and died twenty years later without divulging its contents. The natural suppo-

sition would seem to be that he was erroneously credited with borrowing the copy, but the advocates of the Mecklenburg Declaration hold that he secured it, found in it evidence supporting their case, and, from a desire to shield Jefferson's reputation, resolved to maintain silence. Color is given to the claim that Minister Stevenson did receive the missing "Mercury" by the fact that in 1863 the historian Wheeler, after a fruitless search in London, made application to Mr. Stevenson's son (the diplomat being dead), and was informed that, although the paper could not be found among his father's effects, memoranda had been discovered indicating that it had once been in the minister's possession. In any event, the copy is still missing from the British archives, and, as no other copy of that particular issue has come to light, its contents remain unknown.*

The necessity for examining it was emphasized within little more than a year from the time attention was first drawn to it. In December, 1838, Colonel Force announced his discovery of the Thirty-first Resolves, and it was immediately said by the opponents of the Declaration that in the "Cape Fear Mercury"

* In "Collier's Weekly," of July 1, 1905, there appeared an article on the Mecklenburg Declaration written by Dr. S. Millington Miller, and including a facsimile reproduction of what purported to be the lost copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury." A note stated that it had been discovered among Mr. Stevenson's effects. The announcement created considerable surprise, and was received with wide-spread scepticism on the part of the advocates as well as the opponents of the Declaration. It was noticed that, as printed in facsimile, the Declaration contained but three articles, and corresponded with neither the Martin nor the "John McKnitt" copy, but with a "broadside" issued after the publication of "John McKnitt's" letter in the "Raleigh Register." Late in 1905, Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., of South Carolina, issued a pamphlet attacking Dr. Miller's copy of the "Mercury" as a forgery, and adducing evidence to show that in the production of the alleged forgery aid was had from a genuine copy of a November, 1769, issue of the "Mercury," now in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass. Meanwhile, Dr. Miller had invited a committee from Charlotte to examine his copy, which he appraised at $5,000. On December 30, 1905, this committee, consisting of Dr. George W. Graham, Professor Alexander Graham and Mr. R. O. Alexander, met Dr. Miller in Baltimore, and after seeing the copy agreed to buy it, provided he secured from Mr. Worthington C. Ford, the old document expert, a certificate warranting it genuine. To this Dr. Miller consented. The committee returned home, and in the "Charlotte Observer," of January 1, 1906, published a report in which they gave sundry reasons for believing that they had not seen in Dr. Miller's possession a genuine copy of the "Cape Fear Mercury." In this belief they were confirmed by Mr. Ford, who, January 9, sent them a long report on the subject. Mr. Ford has since written (in the April issue of the "American Historical Review") a comprehensive statement of his findings.

would be found not the Declaration but the Resolves. These, it was jubilantly claimed, formed the true Declaration, or rather the fabric out of which had been composed, by the faulty memory of the participants, the defiance said to have been hurled at the home authorities by the blunt, outspoken patriots of Mecklenburg. For the moment the friends of the Declaration were too dazed to attempt a reply; but, rallying, they assailed their adversaries with a fusillade of queries, not the least pertinent of which was: If the action taken were simply that described by the Thirty-first Resolves, why should Governor Martin, in his address to the Executive Council on June 25, 1775,* speak of "the late most treasonable publication of a committee in the county of Mecklenburg, explicitly renouncing obedience to His Majesty's Government," and in a subsequent proclamation† declare: "Whereas I have also seen a most infamous publication in the 'Cape Fear Mercury' importing to be Resolves of a set of people stiling themselves a committee for the county of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government and constitution of this country"? But it was easier to propound awkward questions than to answer the questions with which they themselves were confronted, and the Mecklenburg claimants were gradually driven to rest their case upon evidence inadmissible in the court of history. For the time being, it seemed as though they must be utterly discredited, their discomfiture being increased by the discovery, first announced in 1853,‡ that the Davie copy, referred to by "John McKnitt," bore a certificate in the well-known handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, Sr., setting forth that it was merely a transcript from memory. The Davie and "John McKnitt" versions being identical, added strength was given to the belief that the Thirty-first Resolves were the basis for both, as well as for the Martin version. This belief has steadily gained adherents, until to-day the Declaration commands the assent of few outside of North Carolina, and not of all within the borders of that State itself.

* "Colonial Records of North Carolina," Vol. X, pp. 38–39.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. X, pp. 144–145.

‡ By Professor Charles Phillips, in the "North Carolina University Magazine," May, 1853.

Time, however, brings about strange changes, and the possibility of historians being compelled to reverse their verdict on the Mecklenburg Declaration would now seem to be imminent. One of the strongest points hitherto advanced against the Declaration has been the alleged fact that it was never heard of prior to "John McKnitt's" publication in the "Raleigh Register" in 1819. In vain did the friends of the Declaration call attention to the traditions of the countryside, to the testimony of the witnesses in the legislative inquiry of 1830-31, to the statement of Dr. Hawks that the historian Martin had assured him that he had utilized for his version of the Declaration a copy procured "in the western part of the State, prior to 1800," and to the statement of Governor Stokes that, in the year 1793, the historian Williamson had shown to him, in Fayetteville, N. C., a copy of the Declaration in the handwriting of John McKnitt Alexander, Sr. They were invariably, and properly, met by the objection that in all this there entered the untrustworthy element of memory, and that they could establish their case only by producing documentary proof. It was pointed out that, if the people of Mecklenburg County actually did declare themselves independent of Great Britain, the fact would surely be mentioned in contemporary documents, letters, newspapers. The reasonableness of this is obvious, but not until recent years do the defenders of the Declaration seem to have appreciated the necessity of discarding tradition, hearsay and assumption. Indeed, their latest plea, Dr. Graham's book, is in large measure a reploughing of this barren field. On the other hand, Dr. Graham summons to his aid more documentary evidence than did any of his predecessors. He cites, for instance, the fact that numerous deeds executed during and immediately after the Revolutionary War, and now on file in the court-house at Charlotte, contain what he regards as explicit references to the Mecklenburg Declaration. Among such, he quotes: "This indenture made this 13th day of February, 1779, and in the fourth year of our independence"; "This indenture made this 28th day of January, in the fifth year of our independence and the year of our Lord Christ 1780"; "This indenture made on the 19th day of May, and in the year of our Lord 1783, and in the eighth year of our independence." He also adduces documentary evidence in support of the authenticity of the poem "The Meck-

lenburg Censor," said to have been written in 1777. This poem speaks of the day

> "When Mecklenburg's fantastic rabble,
> Renowned for censure, scold and gabble,
> In Charlotte met in giddy council,
> To lay the constitution's ground-sill,"

and avers that

> "First to withdraw from British trust,
> In Congress, they, the very first,
> Their Independence did declare."

Again, Dr. Graham quotes from a schoolboy's declamation on the Charlotte convention, printed in the "Catawba Journal," of July 11, 1826, and by that paper credited to the "Raleigh Minerva," of August 10, 1809, or ten years before the publication of the storm-provoking "John McKnitt" statement.

It is to this schoolhouse speech that special attention must first be called. When Dr. Graham wrote, he was obliged to quote from the secondary, *post* "John McKnitt" source, the "Catawba Journal," and was under the impression that no copy remained of the August 10, 1809, issue of the "Raleigh Minerva." One has since been discovered through the efforts of Mr. M. De Lancey Haywood, who, early in the present year, found it in Raleigh. It is now in the possession of a family descended from its publisher, William Boylan. A photographic facsimile, forwarded to the writer by Professor Alexander Graham, school superintendent of Charlotte and long a student of the Mecklenburg problem, discloses some slight variations from the "Catawba Journal" reprint, and one discrepancy—in the matter of the year of the convention—which might at first glance seem important, but is doubtless either a misprint in the "Minerva" or a slip of the speaker's memory. The following is the reference to the Declaration as published in the "Minerva":

> "On the 19th day of May, 1776, a day sacredly exulting to every Mecklenburg bosom, two delegates duly authorized from every militia company in this county met in Charlotte. . . . After a cool and deliberate investigation of the causes and extent of our differences with G. Britain, and taking a view of the probable result; pledging their all in support of their rights and liberties; they solemnly entered into and

published a full and determined *declaration* [the italics are the "Minerva's"] of Independence, renouncing forever all allegiance, dependence on or connection with Great Britain; dissolved all judicial and military establishments emanating from the British crown; established others on principles correspondent with their declaration, which went into immediate operation: All which were transmitted to Congress by express, and probably expedited the general Declaration of Independence. May we ever act worthy of such predecessors."

From this publication it seems manifest that the schoolboy orator had the assistance of something other than tradition in preparing his address; and that, whatever the source of his statements, they corroborate alike the "John McKnitt" and Martin accounts in naming the 19th, not the 31st, of May as the day of the meeting, in averring the adoption of an explicit Declaration of Independence, and in relating the transmission of copies of the Declaration to the Continental Congress. The boy's address, it must be kept clearly in mind, was delivered and printed in 1809, ten years before the date when, the opponents of the Declaration urge, it was made known for the first time. In this connection, Mr. Haywood has discovered another, though less important, bit of evidence. Searching through the old documents and newspapers preserved in the State Library at Raleigh, he found a copy of the "Raleigh Register," of July 28, 1808, containing an account of that year's Fourth of July celebration at Charlotte. The festivities, it appears, included a banquet, in the course of which one Joseph Pearson offered as a toast: "The patriots of Mecklenburg; the first to declare Independence. . . . May their sons be the last to acknowledge themselves slaves." This adds nothing to our knowledge of the details of the gathering at Charlotte, but it is significant as a pointed reference antedating by more than a year the schoolboy's address published in the "Raleigh Minerva," and by almost eleven years the "John McKnitt" contribution to the "Raleigh Register."

Still more valuable than either of these additional items of evidence, at least in the eyes of the friends of the Declaration, is a discovery made within the past few months by Mr. O. J. Lehman, of Bethania, N. C., a town which was first settled in 1759 by a number of Moravian Brethren, who moved thither from their original North Carolina home of Bethabara. It is the custom of the Moravians to keep a journal of contempo-

raneous events, and in their archives at Bethania are records covering the period 1755 to 1905, written in German script by the most learned men of the Brotherhood. In examining these, Mr. Lehman came upon a forty-page manuscript, in the form of a pamphlet, entitled: "Fragment. Record of the Events during the Revolutionary War which had a Reference to Wachovia, to the end of 1779." This record, Mr. Lehman found, opened with the events of the year 1775, and in the chronicle for that year was a passage which, translated, reads:

"At the end of the year 1775, I cannot omit to mention that in the summer of this same year, that is to say, in May, June or July, the county of Mecklenburg in North Carolina declared itself free and independent of England, and for itself made such arrangements for the administration of law as the Continental Congress later made for all. But this Congress considered these proceedings premature."

Impressed with his discovery, Mr. Lehman communicated it to the "Charlotte Observer," and efforts were begun to ascertain when and by whom the record was written. From the reference to the subsequent action of Congress, it was evident that the Mecklenburg paragraph was penned some time after 1775, and the question immediately rose—At what time? The first attempt at an answer, so far as the writer is aware, is contained in an article published in the "Charlotte Observer," of April 15, 1906, and contributed by Adelaide L. Fries, of Winston-Salem, N. C., who believes she has shown that the record was written at Salem in the autumn of 1783 by one Traugott Bagge. Her reasons for so believing deserve to be quoted, in part, at any rate, for their general as well as historical interest:

"The 'Fragment' is neither a diary, nor a mechanical compilation from a diary. It is a historical sketch, well written, clear cut, showing keen insight into the affairs of the State and nation, as well as the most intimate acquaintance with events in Wachovia. While for convenience the author divides his account into years, he frequently runs forward to link some result to its cause. For example, in reciting some of the events early in 1775, he states that the sailors on the English merchant-ships in Charleston harbor, being unable to secure permission to land their cargoes, simply threw them overboard so that they could load with rice and sail for home. Salt was one of the articles so destroyed, and he comments on the great scarcity of this prime necessity later on, and the suffering that the saving of this salt might have averted. Paper money claims his attention in each year's history; but,

in speaking of the first year's issue without royal authority, in 1775, he notes its utter loss of value late in the war; and, again, in 1777, he mentions the statement by the Assembly of 1783 that the depreciation began in '77. The introduction of later developments in the Mecklenburg paragraph is, therefore, quite in keeping with the rest of the paper, and its form is also paralleled by similar additions at the close of other years, where items which had been omitted in the current account were added at the close. This paragraph is plainly a part of the original document, and entitled to all the credence that may be given to any part thereof.

"Although found in Bethania, this paper was most certainly written by a man who lived in Salem during the Revolutionary War. Not only does the whole story centre about Salem, then already the principal town of Wachovia, but events transpiring there are given with a certain intimate knowledge that can have no other explanation. The paper must have been taken to Bethania at some later date, perhaps in comparatively recent years.

"The handwriting of the 'Fragment' differs from that found in the Church Diaries of those years, and certain features in the paper itself suggested Traugott Bagge as its author. This was confirmed beyond a question by finding in the Land Office in Salem several annual statements of the store, written, dated and signed by Traugott Bagge. The script, though small, is unusually firm and distinct, and it is possible to compare two specimens letter by letter. When this test is applied to the 'Fragment,' with these annual statements as the standard, the writing of the 'Fragment' is found to be Bagge's throughout. Moreover, in the body of the 'Fragment' there is given a list of the men who signed a certain paper explaining the position of the Moravians in regard to the War, and their neutrality, and in this list appears the name of Traugott Bagge. Laid by the side of the signed statements already alluded to, it becomes evident that this name is a genuine signature, and by the fortunate insertion of the list the signature of the author is contained in the body of the paper, although it does not appear at the end.

"This not only proves the author, but guarantees the accuracy of statements in the 'Fragment,' for Bagge was the most able man of affairs in Wachovia during the War. At that time, the store was the centre of trade for all the country round, and under Bagge's skilful management the necessaries of life were never entirely lacking for those who depended on his store to supply them. . . . As merchant, financier, politician, as a sturdy, conscientious man, Traugott Bagge ranks among the first in the history of the State.

"The question of date presents the most difficulty, but by a process of elimination it has become possible to decide on the month and year in which it was written, and the occasion for it. . . . The latest date in the 'Fragment' is contained in the reference to the Assembly of 1783, already mentioned. This Assembly met in the spring, so the paper could not have been written before April, 1783. . . . On December

30, the Altesten Conference fixed the programme for New Year's eve: 'The children shall have their closing meeting at three o'clock; the adult congregation shall have a love-feast at eight in the evening; at ten o'clock the Memorabilia for this year and for the War shall be read, and the closing meeting shall follow at half past eleven.' This is confirmed by the diary for December 31, which says of the ten-o'clock service that they 'remembered the many mercies which the Lord had showed them not only during the year, but throughout the eight years' war.' It will be noted that Bagge's name does not appear, and the War Memorabilia, under the title of '*Lob und Dankopfer*,' read in the service and filed with the diary, is in the handwriting of John Frederick Peter, then minister in Salem. But Peter did not come to Wachovia until 1780, would therefore have no knowledge of events prior to that time, and it seems evident that, when he began to collect the memoranda which he presented to the Altesten Conference early in October, he turned to Bagge, who at his request wrote the 'Fragment' under discussion. This explains why Bagge ended his account with December, 1779, for from that time on Peter knew all the circumstances, and the closing then is otherwise explicable, for he stops just short of the time when Wachovia came directly in contact with the opposing forces, and passed the most perilous and exciting days of her history. The paper was far too long to read in a one-hour service, but the '*Lob und Dankopfer*' is strikingly like a résumé of Bagge's sketch, and the supposition that it is such is strengthened by the fact that in the archives of Bethlehem, Pa., there are two copies of the '*Lob und Dankopfer*,' one of which, evidently the rough copy, is in Peter's handwriting, while additional notes pasted on the margin, and slipped loose between the leaves, are in Bagge's handwriting. The other, incorporating many of these notes, is entirely in Peter's handwriting. That Bagge, having helped Peter prepare his paper, should later, without any apparent reason, take the trouble to amplify the sketch to the limits of the 'Fragment' seems most improbable. . . . Traugott Bagge died in April, 1800, but a close scrutiny of the diary from January, 1784, on, fails to give a single reason for the writing of such a paper. . . ."

Here seems to be a sound chain of reasoning to establish the authenticity, authorship and date of the pamphlet. Once admitting that it was written in 1783, or thereabouts, it must be conceded that the friends of the Mecklenburg Declaration have recovered a striking piece of evidence in support of their case. Taken together, the Graham-Haywood-Lehman discoveries point unmistakably to recognition of the existence of a Mecklenburg Declaration long before "John McKnitt's" letter precipitated the century-old dispute. Historians can no longer afford to treat the problem with the superstition of incredulity. They have now to deal, not with nebulous theories nor with hypotheses

sustained by little more than the enthusiasm of local pride and patriotism; but with concrete data which must be accepted or explained away. Decidedly the time has arrived for a thorough review of all the evidence, new and old, tending to prove or disprove the claim that in North Carolina independence of the authority of Great Britain was first formally articulated by her children across the seas.

H. Addington Bruce.

COLLEGE STUDENTS AS THINKERS.

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY AND ADELBERT COLLEGE, CLEVELAND.

In February, 1905, the North American Review published an article entitled "Should College Students Study?" In this number I wish to consider another side of the intellectual relation of collegians: *thinking.*

Thinking and studying are intimately related. All studying represents, or should represent, thinking; but thinking may not represent studying. Thinking is far more subjective than studying. Thinking is the application of the mind to a problem, a condition, a situation. Reasoning, judging, weighing evidence, comparing, relating, inferring, are its products. It stands for intellectual initiative. Among its rules or principles are accuracy, thoroughness, and comprehensiveness. It represents mental investigation, searching, and sometimes discovery. It is the assessing of truth and fact at a just valuation. It is philosophy spinning out of the bowels of its brain an intellectual life. It is science finding a law in the observation and comparison of phenomena. It is analysis, the separation of complex and perplexing conditions. It is synthesis, putting together things which are related and putting them together as they are related. It is intellectual creativeness.

Thinking is work. It is hard work, if it be hard thinking. The hardness of the work bears a direct proportion to the hardness of the thinking. To such work the college man is summoned. The knowledge which the student gains, the facts which he acquires, the scholarship of which he becomes the master, rich as the results are, and advantageous as they may be, are of slight value in comparison with the worth of the power of thinking. Knowledge represents acquisitiveness; thinking, inquisi-

tiveness. Knowledge represents the storehouse; thinking, the engine. Knowledge stands for accumulation; thinking, for efficiency. Knowledge may, or may not, be power; thinking is, and always is, power. The man who knows represents the receiving, the piling up, and the hoarding of truths. The man who thinks represents intellectual activity, alertness, responsiveness.

There is some reason to believe that college men are becoming, as a class, less eager to undertake and to carry forward constantly and earnestly the labor of thinking. In undertaking any such interpretation of one's observations among college men of the present day, it is true, lies a peril of becoming a mere *laudator temporis acti.* But, after making proper deductions for such personal limitations, there does exist a feeling that students are not so willing to think as once they were. Such a belief is certainly wide-spread, and is held by some creditable witnesses.

In a paper recently read before the Schoolmasters' Association of New York and Vicinity on "The Mind of the Undergraduate," Professor George P. Baker, of Harvard, said:

"As I work with these undergraduates I am more and more surprised to find, not that they do not know how to think accurately, cogently (I suppose they would not be in classes in argumentation if they knew how to think well), but that many of them have no real interest in knowing how to think well. Many of them mean to enter the Law School and therefore wish training in debate. Many suspect that some day they will have to speak often in public and wish the requisite training. Far too many of both groups desire the end but care nothing for the means, the process by which it may best be attained. It is only by forcing, coaxing, that one can develop in these youths any interest in thinking for thinking's own sake, can make them appreciate the fact that there is a delicate pleasure in the process of thinking. . . . Clad in intellectual oilskins, he [the student] is almost blithesome in his absolute imperviousness to the ideas for which he is supposed to be taking the course."*

The testimony of Professor Baker is specially significant, both because of personal elements, and because of his rich opportunities of observation. About one hundred and fifty Harvard undergraduates come before him each year in the various courses on argumentation and public address.

But similar testimony is offered from other colleges than Harvard.

* "Educational Review," September, 1905, page 189.

A distinguished teacher at one of the more conspicuous historic institutions writes me, saying:

"I believe that the thinking power of students and their willingness to undertake hard tasks have distinctly lessened in the last ten years. The food the student now gets is poured into him 'predigested.' He no longer tears off, chews, masticates, and deglutinates his food,—he simply bolts it. It is often administered in sugar-coated pills, or gelatinous capsules. That is what the average student prefers, and therefore that is what he gets, since he must get what he wants. When, therefore, he is called upon for any of the sturdy old processes of mastery, he is apt to bolt or balk,—even the best of him. All this is just as true in Germany, as my friends there assured me, as in America. But there the '*Staatsexamen*' serves to moderate the evil."

Another teacher, also in an historic college, expresses the same conviction, and adds: "I have often spoken of this to my colleagues, and many, perhaps most of them, agree with me."

A teacher who, for thirty years, has been a beloved and efficient member of one of the smaller denominational, but efficient, colleges of the Central West, and who, in this time, has served as librarian, says:

"I have been librarian for thirty years and have had to do with the whole college. I have of necessity observed somewhat their [students'] mental habits. My opinion is that in library consultations an increasing number of students use library helps more and more, and do as little thinking as possible. They are frank in saying, 'I don't like this subject; there is so little reading upon it.' Again and again I say to them, 'It is a good theme. You can do your own thinking.' I am confirmed in this view by one of my colleagues of the Faculty, who has served on a committee to select questions for prize debates in one of our societies. He says the committee have chosen questions purposely that required thinking rather than reading, and have been criticised by the speakers for so doing.

"Their condition is fostered by two obvious things. The lecture system requires note-books and note-taking. In library work it has degenerated into literal copying from the open book. That process is constantly going on under the eyes of the librarian. Again, library helps have greatly multiplied in the last twenty-five years. They unlock everything and make the work easy for the searcher. They are invaluable to the advanced scholar who has learned to do his own thinking. But, like all sharp-edged tools, they are dangerous in the hands of the novice."

Conferences which I hold with college men in all parts, commonly, although not universally, lead to a similar conclusion.

Occasionally I hear the remark made that there is no deterioration in the intellectual power or work of students. Another expresses the conviction that any judgment touching any apparent deterioration arises from the change in the point of view of the one judging. A teacher of philosophy in a small but good college says: "I have never had better students than last year. I believe I require as much now as I ever did, and get as much done." Yet, such judgments are rather exceptional. The trend of conviction is that students are less inclined to think and less willing to undertake hard tasks than they formerly were. This conclusion is not by any means proved; but the evidence for the conclusion is such as to cause any one interested in American life or American education to become somewhat solicitous.

An inquiry into the causes of this condition,—if it exists,—bears one into both general and academic relations. The cause may reach back into the fitting school. But this cause also has relations to demands made by the college upon the fitting school. Most colleges build a high gateway of entrance. To open this gate represents a knowledge and a kind of knowledge which, in many respects, does not promote the gaining of thinking power. As Professor Baker has said:

> "I sometimes wonder . . . whether it is possible that the colleges have set such rigid standards for the various entrance examinations that the schools must give all their time to cramming the boys for them, and cannot teach them to see the relation or bearing of one subject upon another. If, instead, the boy came up to college with fewer facts, but an interest in thinking for its own sake, respect for learning and literature, and some responsibility in citizenship, would not the gain be great? The schools now send him up with his mind like a desk with pigeonholes, some of them perhaps a trifle dusty, but undoubtedly with contents, yet not as a human being who has a relation to learning, literature and the facts of existence, and who is able and eager to make for himself applications of the ideas he has learned."*

Are not the colleges in peril of sacrificing the intellectual power of thinking to the intellectual power of gaining facts for the passing of examinations? There are, there have been, masters of fitting schools who made their boys thinkers. Samuel H. Taylor, of Andover, was of this type. He did not have a high place as fitting boys to pass well the examinations for admission to the Freshman class of Harvard College; but the train-

* "Educational Review," September, 1905, pages 198-9.

ing in thinking which he fostered did emerge in the exceptional intellectual power of men when they had entered the Junior or Senior year.

One cause, too, may be found in the increasing luxuriousness of academic life. The luxuriousness of academic life increases with the luxuriousness of life without college walls. Of the fact of the increase of luxury of both types there can be no manner of questioning. This condition is not to be anathematized, but for the present purpose only interpreted. A luxurious life is certainly, in many respects, to be preferred to a life bare and becoming barren. If bareness and limitation are in peril of producing cynicism, or moral ruthlessness, contempt of the civilities,—as they are,—so luxuriousness is in peril of producing in the student softness of intellectual and ethical fibre, flabbiness, indolence, and a preference of the passive graces to the active virtues. The use and enjoyment of material elegancies, the habit of luxuriousness, are consumptive of intellectual force which otherwise might be devoted to scholastic affairs.

It is not, moreover, for one instant to be questioned that the great interest of the undergraduates in athletic concerns does tend to draw away their interest from concerns directly intellectual. College talk is not, on the whole, intellectually stimulating, and the talk which prevails in the first two months of each academic year is very remote from intellectual stimulation. This talk concerns the great American football game. Professionalism,—if not of money, at least of method,—has come to prevail. For, as a conspicuous professor in a conspicuous college has written me:

"An athletic 'career' at one of our great universities now is essentially a professional career. A 'husky' young fellow may go through —— on the strength of his athletic prowess, then come to Yale or Harvard and be carried through his University course on the strength of the same prowess, accumulating money as he goes, and then find some choice instructorship awaiting him in a great preparatory school,— . . . . ,—and then the vicious circle is complete, and he trains up other 'husky' fellows to come to the Universities and to do just what he has done. But such men are not amateurs, they are professionals, as I hold, reaping pecuniary reward all the time for their athletic proficiency, and reaching a proficiency far beyond the reach of any one who is not ready to make a profession out of his athletics. They get a

magnificent training, I do not for a moment doubt that, a training which our other professional schools may well envy for its minute thoroughness and its fine perfection of the best traditions, but the training is not along scholarly lines. I believe that Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and other large universities, now furnish and maintain, with the assistance of a paying public, large and thorough professional schools of athletics."

Under such a condition, intellectual fires burn low on the altars of scholarship and of thoughtfulness.

Another cause may lie in the use, amounting to an abuse, made of the elective system of studies. The advantages offered through the elective system are very great. The introduction of this system was inevitable. The inevitableness of its introduction arose from the vast enlargement of the field of knowledge. But, despite its inevitableness and its great advantages, disadvantages do accompany its use. Among the advantages, be it said, is the promotion of scholarship. It has lifted scholastic standards. It has permitted the development of departments of study beyond the elements of a subject. It has promoted the growth of individuality in personal character, as well as in scholarship. But, under this very condition, it has also allowed the development of character through less strenuous subjects and methods unto less worthy results. It has suffered the student to make for himself a curriculum through which he is not obliged to run, but may dawdle and amble. If, for certain men, it has promoted strenuousness, in others it has promoted softness. If it has allowed not a few men to make the most of themselves, and far more than they could under any other system, it has also allowed a few, at least, to make the less of themselves. Yet it might be affirmed that it is better for a man to select for himself a soft course, rather than to suffer the imposition of a hard course against which he would rebel. For, as a great English bishop said, "It is better for every man in England to go home drunk to-night, than for any man in England to have the right taken away of going home drunk." Intellectual rebellion is intellectual suicide. But this, at least, is clear, that for some men the effect of an easy-going system results in a neglect of the intellectual severities and virilities.

A fifth cause of the condition emerges. The entering into the college of men who propose, upon leaving college, to go into

business has been the occasion of congratulation for both the commercial and the academic world. The reflex action, however, of the presence in the college of many men who propose to follow commercial or industrial pursuits needs to be considered well. Such men usually go to college for general reasons. Such men, also, represent a high social type and are also of more than average financial ability. They go to college because of their desire for the touch of college life. Specific reasons sometimes also influence. Associations formed in college, they are inclined to believe, may open good business opportunities. Domestic or social conditions frequently prompt to the entering into academic relations. But it is clear that the scholastic impulse, or the scholarly motive, is not primary. Intellectual purposes do not dominate. Executive functions, undergraduate undertakings,—athletic, literary, social,—are regarded as securing the purpose of going to college quite as completely as hard reading or hard thinking. "It is too bad to ask these men to study Greek," said one of my friends, a distinguished professor of Greek in an historic college, "they have too much to do." The conclusion is necessary. Such men are not naturally or usually interested in hard and high thinking.

I am also inclined to believe that the transfer of interest on the part of the teacher from the personality of the student to truth may promote the result of the student's neglecting the duty of thinking. The teachers of the earlier time were feeble enough in all respects. They knew little of truth. They were not scholars. Their regard for the student, also, was certainly not too great, great as in many instances it was. The teachers of the present time possess an equipment in knowledge far superior to that possessed by the teacher of the earlier period. But their interest in the students is, on the whole, not so constant, not so definite. They are more inclined to regard their work as finished at the close of the recitation or of the lecture. They are in peril of neglecting what some regard as a duty,—the aiding of the individual student. For such a result they are not to be blamed. The increasing size of classes, the elaborateness of living, the augmentation of executive work, the opportunity of research, represent functions which, not a few of them worthily hold, are more important than the concern for the individual man. But, at all events, the individual student,

as a thinking and moral being, is in peril of suffering. He does not grow. In many instances, he does suffer.

One may ask the question, What is to be done? It is something to know that a peril exists. The knowledge of its existence is the first condition for its removal. The Anglo-Saxon man, too,—even if he be the college man,—has the primary power of self-correction.

It is important, moreover, for college teachers to promote the pursuit on the part of their students of such subjects as, in their inherent character, demand thinking, and also to promote such a pursuit of these subjects as does promote thinking. Mathematics is a subject which demands thinking. It is thinking; it is nothing else. History may be presented as a matter of acquisition; it also may be presented as a matter of weighing evidence, as a study of cause and effect. Economics is a subject which specially offers opportunities for such study as develops thinking. Its phenomena are complex, and the causes which prevail in its field are often obscure. These studies, and similar ones, offer a special advantage in creating and nourishing the power of thinking.

It also should be borne in mind that, in the loyalty for the elective system of studies, there is to be loyalty to a system of *study*. Studies may be elective; study is not. If the student will not study, he is to be excluded from the place of study. The community is demanding that the college man shall "make good." The community suffers a sense of disgust at academic laziness. The community is becoming impatient, not only of tomfoolery, of horse-play and of nonsense, but also of inefficiency. The community demands that the college man shall work at his job, and the community realizes that the most important part of his job is to think. Can college officers do better than to seek to meet the righteous demand of the community that students shall attend to the great business of thinking?

CHARLES F. THWING.

AMERICAN DIVORCE LAW.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

A SECULAR writer may be pardoned for expressing regret that one of the great churches of America has recently assumed a reactionary policy on the subject of divorce, frowning upon the right of an innocent, as well as the guilty, party to remarry. From a temporal standpoint it is to be deplored that ecclesiastical influence cannot unite, to an extent at least, with that of the civil law in establishing a general standard of sexual morals. At the same time, the American spirit is to accord, not only liberty of conscience, but absolute personal respect, to one living up to his religious convictions. Reciprocally, our brethren in the church, whatever their personal scruples, should aid in, and not impede, the adoption of a workable basis of marriage and divorce for the government of the community at large. There is no subject which at the present time more imperatively calls for consistent application of the American theory of separation of church and state. Churchmen who are opposed to divorce on religious grounds will join too often in defeating any movement to liberalize divorce laws, even though communicants are left entirely free to observe their particular rules.

The writer believes that it would be a comparatively simple task to frame a divorce law for operation throughout the United States, which would conserve public morality and general happiness and be acceptable to average sentiment. We need look no farther than Massachusetts for its model, if not, indeed, for its final form. Bagehot and other foreign observers have singled out that State as offering the most successful example of popular government in America. It is safe to say that, in the estimation of Americans themselves, no other State would be ranked above it as a well-governed, law-abiding community; certainly

no one would venture to regard the Bay State as a land of easy morals. Yet its statutes prescribe, in addition to adultery, many other grounds for divorce—as, for example, cruel and abusive treatment; utter desertion for three consecutive years next before the filing of the libel; gross and confirmed habits of intoxication caused by voluntary and excessive use of intoxicating liquor, opium or other drugs; on libel of the wife, that the husband, being able, grossly or wantonly and cruelly refuses or neglects to provide suitable maintenance for her; sentence to confinement at hard labor for life, or for five years or more. After a divorce for the last cause no pardon restores conjugal rights. All divorces are absolute; either party may marry again, but the guilty party not within two years from the entry of the final decree.

The general distinction between the Massachusetts and New York policies is that the former State grants absolute divorces for what may be termed the secondary causes—cruelty, desertion, etc.—while as to them New York authorizes a limited divorce or separation. (Both States provide for absolute annulment or divorce for certain grounds affecting the marriage in its inception, such as impotency.) A recent decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts emphasizes its attitude towards the most important of the social relations. In Franklin *vs.* Franklin (February, 1906, 77 N. E., 48), it appeared that the plaintiff, a skilful mechanic, emigrated to this country from England "to better his condition in life," leaving behind him in England his wife and children. Having concluded to remain, and some of his children having joined him here, he endeavored to induce his wife also to come and resume their matrimonial life. She refused to do so, although provided with the means, for no other reason than disinclination to leave her native land and the friends of her youth. On this state of facts the Massachusetts Court held the wife guilty of desertion, entitling the husband to a divorce. A portion of the opinion may well be quoted:

"The fundamental fact to be considered is that the husband, as head of the family, legally responsible for its support, has a right to choose and establish a domicile for himself and his wife and children. A refusal of the wife to stay with him in that domicile, without a sufficient reason for her refusal, is desertion. This right of the husband is not limited to the state or country in which the parties live at the time of

their marriage, but in these days of easy communication between different countries, and different parts of the same country, he may exercise it reasonably, in a way which will change his citizenship and allegiance. So far as he personally is concerned, if his duties to his wife are left out of consideration, this right is doubtless absolute. But in reference to the rights, duties, and liabilities of the parties in their marital relations it is not absolute. It should be exercised with some reference to the welfare of the wife. We can conceive of a choice of a domicile so plainly unreasonable and improper, in reference to the health and welfare of the wife, that the selection of it, and an attempted enforcement of his general marital right to have her share it with him, would be extreme cruelty, such as would justify her in declining to accompany him or follow him to such a place of abode. His wife's marital right and his duty as a husband would come in conflict with the exercise of his general right to choose his own domicile, if he attempted to exercise the right in such a way as would be utterly and grossly unreasonable because of the peril to her life and health, and perhaps because of her deprivation of other things essential to her welfare. But the determination of such matters must, in the first instance and ordinarily, be left to the husband, upon whom rests the legal duty to provide for his family, as well as for himself. The wife cannot legally refuse to accompany him in a change of domicile unless such a change is plainly unreasonable."

It is of interest to the State that the average citizen be monogamous and subjected to the responsibilities and restraints of domestic life. Which conduces more strongly to that end, the law of Massachusetts, or the civic sacramentalism of New York that condemns thousands of persons, whose legal spouses are impossible partners, to practical celibacy or sexual outlawry? Of course, divorce laws, whether liberal or strict, are subject to abuse; but this is no justification of purblind adherence to a system which ignores human nature and the very ends of civil matrimony. Let the State first set itself theoretically right, and it may then trust its courts to frustrate attempts to set aside or evade its laws.

Viewing the comparative legislation of the country, it will be found that the majority of the States approximate more or less closely to the Massachusetts policy. Very few of them restrict the causes of divorce to a single one, and not very many, on the other hand, sanction trifling or frivolous reasons. In the undeveloped civilization of mining camps prematurely created sovereign States, crudities, vagaries and venalities of legislation are only to be expected. Many years ago, the State of

Illinois enjoyed the notoriety of a free-and-easy divorce emporium, to which in recent times South Dakota has succeeded. No doubt the latter State has deliberately catered to the divorce trade from the same mercenary motives with which West Virginia, by adopting laws of lax responsibility for directors, has catered to the corporation trade. Popular sentiment long ago shamed Illinois out of its extreme complaisance to divorce, and the cure for any such local and temporary aberration lies in focusing public attention on the abuse. Without adverting specifically to change in statute law, it would seem particularly apt, as illustrating a generally reformed attitude, to quote a few words from a judicial opinion rendered in an appellate court of Illinois in 1891:

"The conviction is forced upon us from a consideration of these circumstances that he [appellee] is a mere sojourner here, till his divorce might be obtained. The statute requiring a residence in this State should have a strict construction, for the sake of the good name of the State if nothing more, and no encouragement should be held out to such as come here away from their homes and the domicile of the defendants to trouble our courts with their marital infelicities. The residence of this defendant (in error) is not *bona fide*, and on the merits he has made out no case." (Albee *vs.* Albee, 45 Ill., App., 370-377.)

Even in South Dakota, the law was amended a few years since by changing the requirement of a residence of ninety days, in order to apply for a divorce, to one of six months, with the further provision that no divorce shall be granted against a non-resident unless the plaintiff shall have resided a year in South Dakota, or the defendant shall have been personally served with process either within or without the State. In view of the Dreyfus case, in which the force of opinion of the outside world compelled a great nation, sorely against its will and much to the mortification of its pride, to right a wrong against a very ordinary individual, Americans may well be confident of the power of public sentiment to correct sporadic eccentricities and immoralities of government. A more serious drawback than the legislative antics of any raw community is the incorrigible Bourbonism of a mature State, like New York, in permitting dissolution of a marriage, whose inception is unassailable, with right to remarry, only for adultery or if one of the spouses has been sentenced to life imprisonment. That policy inevitably

drives its own citizens into other forums to obtain the relief which justice and the average moral sense sanction their seeking. It also indirectly encourages newer States in setting up as divorce Gretna Greens. It is quite significant that, in a large majority of notorious interstate divorce suits, citizens of New York have been interested parties. The record is supplemented by a long list of divorce scandals in the domestic courts of the State. Considering its great population, wealth and general influence, it is not too much to say that New York's obstinate disregard of the preponderance of American sentiment is the principal disturbing factor in the divorce problem.

A uniform law—founded, say, on the existing law of Massachusetts—is a great desideratum, and to procure it is the dream of most divorce reformers. The project is called a dream because of the vast difficulty, both of inertia and positive opposition, in the way of its realization. The late Abram S. Hewitt used to lament that it took at least ten years to accomplish any substantial political improvement in New York City. The writer fears that it will require more than ten years to obtain absolute uniformity of divorce; nevertheless, it is an ideal possible of attainment, and striving after it will at the least achieve incidental benefits. The two rival methods by which the end is aimed at are (1) cooperative State legislation, and (2) the adoption of an amendment of the Constitution of the United States authorizing Congress to pass a general law.

Under the first method the legislatures of all, or practically all, the States would have to be induced independently to enact a statute, identical or substantially similar in terms, prescribing grounds for divorce and procedure for obtaining it. About a dozen years ago, a movement for cooperative State legislation, comprehending marriage and divorce, commercial paper and other subjects, was started and it has continued, though somewhat fitfully, down to the present time. It has accomplished one tangible result of real importance—the adoption of a common Negotiable Instruments Law for twenty-nine States and Territories, including the District of Columbia. On this branch of law there are the most obvious reasons for uniformity, and practically no differences of opinion. Yet action by about three-fifths of the American commonwealths is the sum total of achievement. We are not aware that a single State has adopted

a divorce law framed or suggested in pursuance of the original plan. A national Congress of Divorce met in Pennsylvania a few months ago, at the invitation of Governor Pennypacker, for the single purpose of promoting cooperative legislative uniformity. As far as can be gathered from the reports of its first session, nothing transpired to afford hope of the success of the scheme within any reasonable period of time. A cooperative divorce measure would encounter not only the ordinary inertia, which thus far has withheld two-fifths of the States and Territories from adopting the Commercial Instruments Law, but also the positive opposition of States whose policy was to be changed. Furthermore, it would have to receive universal ratification in order to be of any service. The Negotiable Instruments Law differs in this respect, because, as it is passed in each State, a new increment is added to a uniformity that is always advantageous as far as it goes. If a divorce law were submitted, it would be most readily taken up by those States whose systems it least affected, that is, by the States whose law is now substantially uniform, leaving the States that principally cause embarrassment—those whose law is most strict and most lax —precisely where they are. If one-quarter of the States should hold aloof, the interstate situation would continue materially as it exists. Of course, the increasing sentiment from without would be felt by all States; but, nevertheless, the complete consummation of the movement, in any event, would be an affair of many years and of unremitting, laborious agitation.

Without attempting to minimize the difficulties in the way of the counter-project of Federal Constitutional Amendment, I believe it, on the whole, the more feasible one. There would be a special factor of opposition here from State-rights purists. According to the historical conception of State sovereignty, the function of regulating marriage and divorce belongs more properly to the States than the General Government. Experience has shown, however, that the conflict of laws entails varying personal status and legitimacy of children on different sides of domestic geographical lines. Common sense and the moral sense suggest that these matters in themselves, and, further, as they affect interstate property rights of dower and inheritance, are even more appropriately matters of national cognizance than bankruptcy, for example, over which Congress already has juris-

diction by a clause in the original Constitution. State-rights scruples are by no means as rigorously held as they were a half-century ago, and probably any hostility developing on this score could be overcome. I believe the Constitutional Amendment plan more promising of success chiefly for the reason that the opposition of one-fourth of the States would be futile. All that would be required for Federal legislation would be the adoption by three-fourths of the State legislatures of an Amendment conferring power on Congress to act. Any number of States up to one-quarter, although they refused to acquiesce, would nevertheless be bound by the action of the others. Moreover, as the Amendment itself would be in general terms, no conflict would be aroused as to particular phases of divorce policy, but the issue would be merely on the abstract question whether the subject should be transferred from State to Federal jurisdiction. Congressional legislation, prescribing procedure in the Federal courts, would have the advantage over cooperative State law, in that, according to the usual Federal practice, a plaintiff would probably be compelled to sue a defendant in the latter's residential district, and not compel him to go to a remote State in order to make his defence.

However distant the prospect of systematic and universal reform, the energetic advocacy of either or both of the designs above explained will tend to the awakening of public opinion, and, therefore, probably to the improvement of the present situation by amendments, from time to time, of State laws. In this view, reformers of both schools, in addition to presenting the arguments for their definite scheme, may well strive broadly to educate the sentiment of the people. A general law, however secured, will of necessity embody a compromise between the extreme theories now prevailing. Devout churchmen must be convinced of their duty, as citizens, not to impede the adoption of a more liberal code than their own as the secular law of the land. The legislatures of strict States, like New York, must be impressed with the prevalence of more lenient views in other communities, and importuned to ponder whether the part of essential morality, as well as of practical wisdom, may not lie in treating the civil contract of marriage as one which, while not to be repudiated lightly, or from caprice, still should be dissolvable if either spouse has been guilty of conduct that,

although short of actual adultery, renders continued cohabitation unsafe or reasonably unendurable. States whose statutes afford subterfuges for throwing off the matrimonial yoke, merely because it has become wearisome or distasteful, should, through the ordinary agencies of opinion, be held up to the righteous scorn of the outside world. For a long time to come, the United States will have to get along as best it can under diverse State laws. It may be that, by the time the adoption of a uniform law becomes possible, its actual passage will be largely superfluous, because of the changes in State enactments during the course of the agitation. It is certainly probable that very considerable modifications of State provisions will precede any statute of universal scope resulting from cooperative legislation.

The presumption that independent State authority will hold sway through a long future period gives especial interest to the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Haddock *vs.* Haddock, which has called forth extensive comment in the press. For an understanding of its scope and effect, certain abstract legal principles must be briefly summarized. Before a court can obtain jurisdiction to entertain a controversy and grant relief, it is necessary that its process, or mandate—variously known as the "summons," the "subpœna," etc.—be served upon the defendant. Judgments are divided into two classes — those *in personam* and those *in rem.* A judgment of the former kind is a general adjudication against the defendant, becomes a lien upon his real property and enforcible by execution against his personal property within the territorial jurisdiction of the court, and may be sued on in other jurisdictions, like a personal note, or bond. A judgment *in rem,* on the other hand, binds only the specific property sought to be affected, as, for example, where a mortgage upon real estate is foreclosed, or an admiralty lien is declared against a particular vessel. It is a general rule that, to obtain judgment *in personam,* the defendant must be physically served with the court's process within the limit of its geographical purview. Judgments *in rem* may be procured through what is known as substituted, or constructive, service—that is, the publication of the process in newspapers, the mailing of copies to the defendant at his last known address, posting in conspicuous places, etc. An important legal controversy concerning divorce is over the

question whether the action is *in personam* or *in rem*. Many courts have laid down a justifiable classification in pronouncing the proceeding one *quasi in rem*. This in plain language means that a suit for divorce is one of special and peculiar character, partaking of the features of both the general divisions. It is contemplated, of course, that the decree shall bind the defendant personally, but it also affects the *rem*, or status of the marriage, thereby incidentally determining dower rights and the legitimacy of children of a subsequent marriage. Nearly all the States, including New York, practically recognize the *quasi in rem* nature of divorces, by providing that they may be obtained by service of process by publication on a non-resident defendant. The interstate *crux* arises as to the authority of a divorce so obtained outside the State where it was granted. Most of the States treat divorces granted in other States on merely constructive service as valid. In his dissenting opinion in Haddock *vs.* Haddock, Mr. Justice Brown shows that the "only States in which it is held that a party domiciled in another State may not obtain a divorce there by constructive service are New York, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina." South Carolina has always occupied a unique position, having no statute on the subject of divorce whatsoever. North Carolina has very recently taken itself out of the list of recalcitrant States by the decision of its Supreme Court in Bidwell *vs.* Bidwell (52 S. E. Rep., 55). Apparently, therefore, there remain, with the exception of South Carolina, only New York and Pennsylvania, which States, nevertheless, anomalously authorize divorces on constructive service in their own courts.

The various States have proceeded on different theories. Probably the majority of them have upheld divorce judgments of sister States on the ground of comity, reinforced by the consideration of consistency because of their own statutes for constructive service. Other States—notably Rhode Island, in a very forcible opinion by its Supreme Court—have held that a foreign divorce, although on substituted service, is required to be universally recognized under section 1, article iv, of the Constitution of the United States, prescribing that "full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of every other State."

New York, with its characteristic attitude of separatism and

obstruction, has systematically refused to treat foreign divorces as binding, and here again its peculiar position has made the Empire State a storm-centre of litigation. The leading case is one in which a man residing in New York, whose wife had obtained a divorce from him in Ohio, upon service by publication, remarried in New York, and the Ohio judgment was so completely ignored that the husband's conviction of bigamy was sustained by the New York Court of Appeals (People *vs.* Baker, 76 N. Y., 78).

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States was on appeal from a New York judgment granting a wife a separation, with alimony. The husband had previously procured an absolute divorce in Connecticut, the service of process being merely constructive. The question was whether New York would be compelled to recognize the Connecticut judgment under the "Full Faith and Credit" clause, and the Supreme Court of the United States has determined, by a bare majority vote of five to four, that the constitutional provision does not apply and that New York is free to continue its peculiar system. The opinions of the Supreme Court are very voluminous and the convictions of the four judges who dissented very vigorously expressed. Mr. Justice Brown regrets "that the court in this case has taken what seems to me a step backward in American jurisprudence, and has virtually returned to the old doctrine of comity, which it was the very object of the 'Full Faith and Credit' clause of the Constitution to supersede." Mr. Justice Holmes is almost equally strong in his deprecation of the decision. The main argument of Mr. Justice White, who wrote for the majority, on the applicability of the "Full Faith and Credit" clause is summarized by Mr. Justice Brown in this language:

> "That if one government, by virtue of its authority over marriage, may dissolve the tie as to citizens of another government, that other government would have a similar power, and hence the right of every government over its own citizens might be rendered nugatory by the exercise of the power which every other government possesses."

Mr. Justice Brown answers such position as follows:

> "The opinion, however, fails to state the logical result of this proposition, viz., that no divorce would be possible in either State without

a personal service upon the other within the State. If the husband, having his domicile in Connecticut, could not obtain a divorce against his wife domiciled in New York without a personal service, it follows that the wife domiciled in New York could not obtain a divorce against her husband in that State without a personal service there."

In addition, and following out the same idea, it may be suggested, in reply to Mr. Justice White's contention, that, as practically all the States provide for the granting of divorces by substituted service, and as it would be monstrous to presume that each State contemplated the dissolution of the marriage within its own borders only, and, therefore, interstate polygamy, the application of the "Full Faith and Credit" clause in a broad and statesmanlike way would only compel each State to accept for itself what it impliedly assumes to impose upon other States.

As to the future outlook, a few suggestions may be offered. It seems not improbable that this determination by a bare majority vote, the result of which is contrary to the strong preponderance of State court authority, may be overruled after a change in the *personnel* of the bench. Apparently, the probability is greater than it was as to the Income Tax Decision, and fully as great as with regard to the Legal Tender Cases.

The prevailing opinion expressly concedes the right of State courts to recognize foreign divorces through comity, and Mr. Justice Brown calls attention to the fact that the courts of New Jersey, in Felt *vs.* Felt (59 N. J. Eq., 600), have reversed the former attitude of that State, which agreed with that of New York, and now treat as valid a foreign divorce on substituted service, under the doctrine of comity. More recently still, the Supreme Court of North Carolina, as above shown, has made a similar change, not, however, on the ground of comity, but following what it supposed to be the essential doctrine of the Supreme Court of the United States in the earlier decision of Atherton *vs.* Atherton (181 U. S., 155). Mr. Justice Holmes, in his dissenting opinion, concurs with the Supreme Court of North Carolina, believing that the only distinction between Atherton *vs.* Atherton and Haddock *vs.* Haddock rests upon a mere fiction, and, therefore, should not be entertained in a matter of such grave importance.

It may be accepted as settled law that, in the absence of fraud,

any State would be required to recognize a divorce obtained in another State, although for a cause not recognized by the former, if there had been personal service of the process of the Court within the territorial jurisdiction of the forum. It is also settled that, when there has been an actual matrimonial domicile in a State and the wife has abandoned her husband and that State, he may procure a divorce in its courts, on merely substituted service of process, which will be extraterritorially and nationally valid, under the "Full Faith and Credit" clause (Atherton *vs.* Atherton, *supra*). Furthermore, it does not seem likely that the decision in the Haddock case will make any substantial change in legal policies; its main purport is to sanction the continuation of their own policies by New York and other eccentric States. Of course, those States that have proceeded under the Federal Constitution in recognizing foreign divorces are now released from that position, but it seems not improbable that they will incline toward adhering to the former result through comity, especially as the majority opinion itself pointedly leaves the way open on that ground.

In New York and Pennsylvania, pending an agitation to bring them into reciprocal and harmonious relations with other States, it is advisable to advocate legislation on the special subject of legitimacy. However settled the notions of their citizens and courts may be against divorces themselves and the parties to them, it might be feasible to procure the passage of laws declaring that all children shall be legitimate, where their parents have contracted marriage after a divorce of one or both of them, pronounced in any court having jurisdiction of the subject-matter and jurisdiction of the parties according to the local law. We have been glad to notice that, in the discussion of Haddock *vs.* Haddock, the plight of innocent children, whose illegitimacy it has sealed, has been universally commiserated. Their position, at least, should everywhere be set right.

WILBUR LARREMORE.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

BY JOSEPH HORNOR COATES.

"*E pur si muove.*" And as the planet in its forward march through space makes its progress in a series of diurnal revolutions with alternating periods of light and darkness, and in a never-ending circling around its central sun never traverses exactly the same track but comes almost back to the same places only always a little further on through the infinite expanse, so there often seems to be a corresponding system of progress in the world of thought and knowledge. We leave behind us in the darkness the worn-out knowledge of the past, we bask in the light of the superior acquirements of our own age, and suddenly we come back again, as if in a circle, upon something that is so curiously like what we had supposed was abandoned in bygone ages that it almost seems our progress has been but a phantasm and we have gone back again upon the same old track. But there is a difference; we have revolved in a circle but we have gone forward too; we have made a genuine advance in knowledge of the truth.

There has periodically been, there is perhaps now, a notable recurrence to the mysticism which alternates with rationalism in a perennial appeal to the human intellect and the human impulse to penetrate and to account for the mysteries of existence, to make plain the conditions of life and the material world upon which it is dependent. Only a few years ago, we seemed fairly committed, at least so far as physical science was concerned, to a materialistic standpoint from which to march forward in pursuit of knowledge. Perhaps it is so yet; perhaps, however, our view of materialism is to be modified and expanded by what has heretofore seemed mystical, with a resulting broadened and truer insight. At all events, recent dis-

coveries in physics and chemistry would, a short time ago, have been classed with the fantastic chimeras of the alchemists whose transcendental enthusiasm was the actual generative power in the birth of modern chemistry and physical science. We seem to get back again, from time to time, to the exploded theories of the past, with a little difference in theory that makes an enormous difference in the validity of the acquirement. And, as the alchemist Paracelsus, the progenitor of modern medical experimental science, says in his *Philosophia Occulta,* "things that are considered now to be impossible will be accomplished; that which is unexpected will in future prove to be true, and that which is looked upon as superstition in one century will be the basis for the approved science of the next."

No doubt, much of the mystical phraseology in which the alchemistical philosophers appear to sink rational thinking may have been used to preserve the strictly esoteric character of the physical science they were engaged in developing, and as a necessary precaution against the inconveniences, to say nothing of the dangers, to which an open avowal of knowledge often subjected its possessor, as Galileo and many another searcher after truth found to his cost. But however that may be, there is an unquestionable basis of genuine mysticism underlying their doctrines, as the inspiration of their labors and the sustaining power by which work was carried on under unfavorable and disheartening conditions and with crude and meagre appliances; and hand in hand with the mystic vision prying into the secrets of nature goes a truly scientific concept of the natural causes of all things. Thus Paracelsus, in the midst of his philosophy of the "elemental spirits" which dwell in the four "elements" of earth, air, fire and water, does not hesitate to say:

"The evil spirits are, so to speak, the bailiffs and executioners of God (the Law). They have been called into existence by the influences of evil, and they work out their destiny. But the vulgar have a too high estimate of their powers, especially of the power of the devil. The devil has not enough power to mend broken old pots, much less to enrich a man. He—or it—is the poorest thing that can be thought of, and poorer than any being that can be found in the four elements. There are a great many inventions, sciences, and arts that are ascribed to the agency of the devil; but, before the world grows much older, it will be found that the devil has nothing to do with such things, that the devil is nothing and knows nothing, and that such things are the result of natural

causes. True science can accomplish a great deal; the Eternal Wisdom of the existence of all things is without a time, without a beginning, and without an end."

Truly, that may have been heresy, scientific as well as theologic, in the sixteenth century and later; but in the twentieth we can have no serious quarrel with it. Firmly believing in the inherent evil that lies in ignorance of natural law, and that disease germs are almost literally "evil spirits called into existence by the influences of evil," and "executioners" of the sanitary law, the law of God, when we violate it, the statement might have been written yesterday.

So, too, of the alchemist Roger Bacon, six hundred years and more ago and three centuries before Paracelsus, it can be said:

"Having undertaken to demonstrate that, by the help of natural science, it is possible to actually perform the pretended prodigies of magic, he further assures us that machines may be constructed for navigation without the aid of rowers, in such a manner that vessels will be borne through the waters with extraordinary velocity, under the direction of a single man. 'It is equally possible to construct cars which may be set in motion with marvellous rapidity, independently of horses or other animals. Flying-machines may also be made, the man seated in the centre, and by means of certain contrivances beating the air with artificial wings.' In the same way Bacon anticipated the invention of the crane, diving apparatus, suspension-bridges, etc. These things, he declares, were known to the ancients, and may still be recovered."

Considering that Friar Bacon was imprisoned, in the year 1298, "and forced to confess his repentance of his pains in the arts and sciences," considering how many of his successors were visited with even worse pains as punishment for their acquisition of knowledge, it can scarcely be wondered at that an esoteric doctrine was for them much safer than one open and confessed. It is quite beside the mark—in this era of unlimited freedom of opinion and belief—to condemn those who possessed knowledge, in an age of almost universal ignorance, on the simple ground that they chose to clothe it in mystery, to erect their science into a secret philosophy and to express it in a jargon intelligible only to the initiated. Whether or not their possession of the secret processes of the *magnum opus* was a mere delusion, or even an imposture, the fact that — like the famous Scotch alchemist,

Alexander Seton, or Sethonius, who was imprisoned by the Elector Christian II of Saxony and tortured to force a revelation of his secrets—those who avowed knowledge beyond the ordinary walked in constant danger, is quite sufficient justification of a concealment that now we are apt to look upon as at the least suspicious, at the best a mildly contemptible puerility. Genuine mysticism, of course, plays its part, as well. Mystics are apt to have a hard time of it in contact with the rugged materialism of a cold workaday world. The inevitable tendency is to seek companionship with kindred spirits apart from the unappreciative or hostile world, to guard jealously the convictions that make life valuable, and to speak in parables. In those times, holding secret the possession of knowledge seems to have been a cardinal point of faith, as well as a precaution. Seton was pierced with pointed iron, scorched with molten lead, burnt by fire, beaten with rods, racked from head to foot, yet his constancy never forsook him. Even Sendivogius, who rescued him from all this and sought to be his disciple, he refused to teach, saying, "You see what I have endured. My nerves are shrunk, my limbs dislocated; I am emaciated to the last extremity, and my body is almost corrupted; even to avoid all this I did not disclose the secrets of philosophy." It is not a satisfactory explanation of this to say that he revealed nothing because he knew nothing. A confession of imposture would certainly not have increased his torments, and probably would even have relieved him. He thought he knew, but would not tell. And Seton's case is but one out of many.

So that it is quite conceivable, it is even quite probable, that these mystical, pertinacious and secret investigators of the mysteries of medicine and chemistry really discovered more than ever was told, and which the modern chemist and the medical investigator of a freer age are to find out anew. Arnold de Villanova, in the thirteenth century, is accused of "attempting to create a man by means of certain drugs deposited in a pumpkin"; and here in America a short time ago a distinguished scientist of Chicago announced that he had found the origin of life in certain chemical combinations. Yet he is not derided; his results are respectfully considered, and they are rejected not because they are impossible, but because they are not yet proved. Indeed, the possibility is conceded, and that concession carries

with it the possibility of what Arnold is said to have attempted and the possibility of the "*homunculus*" of Paracelsus, however improbable either may really be. So, too, the modern doctrine of the indestructibility of matter is not really new; it is found in the writings of Paracelsus, and I suppose ages before him. And the alchemistic theory of "Universal Development"—no doubt in itself a very ancient concept—seems to bear a distinct generic relation to the doctrine of evolution, whose formulation by Charles Darwin revolutionized, or perhaps it would be fair to say created, modern thought. Really, when Paracelsus speaks of the "*Limbus,*" the "*Mysterium magnum*" or "*Primordial Matter,*" the *mucilage* "containing the germs of life, out of which, by *generatio æquivoca,* first the lower and afterwards the higher organisms are formed," it sounds very like a modern scientist talking about protoplasm; and when he says, "Separation is the cause of existence, the birth of things from the *Mysterium magnum,*"—is that very different from a literal statement of growth by separation of protoplasmic cells?

In this recent acceptance of ancient thought in a new form, it may not be difficult to trace a direct transmission of the concept through the ages from one mind to another; but in the discovery of microbes and the general acceptance of the quite recent theories of germ diseases there is a very curious and independent verification of much that makes up the mystic, poetic and fantastic pneumatology of the alchemistical philosophers. Their concepts as to the invisible denizens of the alchemistic "four elements of fire, water, air and earth," have been in recent years strikingly realized by the discovery of actual fact as to three of the elements, leaving fire out of the account, although if I am not mistaken there are organisms that even a very considerable degree of heat does not destroy. They conceived the existence of "elemental spirits," salamanders in fire, undines or nymphs in water, sylphs in the atmosphere, gnomes in earth, all living organisms invisible because transparent and impalpable; we may know of no salamanders, but as to the rest, we know that these living organisms do exist and are invisible only because of their microscopic size, a condition of invisibility which, apparently, did not impress itself upon the mind of the ancient mystic. Instead of the more poetic names, we call them all microbes, or spores, or microzoa, or, in general,

micro-organisms; but, after all, the essential conditions of microscopic life seem to have been fairly well conceived by the alchemists, and other still more ancient Hermetic philosophers, in a mystic way; and it is hard to tell how far their concepts are purely mystical or are hard materialism of belief hidden under a mystic phraseology. What they speak of as elemental spirits, the microscope practically reveals to us as living, material beings.

And as the microscope has revealed, and is still revealing, forms of life before unknown if not unsuspected, so the invention of instruments vastly higher in magnifying power would unquestionably reveal forms of life that are now beyond our reach. And it is very possible that our condition and the springs of our action from day to day may be much more under the influence of these myriads of living organisms that closely environ us than we should dare to imagine in our present state of knowledge—or of ignorance. The belief of a few centuries ago that this crowd of living beings, invisible and impalpable under ordinary conditions, some of them actively malignant, ravening to do us injury, others as actively benevolent and guarding us against their ravages, others still merely impassive and indifferent,—this speculation of those old and discredited philosophers, which has been looked upon as a crazy fancy, the microscope shows to be almost literally true. Instead of spiritual beings, demons and guardian attendants, we call them microzoa. Some are bitterly dangerous; some are protective, antagonizing and preying upon those hostile to us; and some are simply harmless. If the alchemist, or Hermetic philosopher, could have been equipped with a pair of spectacles of very high microscopic power, he might have actually seen very much what he did see by the eye of his spiritual vision. Indeed, it is conceivable that a condition of the eye, the optic nerve, and the apprehensive power of the brain—a state of supreme exaltation —might be brought about that would vastly magnify the power of eyesight temporarily, and would actually make these microorganisms visible to the unaided eye. As it is, every minute object, not even larger than a blood corpuscle, which comes within the field of vision, does actually impress its image on the retina, and it is due to the limited power of the nerve to transmit the impression, and of the brain to apprehend it, that it fails to

reach our consciousness. As Sherlock Holmes says to Dr. Watson, "You see, but you do not observe." The smallest object that will make a visual impression on the retina—that is, whose image will touch two retinal cells at once—is in size about four micro-millimetres or microns, approximately the sixty-five hundredth part of an inch. You really see it, but you do not know you see it; the brain does not record the impression. The various germs and spores floating in the air vary from a much greater size than that to a much less, so that many of them are really seen by the naked eye, although the brain is not conscious of it; and perhaps it is not impossible that, under conditions of great excitement, or hyperesthenia the retinal cells might contract and shrink together so that the image of an object still smaller than four microns would cover two cells at once and so become visible. It is also conceivable that, in such a conjectural hypersthenic state, the lenses of the eye might temporarily undergo such functional and structural modifications as would give them more or less microscopic power and so deepen the range of vision, bringing still smaller objects into its field. Yet further, bearing in mind that we commonly judge of the size of what we see by the distance at which it is supposed to be and that an object which is in reality close by, but which is thought to be at a distance, appears of much greater proportions than it really is, it is readily conceivable that very minute objects, made suddenly visible in the manner suggested, if close to the eye or floating on its surface and imagined to be at a distance, would attain formidable apparent dimensions; and some forms of microzoa might well appear as frightful monsters, especially when we take into consideration the tricks that effects of light and shade often play, with which the microscopist is familiar.

To carry the thought a little further, the elixirs, the ceremonies and incantations that were supposed to be the means by which the initiate attained the temporary power of seeing these ordinarily invisible beings, and of which Bulwer gives so graphic a picture in his novel, "Zanoni," may certainly be conceived as being causes producing an abnormal exaltation of the nervous system and of visual power. The ordeal of entrance into these occult mysteries was spoken of as very dangerous to the neophyte, and not to be entered upon without long and rigorous bodily and spiritual preparation; which is entirely consistent with the spec-

ulation that is here suggested, since high nervous excitement is often more or less dangerous, and the elixirs may have been powerful nerve excitants, highly poisonous in overdoses.* It was a time when much attention was given to the concoction of subtle poisons; and, no doubt, some were discovered the knowledge of which has been lost, a natural result of treating scientific research as esoteric doctrine.

But, whatever their vagaries, these Hermetic philosophers appear to have been often close to the truth, and to have missed it only by narrow margins. The theory that we are surrounded by living invisible beings, who exercise a powerful influence on us, was long supposed to be one of their wildest dreams, yet it is now known to be substantially true. The invisibility they appear to have attributed to mysterious occult conditions is really due simply to smallness of size; and that is the essential difference between their concept and the actual truth. The celebrated English alchemist, Doctor Robert Fludd, who published a defence of the Rosicrucian philosophy in 1616, and who has come down to us in history simply as a charlatan, held that "every disease had its peculiar demon who produced it, which demon could only be combated by the aid of the demon whose place was directly opposite to his"; but really if "demon" is translated into "microbe" on one side and "antitoxin" on the other, the majority of the medical profession to-day would come close to saying the same thing.

The doctrine, indeed, is a very ancient one. Dr. Meryon, in his "History of Medicine," speaking of the Gnostics of the early Christian centuries, says:

"In medicine they launched out into the wildest speculations, and delivered themselves over to the guidance of disordered imagination. They believed in the mysterious hierarchy of the invisible world; and

* It is said of Paracelsus that he held "there are some poisons by which the organic activity of the body may be suppressed for a time, and the consciousness of the inner man rendered more active, and which may therefore enable us to see the things on the astral plane. But such poisons are destructive of reason, and very injurious to the health." And another authority says: "One of the most effective fumigations for the purpose of causing apparitions was made of the following substances: hemlock, henbane, saffron, aloe, opium, mandrake, solanum, poppy-seed, assafœtida and parsley." Of course, "apparitions" raised by so poisonous a concoction quite probably were merely the illusions of an opium dream; but, at the same time, it is conceivable that an exaltation of the optic nerve and brain may have been produced in some such manner as that suggested.

were led to the doctrine of demons as the authors of all bodily infirmities."

Make allowance for mystical expression of ideas, substitute "microzoa" for "demons," and Gnostic doctrine does not seem as wild as it did when Dr. Meryon wrote his history, not so long ago. The modern scientist believes firmly in the influence of the "invisible world" which the microscope reveals.

So too when Paracelsus, speaking of a certain physical product, says, "It may decompose and become a strong poison, furnishing life to innumerable invisible existences, by which epidemics and plagues may be caused," he seems working quite on the same lines as the modern physician, and to be quite close to the germ theory of disease. And the fact that "fumigations to drive away evil spirits were made of sulphur, assafœtida, castoreum, and more especially of hypericum and vinegar," shows the strongest relation to modern methods of combating germ disease by precisely the same method of fumigation, although doubtless we have a better choice of disinfectants.

Many of the sayings of Paracelsus, which seemed mere quackery to the orthodox physician of his day and generation, are in what we are wont to plume ourselves is a distinctly modern vein. As, for instance:

"The physician should be an alchemist; that is to say, he should understand the chemistry of life. Medicine is not merely a science, but an art; it does not consist merely in compounding pills and plasters and drugs of all kinds, but it deals with the processes of life which must be understood before they are guided. . . . A powerful will may cure where doubt will end in a failure."

"The physician should be well versed in physical science. He should know the action of medicines and learn by his own experience and by the experience of others. He should know how to regulate the diet of the patient, and neither overfeed nor starve him. He should know the ordinary course of disease, and the premonitory symptoms; for a disease is like a plant, which may grow to be a big tree if it is not rooted out when it is young. A child may cut down an oak when it first comes out of an acorn; but in time it will require a strong man and an axe to cut it down."

"He who can cure disease is a physician. To cure disease is an art which cannot be acquired by the mere reading of books, but which must be learned by experience."

"In many cases of lost vitality the weakened organs may recover their strength after a time of rest and cessation of abuse. Nature is a

patient mother that often forgives the sins committed against her, although she cannot forget them. We may therefore often trust to her recuperative powers, and Nature may be able to restore that which has not been irrevocably lost; for Nature is a great physician."

All this sounds like a series of extracts from the opening address of some professor to a class in a modern school of medicine, instead of the heresy of the sixteenth century. If this be alchemy in medicine, we have come round to it again. Paracelsus's doctrine, no doubt not original with him but much older, that an "evilly disposed mind" may originate a plague epidemic is almost literally realized in the modern medical knowledge that an "evilly disposed" body may do exactly this thing—whether it be an epidemic of smallpox or of typhoid. The radiation of virulent—dæmoniac, if you will—seeds of infection which he conceives of, or at least expresses, in a mystical and transcendental sense, we know as a strictly physical phenomenon; and we possibly ignore now, to be recognized in the future, some actual psychic force in the same direction—electrical or radioactive, it may be—which complements and energizes the contaminating physical infection that our science has proved and so acknowledges.

One of the gravest indictments against the alchemists has been their belief in the possibility of the transmutation of metals—that, by chemical means, base metals could be transformed into gold—and their claims to the actual practice of the art. In the first volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," one of the contributors to that monument of exact information says:

"Alchemy was, we may say, the sickly but imaginative infancy through which modern chemistry had to pass before it attained its majority, or in other words became a positive science. The search for gold was only one crisis in this infancy. There is no longer any need to exhort adventurous spirits, who hope to find Golconda at the bottom of their crucibles, to leave such visions and turn to the safer paths of science or industry. The battle has been fought and won, the problem of the unity of chemical elements or simple bodies belongs rather to the province of metaphysics than to that of experimental science. If here and there an honest student of the black art still survives, he is regarded as a mad but harmless enthusiast; and as for the pretended searchers for the philosopher's stone, they are, if possible, less interesting objects than the dupes they still continue to cheat."

This was written little more than thirty years ago; yet, in that short space of time, the complacent conviction as to the fixed and final knowledge of the nature of chemical elements or "simple

bodies" has given place again to doubt and further investigation. The problem of their unity, it may be fairly said, has been taken out of the "province of metaphysics" and again relegated to "that of experimental science." The battle appeared to be fought and won; but, like the Russians and Japanese at Liaoyang, the victory somehow does not seem to preclude the speedy reopening of the conflict. It is well not to be too sure that we have ever attained the sum and substance of final knowledge in matters of scientific attainment. If we do not agree with Paracelsus that the superstition of one century may be the science of the next, we at least know that the converse has often proved true. And we are continually harking back to the failures of the past for the solid basis of some brilliant achievement of the present. The invention of breech-loading firearms, for instance, is one of the great successes of the nineteenth century and quite revolutionized the art of war; yet this was one of the earliest forms of those weapons of civilization with which we enforce upon inferior peoples the knowledge of better things. It was cast aside as a failure, to be afterwards taken up again as a great success.

So, too, with the exact and apparently final knowledge of chemical elements of a few years since. It is not so surely exact, and now by no means admitted to be final. The possibility of very different knowledge is admitted by all. The discovery of radium and radioactive bodies has opened a new vista in chemical science which may stretch out to undreamed-of fields, in which we may find some of the discarded concepts of the past. On his recent visit to America to attend the convention of the Society of Chemical Industry, the eminent British chemist, Sir William Ramsay, after speaking of having recently stumbled upon a "new substance which might possibly be the key of new discoveries," is reported to have said: "It seems to me that we may be on the eve of the discovery of the origin of the ordinary elements, which may be the breaking down of radioactive elements of high atomic weight." This statement was received with enthusiastic acclaim by the assembled chemists to whom it was addressed, and who represent the accepted thought in their branch of knowledge. It seems impossible not to recognize that it points directly to the ultimate "unity of chemical elements" as a distinct scientific possibility, and perhaps more directly to the possible chemical identity of the metals in a common origin; and, if this be

so, then the transmutation of metals is established as a scientific possibility, and the practice of the *magnum opus,* or the artificial manufacture of gold, becomes again a legitimate aim of scientific research—if it should be worth while.

Indeed, at a later date, Sir William Ramsay, in his paper called "Radium and Its Products," published in "Harper's Magazine" for December, 1904, commits himself definitely to this view. He says:

"If, as looks probable, the action of β-rays, themselves the conveyors of enormous energy, on such matter as glass, is to build up atoms which are radioactive, and consequently of high atomic weight; and if it be found that the particular matter produced depends on the element on which the β-rays fall, and to which they impart their energy:—if these hypotheses are just, then the transmutation of elements no longer appears an idle dream. The philosopher's stone will have been discovered, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it may lead to that other goal of the philosophers of the dark ages—the *elixir vitæ.* For the action of living cells is also dependent on the nature and direction of the energy which they contain; and who can say that it will be impossible to control their action, when the means of imparting and controlling energy shall have been investigated?"

This is pure alchemy and brings the speculations of the alchemists—and their achievements, if they attained any—distinctly within the purview of modern science.

Then too, the theory of Professor J. J. Thomson, based on the researches of Professor Crookes and other physicists, casts aside the old theories of the separate and individual atom or chemical unit of each different chemical element—whether it be the unbreakable solid of the old Greeks, the mere centre of force of Boscovich, or the vortex ring of Lord Kelvin—and holds that the basic element of all atoms, of every substance, is one and the same, a congeries of "electrons," or corpuscles in a high degree of motion; the atoms of various chemical elements differing in weight according to the number of electrons they may severally contain. If, therefore, in the ultimate analysis, it proves true that all forms of matter are reducible to an identical primary electron, it is certainly theoretically possible to reverse the process by which any chemical element has assumed its present form; and having reached the point where it branched off from other forms of matter, to reconstruct it along new lines until it is built up into the special form desired. And while there is no theoretic difficulty about this process, it is certainly true either that the

practical difficulties may be found insuperable, or on the other hand that some simple short cut may be discovered that will make the process of conversion an easy one. Should this come about, it is but reasonable to suppose that a group of closely related substances, like the metals, might afford the earliest and easiest field for the demonstration of such a converting process. All of which is also apparently pure alchemy but not repugnant to modern science as well.

One of the more recent historians of alchemy and the alchemists, writing about twenty years ago, says:

"The physical theory of transmutation is based on the composite character of metals, on their generation in the bowels of the earth, and on the existence in nature of a pure and penetrating matter which, applied to any substance, exalts and perfects it after its own kind. This matter is called 'The Light' by Eugenius Philalethes and by numerous other writers. . . . All the elements which enter into the composition of metals are identical, but they differ in proportion and in purity. In the metallic kingdom, the object of nature is invariably to create gold. The production of the baser metals is an accident of the process, or the result of an unfavorable environment."

If, therefore, what Eugenius calls "The Light" is what is now called radioactivity, and there is a certain kinship between the expressions, the alchemistical theory of transmutation and Sir William Ramsay's statement have possibly a close relation.*

Of Heraclitus of Ephesus, in the fifth century before the Christian era, it is said: "Maintaining that fire alone was the principle of all things, he regarded generation as an ascending road, *i. e.*, a volatilization, and decomposition as a descending road, *i. e.*, a fixation." If we consider, here, fire and radioactivity to be equivalent terms, as they may well be in the sense of Heraclitus's thought, Sir William Ramsay may yet prove that the ancient philosopher's concept was near to the truth. At all events, the two statements of the old and the new thought bear

* About the year 1710, Schmolz de Dierbach, a lieutenant-colonel in the Polish army, is said to have obtained from Lascaris, a Greek alchemist, some "powder of projection" by which it is claimed he produced gold a number of times. This powder, it is said, "was of a red color, and a microscopic examination revealed its crystalline nature. It *increased the weight of the metals*, which it was supposed to transmute, to an extent which chemical authorities declare to be physically impossible." The report of an increase in weight is curious, and possibly significant in view of Ramsay's speculation that metals and other ordinary chemical elements may be the product of the breaking down of "elements of high atomic weight."

a certain curious resemblance. It may be that, among those ancient and almost forgotten investigators into the secrets of nature, there was some knowledge of what we now call radioactivity and radioactive bodies, and that this was the foundation of their philosophy. It may well be, too, that the practice of treating their attainments in physical research as an esoteric doctrine, to be communicated only to the initiate and to be expressed only in fantastic forms—a necessity imposed either by the exigencies of the times or by their own mystical temperament—has been responsible for a loss to the world of definite scientific results that are now being rediscovered in an age when they are welcomed as practical attainments instead of dreams and chimeras. And so, perhaps, the renaissance of alchemy, the rebirth of the alchemists, is taking place on a higher and better plane in the chemistry and the chemists of to-day.

As in organic life the doctrine of evolution upset the old theories of the independent creation of every species, reducing them all to one common original progenitor, the primordial protoplasmic cell; so, in the inorganic kingdom, instead of, as at present, basing the whole creation upon some scores—I do not know just how many there may be at present — of individual irreducible chemical elements or simple bodies, the chemistry of the future may push its ultimate analysis to a point where it finds but one element, the progenitor of all the rest whose variations have been created by radioactivity or something to which that leads. Indeed, it may possibly be found that the force which is or lies behind radioactivity is the creative force, the generating cause, of all living things, including the primordial protoplasmic cell itself — that it is the essence of life. Then comes the thought that if, after all, radioactivity, or that of which it is the manifestation, should prove to be the formative force of creation, the spirit of things, we seem really quite close to the position of alchemistical philosophy that there is a spirit, or life, in everything, which determines its form and characteristics. And it is possible that there may have actually been the discovery of some radioactive body which was the mysterious "quint-essence," or fifth essence or element, the most important element of the "philosopher's stone" which was supposed to be the effective agent in the transmutation of metals. This quint-essence, or *prima materia,*

is spoken of by alchemical writers as "the chief key to chemistry," which certainly has an interest in connection with Sir William Ramsay's statement. It is also said "to be a substance found everywhere and continually seen and possessed by those who are ignorant of its virtues." Indeed, if the philosopher's stone actually existed, it was apparently composed of very common substances. One writer says, "tenpence is more than sufficient to purchase the Matter of the Stone"; so that, when Sir William Ramsay discovers the secret of its composition, it is a satisfaction to know that it may be within the reach of all, since, if dissolved in alcohol, it is fabled to possess remarkable efficacy as a medicine in the cure of disease and in the prolongation of life.

It must be remembered that the great aim and object of the alchemistical philosophy was the elevation and exaltation of the human being to his ideal place, the development of the potentialities that lie in the organism of man, the cultivation of what we call "the soul" as the great source of growth and power. This philosophy seeks, as a minor object, to find the secret of making gold, simply because it is conceived to be the perfection, the final achievement, in the metallic kingdom, in which "the object of nature is invariably to create gold"; but, when the secret is found, its practical use is discouraged as dangerous to the one who has attained it and "useless in the end."

The discovery of which Sir William Ramsay thinks we may be on the eve may then, conceivably, bring with it the justification of those pertinacious and long-suffering investigators who wasted life and energy, who endured pains and torments, who were flouted and berated, in the vain search for the philosopher's stone and the means of transmuting metals; or it may prove that they were utterly astray. It would, however, probably justify them, in either event, as sincere and patient investigators into the secrets of nature even if unsuccessful seekers. One other thing it would do, if that has not already been done,—it would prove that those scientists who, thirty years ago and less, were writing of chemistry as then an exact science, based on final fixed knowledge of the nature of chemical elements as simple bodies, were almost as far in the wrong as the alchemists whom they flouted with amused derision.

The truth seems to be that the actual accomplishment of the

transmuting of metals in the past is supported by a body of evidence quite as strong as that upon which we accept many historic facts. The evidence has been rejected because we seemed to have sufficient proof that the thing itself is impossible. If now or in the future that proof fails us, if it is admitted that the thing we believed incredible may, after all, be possible, then the historic evidence is to be accorded its proper weight, whatever that may be, and is to be treated as any other evidence.

Meantime, it may profit us to turn to the words of the Preacher, written thousands of years ago:

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth forever.

"The thing that has been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us."

JOSEPH HORNOR COATES.

REMBRANDT: INTERPRETER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D., L.H.D., AUTHOR OF "BRAVE LITTLE HOLLAND," "THE AMERICAN IN HOLLAND," "THE STUDENT'S MOTLEY," ETC.

In Leyden and Amsterdam in July, 1906, the world will do honor to Rembrandt. The first seat of learning in the Northern Netherlands was the place of his birth. In Europe's primate city of tolerance he wrought his mighty works.

Rembrandt harnessed to his genius the elemental forces of light and shadow. With little or no pigment, he made deathless pictures; but, when he would, his color was beyond the brilliancy of Venetians. Legend even covered his canvas with gold-leaf, so rich were his golden browns. Yet, amazing as was his technique, to fascinating generations of artists who would win his secrets, he was even greater as the interpreter of his own and the coming centuries. Above all, he was master of ideas, and his message was in the language of ideas. He was the mightiest of "post-exilic" prophets. Cryptic to popular taste and defiant to exasperated patrons, he summed up the old and opened the new testament of art. After much misunderstanding yet with steadily increasing appreciation, he has come unto his own. Critical biography has already ploughed under the luxuriant weeds of lying legend. The square inches of his canvas now call for equivalents in guineas, or gold pieces. Where his funeral cost twelve florins, myriads of guilders will be spent upon festal celebrations in his honor. The house, Saskia's home, once sold over his head, now restored to honor, and the property of the municipality, is a Mecca for pilgrims and admirers. An annex to the National Museum, especially built to be the treasure-house of his masterpieces, will be solemnly installed. His etchings will be published

in sumptuous reproduction. In both the artist's vernacular and in the Vulgate will be issued those parts, that is, the greater part, of the Deathless Book, which the master illustrated with needle-point or brush. These enterprises of permanent commemoration, with popular celebrations, show how grandly the Dutch people can build the tombs of their prophets,—especially when the world crowns their memories as truth-tellers.

In spite of Lautner, the destructive German critic, who assigns most of Rembrandt's triumphs to Ferdinand Bol, nearly seven hundred works of the Dutch master, according to his Old Mortality, Bode, remain. At antipodes of Lautner, is the anonymous "Deutshen," from whose sixty-fourth edition of "*Rembrandt als Erzieher,*" now before us, we learn that the man of Leyden is a "universal reformer," "symbol and personification of all those elements at present wanting in Germany."

During the three centuries since the miller's son saw light, three stages of fame, two of them forms of detraction and measured each by a century, may be noted.

The apogee of the painter's prosperity was covered by the period of his love, courtship and marriage with Saskia. After her death, in 1642, the artist of the so-called "Night Watch" was, like his own great picture, misunderstood. From the point of view of fat prosperity, such as would count even the career of Calvary a foolish one, Rembrandt's was a failure. Ahead of his age, he paid the usual penalty of the prophet who sees timeless truth too clearly for present emolument. The members of Captain Frans Banning Cock's company were to be pictured. Exactly like a present-day subscriber to a county "history," who wants at least a page for his fame, with half-tones of self, wife and stock, each musketeer of Amsterdam paid to have his face and clothes put on canvas for immediate effect. Life is short. Happy are we that art is long. Rembrandt painted a panorama for all time. Disappointing personal vanity, he set forth Martial Netherlands in undying tints. The militant republic is before our eyes. Here the glory of life, the splendor of patriotism, the secret of brave, little Holland show themselves. It is a national picture.

What is the story of the "Night Watch"? The answer is that its experience explains the odd title first given seriously by a renowned English painter, notwithstanding that it is a transcript of a scene in broad daylight, with sun-shadows, and with data

marking the very hour of the day. The French followed, in the "*Ronde de Nuit,*" but pragmatic knowledge knocks to flinders whole folios of criticism concocted when Rembrandt's March of the Civic Guard lay, like a caricature of itself in first freshness, under cakes of dirt and strata of pipe and peat-stove smoke.

Furious at the painter, who had buried their conceit and parochial fame (not even limning their names on a shield—added later by some other hand) these Amsterdammers damned the canvas by making it the target, on their armory walls, alike for volleys of oaths and for their tobacco fumes.

The second century saw even greater humiliation to the masterpiece. When removed to the City Hall, a foot and a half was snipped off to fit the canvas between two windows.

When Reynolds first saw it under layers of grime and smear, and successive deposits of smoke, soot and cakes of dirt, it seemed a Night Watch, indeed.

But how beautiful is old truth when rearrayed in the fresh robes of the virtue which is next to godliness! Happily for Rembrandt's fame and the world's enjoyment, the curator of the Rijks Museum went in one day at the work of restoration. Laid flat over slow fumes of unheated alcohol the black dirt was flattered as if it were part of the gold and glory of the original, and the grime fell off and away. With "travel-stained garments all laid down," Rembrandt's masterpiece rose to golden resurrection. The picture of Martial Holland once more carried critics to Paradise on the stairways of surprise, by the splendor of its tints and the glory of its form.

The picture in its history forms a parable of the artist's life, and the history of criticism concerning him. The first period of his popularity ended with the death of his beloved Saskia. Private sorrows made him a man of grief. Adverse change of popular taste left him stranded in fortune. Unmerciful disasters followed fast and faster. His house, collections, private belongings—even to his linen at the laundry—were sold under the auctioneer's hammer. His sun of life set amid clouds of poverty, obscurity and gloom. Yet never for a moment did he lower his standard. Before the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune he reared the white shield of a high art ideal. He may have been painting his memory of Saskia, in "The Jewish Bride," when Death palsied his arm.

In the second century, the unheroic eighteenth, what with ignorance of Dutch history and detail, the craving for apocryphal anecdote and gossip, and the wormlike industry of Houbraken —the Weems of the period—Rembrandt's name, like a Roman pavement of mosaic, sank under the growth of wind-wafted soil and brambles. Thickets of tradition sprang up. History was written by guesswork. "Rembrandt was born in a mill"—because he pictured one. The "Repose in Egypt" became a "Gypsy Camp." "The Jewish Bride" and "Rembrandt's Concubine" are specimens of traditional and catalogue names. On the baseless fabric of conjecture, Rembrandt was described as a traveller in England and Italy, besides doing uncounted other things, very wonderful, indeed, but unknown to the records. In that era of dogma-making, and the golden age of legend, tradition stood in militant and defiant attitude, locked up like a giant warrior in riveted brass.

In the third century, science came forth with the smooth stones of the brook. In the warfare of truth, successors of Spinoza, Grotius, Bekker, Coccejus, show that long, as well as old, is Holland's list of leaders of thought; albeit Motley, like a Lafayette, led the hosts in truth's van of research. Fruin in history, Huet in literature, Kuenen in scholarship, Vosmaer in art criticism, to be followed by Michel and Bode, made plain the age and land of Rembrandt and his place in them. "History is a resurrection."

Of the phenomenal side of the first half of the seventeenth century, its battles and sieges, the Dutch struggle and victory, the Thirty Years' War, all the world knows. Has not everybody read the American historian of the Netherlands—though he may have misread, or not wholly seen aright, the long duel between Union and Secession, incarnated in the persons of Maurice and Barneveldt? The whole people asked: Are we a nation, or only a confederacy? But what of the unphenomenal world—of mind and thought? Who has written, who has pictured, this theme, which awaits its Lecky?

At victorious Leyden, in 1606, when the siege was still thrilling the memory of living men, Rembrandt was born, and his was a new world. The triumphant Dutch Republic had shattered the old world of papal supremacy, the Inquisition, divine right, feudalism, chivalry, monopoly of trade, closing of the seas, the

prerogative of church rulers to divide and apportion the earth, to fetter the conscience, to torture and burn the body for opinion's sake. The brain and hand of William of Orange had unriveted that medieval shackle of conscience—*cujus regio, ejus religio.*

This German and his Dutchmen ushered in the dawn of world-wide tolerance, vernacular scriptures, freedom for mind and spirit, government based on voluntary taxation and representation, the new world in which right of kings and popes had no place except by consent, whence witchcraft was banished, wherein humanity was more than theology, and Divine immanence, as well as ineffable transcendence, fed faith. Anabaptist so-called, Lutheran, Calvinist, Arminius, Menno Simons, Spinoza; and, later, Descartes, Coccejus, Balthazar Bekker—all had a part in holding the ploughshare of truth, beam deep, to turn under the old and to open the elemental and eternal to receive new seeds. The time had come for reality in light and shadow. Rembrandt was the prophet in art of the new world of thought and vision. He read deeply the works of God and the soul of man. He perused humanity's greatest book. The States-General version of the Bible, which, in its honest literalness, has at so many points anticipated modern scholarship, was this Dutch artist's study, and in its truths and law he meditated day and night. Yet ever, for interpretation of the text, he sat with the pupil's mind at the feet of the Hebrew rabbi, the Mennonite preacher, and the plain man, as well as the officially orthodox teacher. He had that subtle sympathy and profound faith in man, as object of the Divine love, which marked men like Lincoln. He searched long and deep after whatever of Orientalism was then accessible in books or in objects brought by the ships from afar. His joy was to read aright those narratives which, be their form Hebraic, Aramaic or Hellenic, belong to humanity's unlocalized and undated poetry.

Herein are the glory and the immortality of Rembrandt. He kept aloof from all petrifying dogma, from wasteful definition of doctrine, from the ever-murky atmosphere of controversy. Reactionary Holland mummified truth in symbols of logic. After snapping the bands of Roman imperialism which had long masqueraded in the name of the lowly Galilean, it reentered the prison of Grecian dialectics, Latin logic and medieval symbols. Rembrandt loved truth without mythology or emblem. He made reality lovely. He broke the tradition that mingled fairy-tales

with Holy Scripture. He was under no illusion as to scholastic names, or cathedral millinery. He was proof against the fascination of processions, vestments and incense, on the one hand, and against creed and catechism, the edifices of logic and clerical subtely, on the other. It was to the Master Himself, and not to Augustine or Calvin, that he went to learn the Divine love and wisdom. He pierced to the heart and inner meaning of all things phenomenal. His intense sympathy with humanity made his gaze as penetrating and revealing as an X-ray. Without going into camp, or visiting battle-fields, he was the best interpreter of heroic Holland. Ignoring contemporary strife in Church and State, he yet painted man's noblest spirit in struggle. He brought art down from the skies, out of metaphysic and mythology, out of cathedral and prince's palace, and gave it to the people.

Rembrandt set the vision splendid, of man's Divine inheritance of beauty, on the solid earth, owned and enjoyed by men who can be happy without pope, king or bishop. He glorified brotherhood more than celibacy, and motherhood more than nunnery and denial of life. In Rembrandt's mind, even though he painted the Holy Family and Mary the Mother of Jesus, there was none of that aversion to the God-ordained method of making a family and a home of which mythology and dogma, made by the imitation of paganism, are so full. To the Rembrandt-like mind, a man may be godlike, without being suspected of being the son of Apollo. The archaic Japanese way of accounting for divine children, by a god's crunching jewels and spitting them out to form offspring, is only one of a thousand variants of a human desire to exalt those supremely beloved. Yet such a form of well-meant honor is opposed alike to nature, law and the whole trend of inspired prophecy in the Old Testament. In Rembrandt's treatment of holy themes, the traditional and ecclesiastical are but mere detail. The human, the God-ordained, that which the Son of Man emphasized, is in his foreground and set in fullest light.

Yet Rembrandt, who flattered not those poets who are silent about him, lacked literary allies, nor had he a successor. Safe, rich, orthodox Holland of the eighteenth century, gorged with wealth and the spoils of the East, forgot him. A great famine of taste set in, so that though the work of "an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver," a Rembrandt canvas was disposed of for a stiver.

Yet the artist was not alone in oblivion. Did the Dutch know or care for their own history? Night fell also on the giants' books. Who, until Motley awoke the slumbering Dutch scholars, read Hooft, Bor, Wagenaar, Baudart, van Meteren? Did even Leyden, or any Dutch university, hold a professorship of *Vaderlandsche Historie,* until within the memory of young men now living? Holland paid the penalty of sudden wealth and Oriental spoil in the price of political oblivion.

Now, rereading, the Dutch appreciate their heroic age, and their giants of thought and art. Rembrandt is seen, not as the interpreter of the unappreciative eighteenth, or early nineteenth, but of their own heroic age, and of our own twentieth century, grandest of all the ages. Rembrandt is the painter of democracy, of reality, of what lies in the shadow — though those who are gorged with power see it not. In art, in religion, in organized life—call we it the Nation, the State, the City, the Church, or with whatever symbol or abstraction men put truth in the sheath, or under the label—Rembrandt is interpreter, emancipator, and re-creator. He teaches us obedience to higher, even to eternal, law.

In that wonderful power which Rembrandt had of being satisfied with God and nature, without the wrappings of the dogmatician and traditionalist, how many twentieth-century men of serious mind resemble the Dutch painter! They find spiritual sustenance in studying God's ways among men and in the universe, more than (alas!) within church walls. Yet the work of this heretic in art was not in denial, or destruction, but rather in stronger affirmation and more genuine reconstruction. In place of plaster and stucco, he built the city of art and truth, steel-braced and earthquake-proof, against the shocks of time and doubt.

Rembrandt personified science and faith. In his environment, he found and realized the universe. Delivering himself from the bondage of the local and the present, he lived in the unseen and eternal, while yet beholding with sympathy man's struggle on the solid earth. He shared in his nation's sense of joyous achievement and in the right of man to have his own, despite the lust of power in Church and State. His interpretation in art of humanity is wonderfully like that of another son of man, who came not to the privileged few, but to the common many. Jesus gave an interpretation of the law which was very unsatisfactory

to those who sat in Moses' seat. Rembrandt displeased the painters and their patrons who wanted the twelve apostles to be represented as senators and courtiers.

When we in our day ask, "Who have been the best interpreters of the Divine in man, and noblest exemplars of the Christ-life?" do we go to the churchmen, or theologians? Do we inquire of those who have heard sermons, and read "lesson helps" all their lives? Is it not rather in such men, as, whether in high office or humble life, are like the silent, the real Washington, the actual Lincoln—men whose "orthodoxy" was uncertain—that we find what Christianity is and means? Instinctively, the common people accept these men of like mind and life with the Nazarene, as the Master's real disciples.

In this our century, the rise of Japan on the world's horizon, like Holland's in the seventeenth, compels the same inquiry that then agitated the seat of Church Power in Southern Europe—"What is Christianity?" It was thought, and it was orthodoxy to think, that this question had been settled by Rome and Madrid. When, in 1619, the Holland politicians manipulated the Synod of Dordrecht, locked up its Canons under "the five heads of doctrine" in an iron-bound chest, it was believed that finality had been attained. If to-day Russian orthodoxy, for example, incarnated in Tsar, Holy Synod, State Church, bureaucracy, or ikon-worship, be Christianity, then some of us would prefer to be saved by Bushido. Yet what Delilahs even in the Church nearer home! "The Word of God is not bound." Those who most closely study Jesus, in His life and word, believe less in the Christianity of the heresy-hunters, and more in Him and those who follow Him, though they eschew Greek dialectics in order to do so.

Rembrandt is teacher. He would have us break "the letter's unprolific sheath" for the *veritas* that lurks within. He pits science against tradition, and unwraps truth from the mummy cerements which those who lust for the succession of power would still keep on. So in religion, the Rembrandt mind works mischief to the dogma-worshippers. What is the meaning of the ever-increasing host of serious, godly, devout, reverent and religious men outside the Church? What is the supreme purpose of those unquailing scholars who search, of writers who tell their thoughts, and of pastors, restless against outworn shells of

truth, who defy their accusers? With hearts warm to their fellow men, they are cold to the corporations that monopolize religion for personal advantage, even while they cry out to the living God. These men, walking very close to the Master, are as eager for truth as was Spinoza when excommunicated. They despise the medieval traditions that repel, and the dogmas, born in the atmosphere of paganism, that insult intelligence. They feel that the more they know the real Jesus the less can they believe what the church symbols teach.

Parents are increasingly perplexed in finding out where to send their sons and daughters, that their "faith" may be nourished. Yet fathers and mothers must learn that the world of the average church atmosphere is not the world of the modern college or the university. What, for argument in one field, may be heaviest artillery, is, on another, most distressing *impedimenta*. To bind Nature and the Bible into second, ninth, or seventeenth century formulas, is too great a task even for the colossal intellect of the twentieth century.

"The soul of man," as truly now as when Montgomery wrote his lay, still "keeps two worlds at strife"; but the worlds are not now Heaven and Hell; they are the Church and the University. Much of the life and influence of the Church has passed out into the class-room. The teacher moulds thought and opinion more than the traditionalist in the pulpit. The average preacher is afraid of science, and does not dare to trust his Master, even to walking on stormy waves, as against the voice of the silver-haired deacon or the middle-aisle pew. Not for him to throw away the pretty paganisms that are parasitic on the religion of Jesus, and trust to the elemental light and shade of simple truth. Happy for the Christian teacher of to-day if he can put on the Rembrandt mind, and in the spirit of his own age and of all the ages, put difference between the alleged "conflict" of religion and science and the so-called "warfare of science and dogmatic theology." The "wise householder, instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven," sees nothing of the sort; but only the struggle between the men hungry for power, who cloak their ambitious schemes and lust of pelf or potency under one name or both. There is as much "conflict" between religion and science as there is between chemistry and science, or between bacteriology and medicine; no more, no less. Theology, which is the adjustment of man's faith and his

knowledge, will always be queen of the sciences. Yet there will ever be an everlasting difference between theology and religion. What was Rembrandt's theology, what Washington's, Lincoln's? Who knows? Yet of their religion, all feel sure. It is quite certain that, if Jesus were again with the doctors in the modern Temple, His answers would hardly be esteemed orthodox. He would find much taught in His name of which He knew nothing. He has Himself declared that to many who did wonderful works in His name He will say, "I never knew you."

When, furthermore, Science calls History to her aid, the old church-world will pass away like a dream; yes, even now is vanishing. Worse yet for the medieval fabric, that seems so fair to gentlemen of the cassock, the prayer-book, the canons of Dort and the catechisms of Westminster, is the testimony of the gospels and the witness of Jesus Himself. Neither physical science nor history has done, nor can do, that work of destruction that Jesus' own life and words are yet to accomplish. Theological libraries will become punk and junk, but His words will never pass away. Criticism, as yet, has hardly thrown the ecclesiastical crockery off the shelves. The truth of the Christ of God, when realized in human life, will come as a cosmic lurch. A real knowledge, of what Jesus taught and lived and died for, shall turn most of the Greek, Latin, Anglican, and Yankee accretions of churchmen into rubbish, and the fire will consume the tall structures of metaphysicians and doctors. Men are increasingly under the idea of law, under the conviction that this universe is a garden, not a factory; that the story of the race is an evolution in the method of the Divine working; that man is under education by One who still walks in the cool of the day, and calls His creatures to account, to chastisement, and to loving reward.

Increasingly does the thinking man, especially he who sinks a shaft under the scholastic débris of the ages, believe in and heartily accept the deeper, yes, the deepest truths of the Bible. He can enjoy the Bethlehem story in as simple a form as did Mark or Paul. He no more worries over the results to "faith" of the occultation of the legendary features, than did evangelist or apostle. He is satisfied that neither man nor woman can improve on the divinely ordained method of the propagation of children, and the formation of the family. Before the mystery of life, the reverent man is mute; and, like the hero of the world's

greatest naval battle, ascribes his blessings to the grace of Heaven. To see in the life of Jesus, not an abnormal, but a greater, human experience of One who had in Him all of divinity that flesh and blood can hold, is neither danger nor denial, but only deeper faith in the one name "given among men whereby we must be saved."

Study the books of the supposed "enemies" of orthodox Christianity, and what is their dominant note? In the eyes of those who, thinking to do God's service, must preserve intact the matchless manual of Occidental devotion "from cover to cover," of those to whom the traditional mass of European dogma is identical with Christ's own words, the books of such men, Americans, for example, as Briggs, Schmidt, Foster, Crapsey, are as Shinosé bombs. It is alleged that they can have but one result—that of overthrowing "faith," shattering ideals, destroying the Christian religion. Yet a reader with the Rembrandt-like mind sees in these books, rather, history made sure, and the greater truth that absorbs and fulfils the lesser statements of it. One certain result, hateful to lawn and gown and traditional power, is that Hebrew and Christian are drawn into closer fellowship, seeing eye to eye their Friend, who in earthly lineage was of the Jews. It is said that when the Russian idolaters of the ikon find out that Jesus was a Jew, there will be revolution against the Holy Synod as well as against the Tsar-pope. Possibly, when some Protestants discover the real prophet of Nazareth, they will be shocked to learn that, should He come to worship in many churches of His name, He would not recognize Himself or His teachings. It is certain that right knowledge of Him, of His leading ideas, of His favorite texts, of the burden of His message, and of His emphasis upon Old Testament and eternal truths will vastly alter the proportions of dogma.

For the odd and curious thing is that when pastor or evangelist talks most earnestly, and dogmatician most vociferously, about "the pure gospel," "the plain, evangelical truth," "sound doctrine," etc., he means, even as he often specifies, what Jesus knew nothing about, pagan, ethnic, or Occidental infusions. He inventories a mass of Greek dialectic, or dogma whose date of medieval birth is known. Not only is emphasis laid on what formed no part of the teaching of Jesus, but on what is never referred to by Him or about which the New Testament is silent.

As Rembrandt refused to believe that art had but a single

tradition and but one stereotyped form, so does the man who knows his Bible well refuse to accept the churchman's limitations. As the painter went out into nature to question the great Original, so the man of Rembrandt mind, who would know the real Jesus and "be found in Him" goes directly to his Lord. To learn a saving measure of truth, he inquires of the Father. He is less anxious to be a member of the Salvation Trust, or the corporation that builds tariff walls around its monopoly, or to be of the elect, than to be a helper of the human race. He refuses to believe that the only tradition which our Occidental orthodoxy, our theological schools, our vociferous prelates, or our unethical revivalists know—the European tradition—is the only one. He knows for himself, and he is sure for his thinking neighbor at home and his trans-Pacific brother in Asia, that there is a yet purer form of Christianity—in Jesus Himself. To compel the nascent Christianity of Japan, for example, to stagger under the load of the Græco-Latin-Teutonic mass of accretions upon the simple gospel of Jesus, is to take the place of the Jerusalem schoolmen, scribes and Pharisees, whom Jesus denounced.

Sure success awaits all who patiently adopt the Jesus Spirit and the Jesus Way. In direct antipodes to our methods, Jesus never appealed to the discursive intellect, but to the heart, and to man's divinely given intuitions. He was the Way, the Truth, the Life, not by argument but by manifestation. To His wise followers, the secret of Jesus' peace and joy is open. His victory will be theirs. The works that He did will we do and greater than these. Daily are His promises fulfilled. The average apostle never achieved the mighty works that Christian missionaries, and other men who take Jesus seriously, are doing to-day. To attribute the success of advancing Christianity to its *impedimenta,* instead of to its Author, its weapons, and the hearts behind them, is to commit the mistake of those who invoked the mythology of Beelzebub to explain the reality of the spiritual power of Jesus.

Those who compare the ecclesiastical and sectarian apparatus for binding truth, and its own sentence of doom written as a frontlet on the forehead of the Undying Book, "The Word of God is not bound," foresee an endless struggle, as of light and darkness, yet with a lessening prospect of heresy trials, and the dawning of a long, bright day. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

LAWYERS AND THE TRUSTS.

BY FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his address at the Harvard Commencement last year, made a grave charge against members of the legal profession. "We all know that, as things actually are, many of the most influential and most highly remunerated members of the Bar in every centre of wealth," he declared, "make it their special task to work out bold and ingenious schemes by which their wealthy clients, individual or corporate, can evade the laws which were made to regulate, in the interests of the public, the uses of great wealth."

Coming, as it does, from such a conspicuous source, on such a prominent occasion and with such earnest emphasis, this charge should receive the serious attention of the community and of the Bar. It deeply concerns the community, because, if true, it points to a combination of wealth and legal skill—little short of a conspiracy—against the public welfare, a scheme to defraud and despoil the public for private gain, and in defiance and contempt of the law. And it vitally concerns the Bar, because such employment by its members compromises its honor, reputation and usefulness.

In making this charge, the President, of course, does not overlook, but would freely acknowledge the great—if not indispensable—service rendered by members of the legal profession in the modern industrial development. To their foresight and counsel much credit is due for the recent rapid development of cooperation in business, resulting in great saving in the cost of production, administration and distribution. Few great enterprises and few important changes in business methods are undertaken without legal advice; and the office of legal counsel is as essential to corporations as is the office of director or president.

It would be readily admitted, also, that when, as is often the case, a statute is ambiguous or capable of different interpretations, a lawyer may properly base his advice on the interpretation most favorable to his client's interest. The President may have had in mind cases in which lawyers have deliberately aided or abetted breaches or evasions by their clients of laws which either are unequivocal or have been explicitly interpreted by competent tribunals; and it may well be with the relation to competitors and consumers of certain forms and practices of modern industrial development that the charge has to do. Thus applied, it arraigns those lawyers who, by lending their legal knowledge and skill, enable individuals and corporations, through secret agreements and other schemes, to prey on the public with impunity and contrary to law, by exacting unequal or exclusive rebates and other advantages, by suppressing freedom of trade, or by enhancing prices. And it at once raises the question whether such conduct of members of the legal profession is consistent with their duty to the public, to the courts, and to their associates at the Bar.

An answer to this question may be reached through a brief examination of the nature and purpose of the legal profession. The practice of law is not simply a business, to be followed solely for personal gain. It is, first of all, a public service. The law is mainly a body of principles, developed from human experience running back far into the past, which have been applied, and are capable of being applied, to a great variety of circumstances; and the practice of law involves the nice and delicate adjustment, in orderly, customary forms, of those principles to human relations, for the settlement of disputes and the attainment of justice. Not every man is permitted by society to undertake this service. Only such are admitted to practice as, being citizens of full age and of good moral character, reveal, upon examination by public authorities, a sufficient knowledge of the history and meaning of legal principles, and a sufficient capacity to apply those principles to the circumstances of life and business. The practice of law has other marks of a public office. Before it can be undertaken, the sanction of an oath is required of the candidate, and a certificate under the seal of the State is issued to him granting him a license to practise.

Thus qualified and commissioned, the lawyer is, first of all,

an agent and servant of civil government, and, as such, his office is as distinct and important as are those of the judge and the jury. His first duty is to assist them in the administration of the law, in the support of the civil government and in the dispensation of justice, by a truthful and accurate presentation of the evidence and the law. Indeed, his public duties are the ones first embraced in the oath he takes, upon assuming his office of attorney. He swears to support the Constitutions of the United States and the State, and to conduct himself "with all good fidelity, as well to the courts," as to his clients.

If, then, a lawyer knowingly aids the evasion or defeat of the law, is he not false to his oath and to his trust? A judge or juryman who is found guilty of such conduct is held in contempt, visited with punishment, and ejected from his office. Why is the lawyer treated with less severity, or held to a lower standard?

One reason is that the lawyer's duty to the State is often deferred or overlooked in his devotion to his client, and this attitude is too often approved or encouraged, not only by the thoughtless public, but also by his professional brethren, and even by the courts. It has been openly favored by distinguished judges.

"An advocate, in the discharge of his duty, knows but one person in all the world, and that person is his client. To save that client, by all means and expedients, and at all hazards and costs to other persons, is his first and only duty; and, in performing this duty, he must not regard the alarm, the torments, the destruction he may bring upon others. Separating the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, he must go on reckless of consequences, though it should be his unhappy lot to involve his country in confusion."

This statement, imputed to Lord Brougham, may have had some qualification, either in the mind of its author or in the circumstances under which it was uttered. But, as stated, it leaves an impression of the lawyer's function which is entirely unwarranted in legal principle.

This one-sided view, that a lawyer is first an advocate, is encouraged by the indulgence of the courts. If he be faithless to his client by withholding or misappropriating the latter's money, he is likely to be disbarred. But if, as counsel for a great corporation, he advises or devises methods for evading the laws or defeating judicial process, he is not, as a rule, held to answer for this treachery, to the State and the court.

Likewise, the public demand and applaud, first of all, his fidelity to his clients. Popular sentiment imputes to the men of wealth and power, who nominally fill the principal offices of a great corporation, its grinding exactions and illusive, intangible policy; while it overlooks or excuses the corporation counsel, who, trained in the law, fertile in resources and bold in execution, inspires and guides the policy that leads to extortion, oppression and lawlessness.

Another reason for the neglect or disregard of the lawyer's duty to the State and the courts is found in the deficiencies of legal education. Our Law Schools and our official examinations for the Bar do not properly inculcate the nature and duties of the profession. The subject of legal ethics receives scant, if any, attention. In the Yale Law School, it receives but five lectures during the whole course of three years. In the Law School of Michigan University, it merely shares with the subjects, "Preparation, Trial and Arguments of Cases," one lecture a week for a single term. In the Law School of Chicago University, it is placed among the "Non-credit Courses." While, in the Law Schools of Harvard and Columbia Universities, it has no place whatever in the curriculum. "The design of this School," reads the prospectus of the Harvard Law School, "is to afford such a training in the fundamental principles of English and American law as will constitute the best preparation for the practice of the profession"; and yet this school—one of the largest and otherwise one of the most exacting Law Schools in the United States,—in its curriculum wholly overlooks or disregards instruction in the ideals, the limitations and the obligations of professional conduct. In the examinations for the Bar, this subject is often either slighted or ignored.

From such a training, and from such an attitude in the public and the courts, the inference is easy that the practice of law is a business, to be followed on the same principles and with the same aims as are other business pursuits. Indeed, such was the argument of a distinguished lawyer, formerly a judge of a high court, before the graduating class of one of our prominent Law Schools. And the further inference may be made that the lawyer owes no duty to the State or to the courts that is not expressly embodied in law, especially when it conflicts with his client's immediate personal or pecuniary interest. Finally,

the conclusion may be reached that the lawyer may employ his special training and skill in law, and his privileged position before the courts, to aid a great aggregation of capital, not only in devising and executing its secret, devious schemes for appropriating without adequate return the wealth of the people, but even in avoiding the laws and in escaping the process of the courts.

In this view, the lawyer is merely a professional expert—no more responsible for the results of a course he has devised or advised than is a chemist for the misuse of a poison he has compounded. Nevertheless, his compensation,—direct in the way of fees and retainers, and indirect in the way of incidental opportunities for gain,—is often large in proportion to the success and the risk with which his advice has been followed.

In this contact,—often partnership, as it were,—with modern industrial combinations, the practice of law has suffered loss in its moral stamina and in the public respect. Too often has the pursuit of wealth become the chief—even the avowed—aim of conspicuous, brilliant members of the Bar. And yet, according to the early theory and traditions of the profession, such an aim was improper, if not unlawful. Under the strictest practice of the early Roman, French and English law, it was an honor or privilege of the lawyer to serve his client, and for such service was received no obligatory fee or compensation, but only an "honorarium" or voluntary gift or recognition. This uncommercial, unmercenary view of the legal profession is not unknown in modern times. In England to-day, it defines the relation of the Barrister to the client.

In an address before the Yale Law School, the late Senator Hoar said:

> "If you will walk these high paths, you must abandon the pursuit of wealth as a principal or considerable object. Of course, the lawyer must have his '*quiddam honorarium*.' He must have his ample library. He must provide for his wife and children a comfortable home, lay up something for old age, and start his children in life with a good education, and the stimulant of his own good example. That is pretty much all. I hope to see our profession everywhere return to its ancient and healthy abhorrence of everything that savors of speculation in justice. When you are once known to the people, not as masters of the law, but as traders and traffickers seeking your own gain, the virtue has gone out of you."

In these words of Senator Hoar are well expressed what should be the ideals in the practice of law to-day. The lawyer, like the physician, should receive for his service such compensation as may be reasonable in view of the expenditure he has made in his preparation, the knowledge and skill he displays in his work, and the dignity and responsibility with which he has been clothed. When, beyond this, he grasps and aims at wealth, prostituting his special knowledge, skill, position and opportunities at the call of any capitalist or corporation and for any service in his power, even to the evasion of the law and the defiance of the courts, he not only loses sight of the ideals and obligations of his profession and degrades and disgraces its practice, but he becomes a peculiarly dangerous menace to the community, and should be held strictly accountable for a neglect of his duty and for a breach of his trust.

For such malpractice his restraint and punishment are easy. He is a sworn officer of the State and of the courts; and his official character as such should be inculcated and emphasized to-day in legal education, in public sentiment, and in the attitude of the courts. If a lawyer be convicted of knowingly and wilfully advising or devising for an individual or a corporation a breach of the law or a defeat of legal process, not only should he be debarred from further practice, but he should also be punished as a principal with his client for the offence he may thus have advised or committed.

Above all, at the present time there is need of the cultivation among lawyers themselves of the high ideals that distinguish and dignify their profession. As President Roosevelt declared in his address to the Harvard Alumni, already referred to: "This nation never stood in greater need than now of having among its leaders men of lofty ideals, which they try to live up to and not merely talk of."

FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

OUTDOOR BOOKS.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

THE depravity of doors has been proven finally by the present generation. Half the ills that flesh and spirit are heirs to are the results of going inside and closing the doors behind us. Since the introduction of forks and feather beds, man has been accumulating *things,* heating, lighting, beautifying and complicating cut-off spaces, with the natural result of a partial development, dwindling strength, and sapping of vigor; an indoors civilization has burdened humanity with new sets of accomplishments, diseases and sins. Probably there has always been more or less of a return to nature going on in the world, even before Rousseau invented the cry and the Lake School voiced it in a new and compelling poetry; but at last the thought of it has penetrated and impregnated the world with its healing power, first men, and then women, till at last the average bank clerk has learned the value of a side-issue resource that binds him to the great sphere twirling underfoot, and the busiest of mothers has stretched her sense of duty beyond the bounds of a sewing-machine and has learned that she gives as much to her sons when she camps with them in the open as when she makes them a dozen shirts, and that large ideas and sweet wholesomeness will stand her daughters in as good stead as hand embroidery and piano-playing. The doors are flung wide again, and the sweet temper and tolerance, the vigor and endurance that go hand in hand with space and fresh air, have rushed in.

There are great healing powers in nature for the worn and stunted body; exertion teaches the stagnant blood to circulate, exposure offers us endurance; but, more than this, the mind and spirit wax large and patient and far-seeing in "the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the sea and the sky." It is difficult

to fret and fume, to give way to greed and to small, impatient desires under the slow, vast wheeling of the ordered stars, to make inordinate haste over the stretch of grassy leagues of prairie, to be vociferous and angry where the sea swings singing, forever unsilenced, or to bear a grudge across the smiling brown fields of a farm. It would be difficult to carry small envy and acrimonious theological disputes into the sunshine of a garden.

> "A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
> Rose-plot,
> Fringed pool,
> Ferned grot,
> The veriest school
> Of peace; and yet the fool
> Contends that God is not!
> Not God? in gardens? when the eve is cool?
> Nay, but I have a sign:
> 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

Yes; the bigness of fate and of destiny is present in the outdoor world. Who says that God is not and sees the orderly marshalling of cause and effect through the Milky Way, or watches the sand hills slowly burying the forests, or the sea yearning after the moon, or the continuous accretion of virtue in the human spirit? Who that has watched the May-fly's moulting, as it sheds its grosser, worn-out body and pulls free, preening its new, ethereal self before it wings its many-colored flight beyond the carry of the human vision, will assert that there is no invisible, unified glory that escapes into the further, unseen open when we give back our dust to dust? This is the great power of nature, that, living in and with it, we are relieved of fear and desire; we know that the care that fashions the locust's leg with such intricate cunning that he saws out music with it through the long summer night, is the same care that is guiding our sun and its planets slowly, through numberless ages, toward a far-away star in Hercules. We know that this peace at the heart of nature, which is performing these tiny tasks of microscopic delicacy and these vast enterprises of unthinkable daring, in silence, needing no help, demanding no understanding, serene, complete in itself, larger than we have learned to dream, more vast than we dare conceive without dizziness, and as merciful as inviolable law, is the goal toward which we are journeying. However faltering we be,

veriest stragglers on the march, deserters, failures, sin-soiled to the core, lame and utterly broken, still, with every other atom of dust, "we are in the proud and calm procession of eternal things," and to realize this, to let it grow into our bodies and our souls, the wonder of it lighten our eyes and sweeten our smiles, the glory of it rid us of diseases and of sins, this is enough to teach us in winter and summer to open wide the doors, clip the bands that tie our attention to frills and furnishings, and claim the earth with its outlook and heaven with its peace for heritage.

There is a twofold benefit to be derived from thus living with nature; it augments and it clarifies the personality. One is frequently dull by reason of the deadness from which one is just emerging, but the Universe is as alive as electricity. A human being may accept his little circle of experience, and stare around and around a little nest of limited interests, but this is a deadening process that kills the sense of wonder and worship, augments our too natural inertia, and ends in narrowing us down to a smaller point than the lusty blossoming of youth predicted. This is failure in life, to let old age have power to shrink us. Yet nature is ever ready to let us shift our circle, to give us wider and wider visions, offering, for the enlarging of consciousness, all the wonderful sky-paths of the birds, the infinitely minute life beneath the upper ripple of the brook, the domesticity that fills the forks of trees, the intricate civilizations in ant-hills, and beehives, the habits of ferns and the tremendous family connections of the flowers. But these are not its sole services; on the other hand, when the mind is given over to lazy and vague diffusions, when instead of thinking out the infinite distinctions of things it loses itself in yearnings into the dim inane, nature draws lines and presents objects to bind us more and more to the concrete and the real. It gives solidity and body upon which to found feeling and speculation.

There are many ways of knitting ourselves to our heritage, the earth; above all, there is the way of the poet, which is the path of pure love; and there are the many and the devious ways of the naturalist, paths of knowledge and of discovery; and there is the way of the painter, who sees earth as a vision, and of the seer, who knows it as prophecy and promise; and the way of the every-day man and woman who, only half conscious of it, yet

love it and live in it and grow strong through it. This, perhaps, was the way of the world before the progress of civilization began to house man more and more, and to stifle him with treasures and things, till there had to be a revival, a definite call "back to nature," and artificial means thereto sprung up, sports and landscape-gardening, voyages of discovery, Arctic expeditions, and nature poetry and nature study, a hundred or more magazines of outdoor life, and countless books to remind us of the delights of living in the open, and loving the closest, most obvious, and most blessed gifts of heaven.

So, as print is the easiest means of communication nowadays, a literature of information and incitement has grown up. For the mere feel of joyous living, of breathing glad air in the lungs and getting a sense of space, perhaps poetry, the tale, and the untechnical essay are best. And there are certain old books always ready on the shelf to be taken down when the first warm breaths of March are wafted in, for spurring us on and making us ready. Of the poets, Wordsworth, Whitman, Swinburne and Emerson are best; but one must be careful to avoid Wordsworth in his ecclesiastical mood, Whitman when he is too vast and too rampant, Swinburne when he is world-weary and passion-worn, and Emerson when he is too elliptical and Sphinx-like. If the pages be rightly turned to "The Prelude," the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," the "Lines Above Tintern Abbey," "The Song of the Open Road," "The Song of the Broad Axe," "American Feuillage," Swinburne's "Sea Soliloquy in Tristam," "The Songs of Four Seasons," and Emerson's "Woodnotes," we shall be fortified and in tune for April.

There are, for the same stimulation, too, certain untechnical essays, such as Jefferies's "Pageant of Summer," and the deliciously gay garden books of the misanthropic, scoffing Elizabeth, who loved flowers and animals out of all proportion to her charity for human beings; and, above and beyond all, the incomparable "Idle Days in Patagonia." Thoreau's "Walden" has been known to cool the air and sweeten and brighten the shut-in darkness of a fever-patient's room, and take the tired nurse off to the very edge of the pond where the fishes answered at call. It is difficult to replace in the new output the supreme and original utterance of a mood, but the books of the day awaken echoes and bring their greater forebears to mind. Among the stories

of outdoor life published this year have come "Freckles"* and "Cattle Brands."†

"Freckles" is a pleasant book, full of wind and sunshine and growing things, illustrating well that heaven is, wherever any life is lived with zeal, interest and courage. It is a simply told tale, in which trust and affection rightly placed and rightly guarded lead to happiness and success. Nature works her cure in the heart and the body of the lonely, neglected boy who guarded the Limberlost, learning, in the daily living with the sights and sounds and silences of nature, her healing and enlarging power. His life with the birds, his room—where the walls on three sides were of fine, big bushes of wild roses, with the trees at their back and alder and thorn and dogwood in front, with solid masses of pale pink sheep-laurel and yellow St.-John's-wort below, and on the fourth side, cattails bordering the swamp, in front of them a row of water-hyacinths, and back of them a row of fox-fire—with his cathedral beyond and his acquisition of books and a naturalist's outfit made the best parts of the book, and one could readily resent the changed atmosphere when the conventional plot is introduced with a long-lost uncle, who is an English Lord, and anxious relatives, and a great fortune and career are ushered in to cap the climax. This gives the primitive touch to the story without which it would have been, perhaps, less saleable, but certainly more charming. It is the task ahead of the modern story-teller to realize that the happenings *inside* the soul are quite sufficiently exciting. The near, the real, the commonplace finely touched are important issues, without marshalling in the conventional incidents of the invented tale. In our land, we are somewhat enslaved to the conventional idea of story-building, of forcing an external plot and giving the reader a thrill of surprise at some unexpected turn of external events at the end of the tale. This is a cheap and easy *tour-de-force,* and appeals only to an elementary intelligence, and many books would grow in real value by eliminating it. The adventures of Freckles in the swamp, with birds and reptiles, even if the somewhat worn "love-interest" is necessary with his "Angel," would have made a charming book. The conventional plot and the surprise at the end definitely lower its level of achievement.

* "Freckles," Gene-Stratton-Porter. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906.
† "Cattle Brands," Andy Adams. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906.

"Cattle Brands" is a collection of short stories of Western ranch life. There is a theory afloat nowadays which has won popularity and some influential support, that, the less a man knows how to write, the better he does it. Oddly enough, the theory that, the less a man knows about machinery, the better machinist he is, or the less he knows about nature, the keener naturalist, has not yet found its supporters; but, odd as the statement sounds, it is distinctly upheld by some, in positions to wield authority, that, the less a man *can* write, the better he can. "Cattle Brands" is evidently one of the cases in point. Everything that makes a good story is lacking—good English, decoration, structure, sequence are non-existent. As a matter of fact, the short story bears to prose narrative the relation that the sonnet bears to poetry. It is the small, highly finished, delicately wrought, perfected gem, chiselled like a fine cameo. For illustration, we may turn to Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill," and Mr. James's "Altar of the Dead." Either the short story is this, or it is nothing at all but a straggling and broken-off narrative. To this class the tales in "Cattle Brands" belong. The glamour of the subject is their only excuse for being.

On the other hand, "Sporting Sketches"* and "The Log of a Sea Angler"† present in the form of sketches, style, valuable information, atmosphere and keen observation. To such books the sportsman may turn for detailed knowledge, for inspiration and incitement, and the amateur for the mere sense of space and freedom, for alien skies and a care-free life.

"The Seasons in a Flower Garden"‡ is a handy manual of gardening information, adorned by delightful introductory scraps of poetry and charming pictures. The chapter entitled "Don'ts" is invaluable to the amateur gardener. The list of flowering plants for each month in the year is helpful, and the whole book very skilfully put together for the uninstructed. It is a book to make one set to work at once with digging and planting and watching.

Mrs. St. Maur's "A Self-Supporting Home"§ is apt to urge

* "Sporting Sketches," Edwyn Sandys. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

† "The Log of a Sea Angler," Charles Frederick Holder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906.

‡ "The Seasons in a Flower Garden," Louise Shelton. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1906.

§ "A Self-Supporting Home," Kate V. St. Maur. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

one to overexertion. Who did all the work in Mrs. St. Maur's Self-Supporting Home? Apparently there was work enough there for three women and four men, but their wages are not mentioned. If the author did the work of her home, she can at least be no example for others; the average human being would have died under the strain. It is unquestionably becoming one of the necessary luxuries of modern life to have a little space about one to live and breathe in. If Mrs. St. Maur can only persuade us that we can learn to live on small farms for as little as we can rent an apartment for in a crowded city, she will be a benefactor to the race. If expenses had been a little more carefully entered into, the amount of labor required stated, as many of us might have been set at managing small farms as were started a-gardening by Elizabeth's first book. The book is full of valuable information, hearty encouragement and that delight and zeal in effort which mean real success in life. For to succeed is to do work joyfully and with never-failing interest, and with such a measure of success as teaches us to believe that the universe is still plastic to effort. To be a cause and to see effects grow under one's hand is the keenest of stimulants; and, apparently, Mrs. St. Maur had more than the usual share of this delight.

Marvellous as fairy-tales, and interesting as only solid fact can be, are W. S. Harwood's two books on recent horticultural progress. The experiments of Luther Burbank,* in his home at Santa Rosa, California, with the improvement of species, with the actual invention or creation of entirely new plants and vegetables are unparalleled in the annals of human intervention with so-called Providence. To remove the thorns of the cactus and force it to grow a blossom and an edible fruit; to coax the prune-tree to do in nine months that which in the usual course of events it took from two and a half to three years to accomplish; to invent a new vegetable out of a tomato and a potato; to teach a walnut-tree to grow eighty feet in fourteen years instead of fifteen feet in twenty-eight years; to unite the raspberry and blackberry, the dewberry and raspberry, into new and finer varieties; to graft a plum upon an apricot, and again a plum upon a Bartlett pear, for finer fruits, take the tannin out of the walnut and thin out its shell; to infinitely improve

* "New Productions in Plant Life," W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

and strengthen the daisy, gladiolus, dahlia; to give the lily the fragrance of a Parma violet, and to add the fragrance of the trailing arbutus to the scentless verbena; to make chestnuts appear on a tree eighteen months after seed-planting; to increase the size of the poppy till it is ten inches across its bloom and the calla till it measures ten to twelve inches in breadth—are a few of the wonders worked by this Western wizard.

In "The New Earth,"* Mr. Harwood ranges beyond the experiments of the great wonder-worker Burbank, to the progress made all over the United States in breeding, plant development, exterminating of weeds, modern forestry, modern improved methods of dairying, animal husbandry, and reclaiming waste-lands.

It has been said that the blood of cities has to be reinforced every few years from the country or the human family itself would deteriorate in strength and intelligence. If we realize this, how many people will be willing to bring up children in crowded cities? Not only is country living necessary for health, but what a help to intelligence it is, to learn in the beginning from the visible fact instead of mere memorizing and theory. Those who live in the unwavering hope of a more beautiful and a more plastic life for posterity than their own has to offer, should welcome and meditate upon these books that give us the progress and the possibilities of man's life with and from the soil.

Two books less technical and full of interest to the amateur are "The Brook Book"† and "Nature and the Camera."‡ "The Brook Book" is a set of wanderings throughout the year by a little brook. Is not a brook, as the author says, "a type of the best kind of human life?—the steep hillside of youth, the wild dash, the splashing through and under and between difficulties, the firm, steady flow down the gradual slope of middle age—finally, the safe and tranquil passing into the unknown?" A brook is a very possible acquaintance from start to finish, and certainly "The Brook Book" shows one which is a most fascinating companion, winter and summer. In January, it offered mysterious stillness and wonder under its white veil of snow; the bordering sumachs were lifting their naked arms in amaze, the holly-

* "The New Earth," W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Co., 1906.

† "The Brook Book," Mary Rogers Miller. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906.

‡ "Nature and the Camera," A. R. Dugmore. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1906.

bush brightened the willow copse, and gray pussy-willows danced under their brown hoods. In March, the willow catkins had pushed their scales off and showed their soft gray beauty beneath. April was marshalled in, in gold of marsh-marigolds and bright green clumps of foliage clinging to the earth, here and there; in May, the oak-trees opened their catkins, and June brought wild roses, long grass and mosses of shaded green. In August, the bed of the brook was given up to burdocks, pitchforks and bittersweet, asters and goldenrod; briers and bushes choked its passage. In midwinter again, there were orioles' nests, barberry-bushes with red berries, cocoons to watch, and icicles hanging in the gorge. But the book offers us much more than this with its fulness of insect life, its close observation of the triangular spider, the ant-lion, the bees and butterflies, bobolinks and blackbirds, and of teasel and mullein and jewel-weed. The world is never dead if a man be alive; life is never dull if human beings are alert and the data of happiness and interest are inexhaustible and everywhere.

"Nature and the Camera" is a delightful guide to bird, plant and fish photography. Perhaps the birds make the most effective posers, and there are many less delightful employments than still-hunting for photographs.

In the end, whatever binds the universe together in sympathy, whatever helps us to cohere and to escape incoherence, whatever shows us the plasticity of matter in the grip of mind and spirit, whatever sets us at peace with God and nature and gives us the humility of the atom and the pride of the universe, whatever endows us with a sense of the Quiet and the Unity at the back of the rythmic swing of mutability and multiplicity of appearances, whatever reassures us about disease, decay and death and endows us with the largeness, the tolerance, the freedom from preferences which belong to nature, whatever quickens love, perception and interest and keeps us alert and alive, whatever helps to accomplish these ends, serves a noble purpose. And so to learn to live with nature, with the soil itself, not dully nor heavily, but with the naturalist's perceptions, the experimenter's hope and patience, the poet's vision, the seer's certitude, is to have pressed the juice from the grape, to have drunken the wine of life, to have lived in very deed before we go on to the unfathomable Beyond.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

SOCIAL IDEALS.—II.

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN, PROFESSOR IN CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY) AND FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WHAT, however strikes us most in reading this story of New York fashionable life is the lowness of ideals, or, rather, the complete absence of ideals, in the collective existence of these people and even in the life of every one of the characters. An exception is Gerty Farish. Yet throughout she has rather a shadow existence, and is drawn without convincing reality and vitality, more as a type than a living representative of a type, and as a foil to the heroine herself. Even Seldon himself, the one man in the book whom we can like, and whom we do like, and who no doubt comes purified through the *catharsis* of the tragedy which makes him worthy of the love of the heroine when she rises through her suffering—even his ideals are not high. The highest state he can aspire to is one of independence to lead his life; and the most we can say for this life is that it is that of a rather refined amateur who at best confesses that he likes his law work. I must here suggest a comparison between Mrs. Wharton's novel and George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda." They have great points of similarity and instructive points of difference. Gwendolen Harless is presented to us at the beginning very much like Lily Bart. Her "ideals," or, at least her aspirations, make for comfort and elegance, and no more. With her, also, her better nature is awakened and developed through suffering, and she realizes an existence with truer, higher and nobler ideals. But this is effected in that she learns to love Daniel Deronda the Jew; while Lily Bart is raised by her affection for Seldon. But Daniel Deronda the Jew devotes his life to a great idea which to most people appeared a dream:

the uplifting and nationalization of the Jewish people. There was, by the way, no occasion for Mrs. Wharton to obtrude her vulgarly superficial ethnological generalization in attributing the characteristics of the New York financier, Rosendale—which were the outcome of *that* occupation in *those* surroundings—to his racial inheritance. In loving the man, and in suffering through her love, Gwendolen Harless is made to realize, not only in her mind but in her heart and in her whole nature, the reality of a great idea. That such ideas exist, that people live for them, and that they are worth living and dying for, is impressed upon her the more forcibly by the contrast between the man she learns to love and her husband Grancourt, who, in heartless selfishness, follows the thoughtless pursuits and conventions of the fashionable class to which he belongs. Seldon lives for no great idea, no idealism beyond the Epicurean motto "ἔχω οὐκ ἔχομαι," "I hold and am not held." Perhaps the difference lies in the social development of England as compared with America. Yet it is hard to believe this of a country that produced the first great modern republic and the abolition of slavery, and now holds countless individuals and families of highest intellectual and moral sanity and refinement. If it be so, we can appreciate the difficulties of the novelist who has such unedifying stuff out of which to form heroes in fiction.

It is this flatness of moral perspective which often pulls us up while reading the book: when we find ourselves moved to deeper emotions of interest and sympathy, and we feel doubtful whether this is true tragedy, whether it can or ought to evoke pity and fear leading to purification, instead of irritation, at most anger, aroused by the absurd contrast between things great and things small — that things so small, illusory and trivial should destroy a thing so great, a human soul. We even doubt at times whether we ought to weep; whether we ought not rather to laugh. I think these doubts are justified; and I should therefore like to modify my statement that "The House of Mirth" is a pure tragedy and call it a tragic satire. There are comic satires and tragic satires. Though in "Don Quixote" our laughter is near to tears, still the dead forces of maleficent chivalry are here laughed to scorn. Yet in Mrs. Wharton's story, and with Mr. Henry James (the great master of the tragic satire of modern social life), the absurd contrast produces in-

dignation at the tyranny of bad conventions, that are so weak in their flimsy and flaunted pervasiveness, and are none the less productive of tragic results. We experience a reaction after we have found ourselves feeling the life depicted so deeply in spite of its flatness, and we are annoyed that it should have that effect at all, we are even dissatisfied in feeling deeply for the beautiful heroine herself. It is only at the end of the story, when we see her in her suffering, elevated to great heights by it, that she makes herself worthy of deeper feelings in us. Even then we cannot feel convinced that the depth manifested is that of her true nature; from what we knew of her before, we should not feel sure whether the higher level will be maintained thereafter, whether the true reformation has been effected. None of the women in the book, not even Lily, excepting at the end, shows that she is possessed of a heart, still less that she is possessed of true passion. Only when—and this is an extremely delicate and artistic touch of the authoress—the maternal instinct is suggested as Lily dreams of holding the baby in her arms, is there any indication of heart, of unselfish devotion, of passion that makes for great things and for heroism.* Herein the women of Mr. Henry James are very different. The heroine of "The Golden Bowl"—so similar in her physical qualities and in some of the conditions of her life to Lily Bart, that the two portraits might be placed as *pendants*—is a girl capable of great things, thrilling with a passion which the strong will of the woman holds in control. So also the complex, and somewhat sinister, figure of Kate Croy in the "Wings of the Dove" is placed in supremely effective contrast in every respect to Milly, the pure and gentle yet deeply feeling child of wealth.

Yet we feel that she is a product of the pressure of early want and the longing for financial ease and peace and cleanness. She is, however, a woman with truly deep human feelings, which her strong will controls by the hard and calculating mind of the child of our times and of social financial struggle. This hard calculation drives her near to criminality; yet she is a woman who can love greatly and deeply. She is a splendid

* Perhaps, herein I am unjust to Mrs. Wharton, the artist. The absence of passion may form part of the drawing of the world and the characters she is depicting. Still, I miss certain touches which would impress upon the reader that blood is coursing in the veins of her women—though it be the blood of the "anæmic."

product of the modern art of fiction. In her, as in many of the women of Mr. Henry James, there is something of Shakespearian calibre. In spite of all change of time and the absolute contrast of social setting, we feel that such women are akin to the characters of Shakespeare; that, with the shifting of the social scene, they could make Lady Macbeths or Juliets or Ophelias. We cannot possibly feel that with any of the women of "The House of Mirth"; though, perhaps, Mrs. Fisher might find her place in a Shakespearian comedy transferred to our own times.*

* Even in Mr. Henry James we feel that the exaggerated importance given to "social" considerations acts in a desiccating, devitalizing manner upon his drawing of life and character. After all, is the Prince in "The Golden Bowl" worthy of even the minimum of serious sympathy necessary to make him a principal actor in an almost tragic situation? We are sorry to find the author himself carried away by his artistic self-detachment into social sympathy with the type, until he draws him not without an implied glow of approval or admiration. Is the Prince worthy of any sympathy? He is an idle, unchivalrous *fainéant*—not even a sportsman—barely escaping shabby gentility, though he is copiously bedizened in the faded rags of the mediæval robes of an Italian grandee, just saved by American money from the old-rag-stand on the Piazza della Cancelleria. He idly lives on the money of his American father-in-law, and slavishly fashions his life to follow the very unheroic and selfishly exaggerated, uneventful life of these people of wealth who have removed the centre of universal interest to the relations between a rich father and daughter! Does the moral atmosphere in which the drama is enacted *artistically* (I will not touch upon the specifically moral aspect) "justify" the passion, approaching tragedy so nearly, of the beautiful heroine and her rival? Are not the conceptions which the two women have of the hero and the chivalrous glamour cast about him by the author, as well as the seriousness and intricacy with which the action is depicted, rather *opera-bouffesque?* Can the reader take it all as seriously as the author, with strenuous labor, strives to induce him to take it? We almost feel like exclaiming rudely at the end of the book, "*Tant de bruit pour une omelette*"! Perhaps the whole work is artistically out of proportion, out of drawing, because the whole of life is focussed from the "social" point of view, which does not correspond to real life on a large scale. The author has probably been carried too far by his artistic self-detachment into misleading the reader in his estimate of the values in the picture. Even if we admit that these "social" motives *actually* have such supreme power in the life of a great portion of modern communities (which I have claimed for them in this essay), we require by clear implication, if not by the *ipsissima verba* of the author, to be assured that at least he, the author, recognizes the moral inferiority of all the actors and of their view of life. Then such a work becomes the true and great satire which it almost attains to being. If I am wrong in this point of criticism and Mr. James is artistically justified in thus giving the results of his penetrating and delicate insight into the actual life of the society he chooses to present, I should at least demand for the artistic *form* of such matter that it be presented with a more manifest tone of *persiflage*. And were even this not to be admitted, then I at least claim that the whole work ought to be shorter, lighter, with less elaborate preparation and marshalling of forces for a battle which is really only a social skirmish.

Another general impression we carry away after living in the atmosphere of "The House of Mirth" is that neither the men nor the women (always with the exception of Gerty Farish) have any conception of duty. The Hebraic sense of duty is a negative quantity as regards the inmates of that House of Mirth, and Mrs. Wharton has no doubt meant to show this. From the social point of view this means the duty to our neighbors: Charity and the lighter manifestations of it, in our smaller regards for the simple happiness of those about us. It also means the duty to ourselves: to bring out all the capabilities that are within us. From the highest or religious point of view it concerns our relations to, and our harmony with, the world as a whole, not in its chaotic disjointed multiplicity, but the cosmos, the highest apprehensible form of the infinite, which is most directly suggested to us in art, in harmony, in beauty. But, leaving this highest point of view, which we attain to in moments of deeper contemplation, the sense of duty drives us to do, to act, to accomplish something, which can ultimately be brought into harmony with the higher and more abstract conception of our relation to ourselves, to other human beings and to the world. It is a test which can be applied to the humblest action and make it right or wrong: whether it makes the people about us happier and nobler, whether it adds to the welfare of the community or the nation or humanity as a whole, whether it brings us a little nearer to what we can conceive our perfect self to be. And this applies to the simple note written, to the making of a chair, to the pursuit of abstract research, to industry advanced or commerce extended, or even to hunting hounds as well as they can be hunted. Whatever is thus done as well as we can do it can ultimately be harmonized with our highest religious conception of duty.

This, of course, is the highest, the cosmical or religious foundation of the sense of duty, which it may be difficult to bring into constant and active bearing upon our every-day existence and our every act. We cannot and need not be at all moments conscious of it. If we attempt this, we may neutralize the energy and directness, as well as the spontaneity of our actions, and end by being unproductive dreamers or at least pretentious prigs. But, as such considerations form the groundwork of our sense of duty, so we can, if called upon to do so, test every action

and every feeling by their relation to them, by their harmony with them.

Yet the full realization of such religious and cosmical conceptions of life and thought demands—and herein lies its immediate touch with the actual life of our times—the most perfect knowledge and understanding of the best and the highest achievements and thoughts of our own times. We are modern, Western peoples, neither savage, mediæval nor ancient. We must be properly *educated*. This means that we should take cognizance of, at least possess intellectual sympathy with, the great achievements of the past and of the present day in Science and Art, in Creation, Thought and Action; and, standing on the highest point of our civilization, we should look up with aspiring eyes towards infinity. This, again, demands progress in religious beliefs, as well as in material, intellectual and artistic life. To be the highest and most truly religious man or community, it is necessary to be the most highly educated. A nation, in order to be highly moral, must have a high average of general education. Herein lie the importance, the necessity and the responsibilities of an adequate system of general national education.

Still, we must not forget that there is also a lighter and a more remote aspect and result of the moral foundations to a nation's conduct and manners. It is the directly and immediately social aspect of life, in which the relation between human beings, not in work or competition, nor in productiveness, nor in higher thought or action, is itself the object of central interest and effort. The very nature of this form of social intercourse, being free from labor or interest, is that it should be light and graceful and gracious. Out of this grow the social virtues, and amenities: tact and friendliness, tempered by personal dignity and reserve. It will be found that these again can be led back ultimately to the deeper virtues upon which we have just dwelt, but there is no need for doing this; in fact, it would destroy their graceful spontaneity and artistic brightness to obtrude this relation. There are such specifically social virtues and qualities which can be developed and which ought to find appreciation and reward in their proper sphere and their proper proportion. Yet even these are absent in the House of Mirth—not only in New York, but in most worldly centres. It is upon other, more

specious and fortuitous advantages that the scale of merit and consideration in these spheres is based. The qualities are those that glitter and are taken in mass, selfishly followed and worshipped without any consciousness of, or demand for, nobler qualities. It is disheartening, it is *écœurant*. But if it be a consolation, we must recognize that this absurd contradiction or denial of truly social qualities and their true moral essence existed to a greater or a lesser degree in neary every period of history.

No doubt the Levites, among the Jews of old, as a class, developed their outwardly manifest life of the streets for the benefit of the admiring mass, until their distinctive dress or tricks of manner and bearing became the objects of admiration and covetousness, killing the spirit of inner worth and real superiority; and the mob of Jerusalem would every day have preferred their station to that of the deepest and greatest of Jewish prophets and reformers. The same applies to the priests and the court officials of the Pharaohs in Egypt. Even in the most ancient days of China we have such evidence. From the sayings of Confucius we learn that "a man of the village of Ta-hiang said: 'Great indeed is the philosopher K'ung. His learning is extensive, and yet he does not render his name famous in anything.' The Master heard the observation and said to his disciples: 'What shall I take up? Shall I take up charioteering, or shall I take up archery? I will take up charioteering!'" In ancient Greece, even in the golden age of Athenian supremacy, the false god of the vulgar market-place held his specious reign. The Athenian public, we may feel sure, valued more highly the fashionable Alcibiades than they did his master Socrates, or Plato, or Pheidias or Sophocles. The dreams of Pheidippides, at the beginning of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes are those of any member of the *jeunesse dorée* in our days. The attribute εὐπάρυφος (well dressed) still was the highest ambition of those in Athens who correspond to the readers of society papers with us. In Rome, the brainless patrician youth who wore his toga in the approved style (though it is wholly right that he should do so and should have approbation in *due* proportion for so doing) stood higher in the estimation of the multitude than Virgil or Horace, Cicero or Livy. The satires of Juvenal lay bare the social decease of Rome in this respect.

In the Middle Ages, of course, chivalry and class restrictions had actual grounds in life to give more substance to outer distinction. Dante's position in his own lifetime was far from that of the men whose names he rescued from oblivion. The same applies to the golden age of Shakespeare, the whole of the Elizabethan period. But even after the French Revolution broke down feudal barriers, the Directoire soon produced the "man about town" and a *beau monde* of its own.

Recognizing how adventitious are these social estimates, especially when we have past history before us and can thus see human values in their true perspective and harmonious relation, how they are bound to ephemeral and local traditions and prejudices, we must be struck with the fact that their influence should have been so powerful and universal. On the one hand we realize that they are bound down to a definite local environment in a definite period. We cannot admit for ourselves the validity of past standards in other places, which raise an ordinary wealthy Athenian and Florentine, whose names are forgotten, above Plato and Dante. We also realize that in every period they are most potent with those who have not travelled in body or in mind, who know not other peoples and countries, and who have not travelled in thought over the vast tracts of man's past and man's spiritual kingdom of art and science. On the other hand, we must be struck by their persistent sway in the past and their power and influence in the present. To recognize the reason for this we must go deeper into the origin and essence of this "social" estimate, and we shall find that their strength lies in that they arise out of elements in man's nature which are fundamental to human life and in so far are justifiable.

After man had developed beyond the savage, prehistoric stage, when fight for possession meant security of life, the satisfying of hunger and of the elementary instincts, he rose higher until the moral laws were more and more established and recognized in their universal validity. Besides the religious and inner foundation of these laws upon which we dwelt above, as a ζῶον πολιτικόν, a social being, he naturally, as such, craves for love, admiration, approval; and he craves for power because it engenders and commands these. According to the forces of natural or "unnatural" selection in human society, it also wins woman. As regards the community as a whole, this "power,"

which commands admiration and approval and attracts love, is identified with the qualities which the community needs most for its preservation and advancement, according to the ruling consciousness of the people in that stage of its civilization. In early theocratic states or among savages, where everything, even things most material, are directly under the influence of divine or mysterious supranatural powers, descent from god or hero constitutes the highest human power and hence prestige. This is soon transferred to the caste of priests, where a more definite theocratic government is organized. When circumstances have made the community above all things warlike, physical strength and all that this means in outer appearance and bearing, suggesting skill at arms, courage, power of leading, constitute the claim to social prestige. Wealth soon comes in to enforce, if not to replace, these qualities, when it is found to give the power of procuring good arms, offensive and defensive, which the poorer people cannot procure, and the erection of fortified dwellings and castles which give security and baffle the foe. With higher political civilization the powers which go to the making of a statesman are recognized as of greatest advantage to the community. In free cities and commercial centres, the long and old standing of integrity, commanding universal faith and credit, come to confer the highest prestige—on those connected with such commerce. Nay, in such civic organizations, the heads and leading members of guilds of trade and craft receive their due prominence. When, finally, the rudimentary forms of life have been provided for and civilization as such, in contradistinction to more barbarous and savage life, is recognized as a force in itself, the highest and most distinctive manifestations of such civilization in intellectual and artistic attainments—humanities—become a chief badge of distinction. The would-be lover in Rostand's play has to call in the help of Cyrano to appeal to the lady he wishes to win, and her standards are laid down by the "precious" court of the *hôtel* Rambouillet.

All these standards of social recognition and esteem are based upon actual and fundamental qualities conducive to the advancement and welfare of the community. Very soon, at an early stage, however, these qualities, subtle as regards their immediate recognition by the stranger or the mass of the people, are classified. The outer characteristics as such become devel-

oped and defined, and lead to a general and grosser social classification, and, with the tendency to cling to those once associated with their possession, they become fixed and stereotyped, thereby losing their moral and spiritual vitality and meaning. At last the outer characteristics, or mere symbols of the underlying qualities, become dominant. And when then the life of a community becomes too wide to search for and test the presence of the inner qualities, mere outer manners or customs, outward appearances and casual association by birth or physical propinquity take their place. The individual is submerged in the class or caste, and the class in the stereotyped symbolism of attributes which take the place of the essence. And this does not only apply to the weightier moral qualities, but to the lighter graces of refined society.

Still more noticeable and noteworthy is the historical process —amounting almost to an historical "law"—that the needs of the community, which led to "power," have developed further or changed in condition, while the emblems of power in social classes and for individuals have remained. This is the universal symptom of social disease from which communities occasionally suffer and which undermines their very life, appearing in more virulent or acute forms or in slow and insidious chronic paralysis. It is then that such power, instead of being social—as by its origin it was—becomes unsocial, a solvent of healthy society, a disintegrating force in national life. It is from such a disease that we are suffering now, when our Houses of Mirth are setting the tone of our social life.

The remedy is to be sought from within, and from without in the action of public opinion itself, and those who rule, and are directly responsible for, the life of the community. These are the Church, the State and the heads of state. It is hopeless to look to the press for help in such matters; its avowed function is to cater for, not to lead, public opinion. But all those who are in any way capable of influencing public opinion, directly or indirectly, and every right-minded individual, however humble (since, after all, he forms an integral part of this public), can do much by ignoring the false gods and by worshipping the true One in every act of his life: by never in any way admitting the false standards, and by acting up to the true ones in the estimate of our fellow men and in our dealings with

them; by the repudiation of all public acts and pronouncements which confirm or establish false social values, and by the scrupulous and active discouragement of all literature, journalistic or otherwise, which caters to these low social idolatries.

But herein we have a right to look to the leaders of thought and of action for guidance and support. The rulers of religion and the rulers of state here have a sphere of gravest responsibility. It cannot be the only domain of the Church to discuss and confirm dogmas and to insist upon their universal acceptance. Of all bodies it has the high vocation of watching over man's relation to his ideals, his ideal world. And it is the Church which must establish this harmony between man's life and man's ideals; not only in demanding that life should conform to ideals, but also—and perhaps even more so—that ideals should harmonize with life and respond to the growth, expansion and elevation of this life in the progress of man's history.

As the managers of newspapers may smile with patronizing dissent when it is suggested that it is one of their chief functions to educate and elevate public opinion, so the practical politician would consider with benevolent scepticism the assertion that it is one of his chief functions not to follow, but to lead, the public; and not to lead only in questions of fiscal or foreign policy; in matters of security of property, and in the mechanism of representative government, but in seeing that all these functions culminate beyond national wealth and security, in the raising of national ideals affecting the social life of the community.

The diseased periods of history are chiefly those in which the leaders of religion and the leaders of politics have lagged behind in presenting the people with national ideals responding to the life of the times. In fact, progress in history may be recognized in the degree of readiness and directness with which the ideals have been advanced as the new needs have grown up. The truly great men in history have been those who have accomplished this. They are the true world reformers; though, like Erasmus and the Humanists, they may in their own time have appeared to be conservatives. The religions of the day have been wanting in that they still concern themselves too exclusively with the inner spiritual salvation of individual man, the echo of the monastic ideal, and in that they have not developed their conceptions of desirable life and its laws with the development

of civilized society. The material prosperity of our times, the growth of commerce and industry, the increase and distribution of wealth have been recognized by the State as great forces in modern times. It is right that the State should encourage commercial expansion, it is right that the State should give its seal of approbation to those who thus advance commercial and industrial life, and thereby confer social distinction upon them. But there are developments in this material growth of our commercialism which the moral consciousness of the people recognize as evil. The mere manipulation of other people's capital in finance, the doubtful practices to which it leads, the demoralizing effect upon him who rapidly gains great wealth by those means and upon the community at large, by the example it gives and the ambitions it stimulates,—these are elements which it is the duty of the State to counteract. The seal of public recognition, which does, and ought to, confer social prestige, should be withheld from those who rapidly acquire great wealth by the skilful manipulation of capital; while the inaugurators of new departures in true industry and commerce, who benefit and elevate their employees by considerations beyond the mere immediate acquisition of wealth, while increasing the prosperity of the nation by their useful productiveness—they are to receive the stamp of national approbation, together with the leaders of thought, the leaders of mind and the creators of things beautiful.

And if the statesmen fail in this, then we must look to the heads of state, whose vocation it has ever been, and will be, to influence directly the social life, the social tone, of the nation. Whether kings or presidents, it remains with them, by their encouragement and by their example, to strike the right keynote, so that the symphony of social forces should ring true in harmonious order, and not false in the dissonance of worldly ambitions run riot. President Roosevelt, in his arduous efforts, by fighting the demoralizing influences of monopolies, has set his face against the forces which make for the vitiation of American social life. Should he be victorious, he will not only confer a blessing upon the community and the nation in counteracting economic evils, but in shattering to its foundations the gaudy and truly vicious structure of the American House of Mirth.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG: PARIS: WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *June, 1906.*

I WRITE in the lull of the Whitsuntide recess, and just before the reassembling of Parliament. This is perhaps as good a time as any in which to review the achievements of the Government. They have been varied and valuable. No Government within my recollection has ever done so much in so short a time, and I am wholly out of my reckoning if its record of performance is to be ascribed merely to the energy of the new broom. The present House of Commons emphatically means business. It has buckled down to work with a very real determination to obtain results; and that determination, so far from being a passing impulse, will, I believe, endure, may even gather, as time goes on, a fresh momentum, and will undoubtedly leave a deep and abiding mark upon the social, industrial and political structure of this country before it is exhausted. The House showed its mettle at the start by working through the formal debate on the Address in record time. It went on to endorse certain far-reaching principles that in a few years will probably be embodied in legislation—the feeding at public expense of necessitous school-children, the payment of Members of Parliament, Old-age Pensions, and a sweeping reform of land tenure. It appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the canals and inland navigation of the kingdom. It has passed through its second reading a Bill to compel foreign vessels engaged in the British trade to conform to the rules adopted for the safety of the British merchant navy. It has also passed through its second reading a Bill making further provision in regard to workmen's compensation for injury. This Bill extends the right to compensation to all workmen other than police constables, clerks, domestic servants, and members of an employer's family dwelling in his house. Certain industrial

diseases, such as anthrax, are henceforward to be classed as accidents, and the Home Secretary has power to enlarge the schedule. Compensation may be claimed after a week's disablement, instead of a fortnight's, and elaborate provisions are made for assessing damages in the case of non-continuous employment, and for settling differences as to the nature of disablement by means of medical referees.

With the Trades Disputes Bill I have already dealt at length in these letters, and here I need only remind the American reader that it practically guarantees to the funds of Trades Unions a total immunity from actions at law. Besides this, the Government has radically altered and improved the Rules of Procedure. The House now meets at a quarter to three instead of two o'clock, and sits continuously until eleven, the interval for dinner from seven-thirty to nine having been abolished. It is not unlikely that further changes will soon be forthcoming. Thus, the Select Committee on Procedure has just reported in favor of referring practically all non-financial measures, after their second reading, to one of four Standing Committees. On these Standing Committees thirty members are to constitute a quorum, and the distribution of Bills among them is to rest with the Speaker. I do not know whether the Government intends to adopt these recommendations. They clearly make for the quicker despatch of public business, but they will not less certainly produce at Westminster the same results that have flowed from almost identical devices at Paris and at Washington, and convert government by Parliament into government by Parliamentary Committees. But it is quite open to the Government to reform the procedure of the House of Commons, and increase its efficiency, without attempting anything heroic. If it were enacted that Bills might be carried on from session to session of the same Parliament at the stage they have reached, and if the Speaker were empowered to declare the result of a division without compelling the House to waste twenty minutes by walking needlessly through the lobbies, two long steps would have been taken towards making Parliament a businesslike assembly. At present under normal circumstances Members spend five per cent. of their time tramping through the lobbies to record their votes; and, when a contentious measure, such as the Education Bill, is before them, the percentage of wasted time is doubled. Mr. Lewis Harcourt, the First Commissioner of

Public Works, has indeed proposed a scheme by which the average time of each division will be reduced from twenty to some six minutes.

But to go on with the list of Ministerial achievements. The President of the Board of Trade some three weeks ago introduced a useful Bill to provide for taking a census of the output and production of British manufactures. It will interest Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Garfield and the Supreme Court to know that the census is to be compulsory, but that, as in the case of the income tax, full security is given against the divulgence of private information. The House has yet to determine whether the census shall be taken every two or every five years. A day or two after its introduction, the Plural Voting Bill was read a second time. This is a measure for doing away with a minor anomaly, and not, I think, a very serious one, in the British electoral system. Hitherto, men have been allowed to vote in every constituency in which they hold property, and as the voting at a General Election in Great Britain spreads over a period of several weeks and is not compressed, as in America, into a single day, it has been possible for a loyal and energetic "pluralist" to vote for a dozen different candidates in a dozen different constituencies. For the future, if the Bill passes, as in the House of Commons it undoubtedly will, he will be called upon to select the constituency in which he intends to vote and to confine his party enthusiasm within its boundaries. It is also worth noting that the House of Commons towards the middle of May unanimously passed a Bill, introduced by one of the Labor members, prohibiting the importation of alien labor under contract to take the place of British workmen during a strike. There is nothing very remarkable in a House of Commons, dominated as this is by Labor influences, passing such a measure; but it met with an unexpected and significant fate. The House of Lords contemptuously, and to the intense indignation of the Labor members, threw it out. If the Bill had been a Government measure, the conflict between the two Houses, which is one of the certainties of British politics, might have been precipitated at once. As it was, the Lower House with many angry mutterings bided its time. Its time will come.

If not over the Trades Disputes Bill, then over the Education Bill, and possibly over both, a fierce struggle between the

Government majority in the House of Commons and the anti-Government majority in the House of Lords is inevitable. When it breaks out, it may be in a form and with a virulence that will swallow up all minor issues and turn the attention of the country exclusively upon grave questions of constitutional forms. The difficulty with the House of Lords is that, while a Conservative Government is in power, it sinks into the position of a mere annex to the Carlton Club, and that, directly a Liberal Ministry comes into office, it begins to assert at once and to the full its constitutional power of revision, amendment and rejection.

There has, perhaps, never been an English House of Commons less inclined than the present one to sit down under the domination of the House of Lords, or more thoroughly bent upon making its will supreme. If it finds itself seriously thwarted by the Upper Chamber, there will be many to recall that, in the last speech he ever delivered in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone pointed to the House of Lords as the final fortress of privilege which Liberalism would one day be bound to storm.

In addition to all this, the Government has brought in and passed through the initial stages about twenty other Bills of minor significance. But its greatest measure is, of course, the Education Bill, which will occupy the time of the House for some weeks yet, and may lead, as I have hinted, to something more than a passing quarrel between the two Chambers. Mr. Birrell is not finding it any easier than did his predecessors to reconcile the principle of popular support and control of the schools with the needs of the theologians. The Church of England bitterly, the Catholics and Jews with warmth and sincerity, denounce the compromise he has proposed and embodied in his Bill; and the signs of a lasting solution have not yet shown themselves.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the House a few days ago rejected, by 477 to 63, one amendment that would have frankly secularized the schools, and by 367 to 172 another amendment that, while relieving the State of all direct concern with religious teaching, would have provided equal facilities for all sects to enter the schools at stated times and teach their distinctive doctrines. My impression is that the feeling in favor of a complete secularization of national education is greater outside the

House of Commons than inside it. "It is a painful fact," writes a shrewd observer of politics, "that, during all the debates in the House of Commons, and in all the multitudinous discussions of the Education Bill in the press, as in every one of the innumerable tracts and pamphlets being printed and circulated, there is hardly a single word about the education of the children. Their present schooling, and the fitting of them for their future struggles in the keen competition of life, furnish simply the battle-ground for disputing creeds. Beyond question, each day a larger number of persons deeply interested in the educational welfare of the coming generation are growing more and more impatient of all these unworthy religious quarrels, and approaching the view that the only method of dealing with them is for the State to wash its hands of them altogether." The English people have a good deal of sectarianism in their composition, but more common sense; and, if they become convinced that a final settlement of the religious question is made impossible by the rivalries and animosities of the theologians, they will be tempted to settle it themselves along purely secular lines. It may come to that in the end—whether sooner or later will be largely determined by the action of the Established Church and the House of Lords in regard to Mr. Birrell's Bill.

Another matter that the House has had before it and is now free from is the discussion of the Budget. Mr. Asquith's first essay in the art of national account-keeping is that of a cautious rather than of a great financier. With a surplus of three millions sterling to dispose of, he repealed the export tax on coal, remitted a penny of the tea duty, devoted half a million to the reduction of the debt, and set aside two sums of a little over a hundred thousand pounds apiece for the relief of schools in necessitous areas and for the purpose of effecting some small changes in postal rates. Nothing could well be flatter or more uninspiring. The Bill, however, passed the Committee without amendment, and for another year, at any rate, the income-tax payer will have to get along without relief. There were two passages in Mr. Asquith's speech that deserved and received attention. In the first of them, he showed that while during the past ten years population has increased only ten per cent., expenditure has gone up thirty-nine per cent. and the national debt twenty-one per cent. In the second, he laid stress on the steadily diminishing yield of

all the duties on alcoholic drinks. In 1900 just over 17,000,000 gallons of wine were consumed, and in 1906 only 11,800,000. The consumption of foreign and colonial spirits, mainly rum and brandy, has fallen from 9,350,000 gallons in 1900 to 6,780,000 gallons in 1906. In home-made spirits, chiefly whiskey and gin, there has been a drop from 38,700,000 gallons in 1900 to 32,500,000 gallons in 1906, while in the same period the consumption of beer has fallen off by precisely three million gallons. Altogether, the English people are drinking to-day about seventeen million gallons less than they were drinking six years ago. In spite of increased duties, the exchequer receives nearly two and a half million sterling a year less than it received in 1900 from alcoholic drinks. That is a plain cause of lamentation to the Chancellor. Whether it is an equal cause of rejoicing to the social reformer is another question.

I have already in previous letters touched on the somewhat unhappy tale of the Government's dealings with South Africa, and on the vote of censure upon Lord Milner that it indirectly helped to pass. Its foreign policy shows no such weaknesses. On the contrary, Sir Edward Grey's handling of the Algeciras Conference and of the trouble with Turkey over the Egyptian frontier was as far-sighted, as flexible and as firm as Lord Lansdowne's could possibly have been. The nation implicitly trusts Sir Edward Grey, and even his party opponents separate him from the rest of the Government in an isolation of confidence and good-will. Sir Edward is believed to appreciate more clearly than some of his colleagues the value of the Anglo-French *entente* as one of the buttresses of European peace. It is the pivot of his European policy, and may be utilized by him not only as a means of clearing off such outstanding questions as still remain unsettled between England and France—in Siam, for instance, in Abyssinia, and in the New Hebrides—but also as a stepping-stone towards an Anglo-Russian understanding. The common sense of England does not quite comprehend a friendship with France that leaves the ally of France out in the cold; and it may be taken for granted that every advance that Sir Edward finds it practicable to make towards an all-round settlement of Anglo-Russian difficulties will be warmly approved by the nation. That does not, however, imply any hostility, latent or otherwise, towards Germany. The Liberal Government, on the contrary, will

probably do all it can to remove the impression that war between England and Germany is "inevitable," or that the antagonism which undoubtedly separates them has any root in reason. Sir Edward Grey is the last man to think of abandoning France for the sake of conciliating Germany, but that will not prevent him from being the first to attempt to formulate Anglo-German relations on a basis of common sense, if not of cordiality. With all other countries, with the United States and Japan in particular, the national policy is to maintain and strengthen the present bonds of friendship and alliance, and to that policy the Liberals subscribe without a single reservation.

If the Colonial policy of the Government stood as high as its foreign and domestic policies, all opposition except on the Education Bill would have practically died out. Even as it is, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has won for himself and his colleagues in a remarkably short time an assured position of mastery and trust.

ST. PETERSBURG, *June, 1906.*

ONE of the most eventful months of the Russian revolutionary period has just come to an end. It was the month which, so to say, restored to their true shape many things and persons that for a time had seemed bewitched, and it invested with reality several schemes which Liberal politicians deemed chimerical. The Duma, for instance, which not long ago was thought to be a chimera, is now a working institution; the Tsar, who was written about as though he were a Socialist and a Republican, has made a solemn profession of his faith in monarchic principles and of his respect for property and life; the revolutionists have given another superfluous proof that they are unable to cooperate with any established government. None of these occurrences, however, will have surprised the readers of the REVIEW, whom my last letter prepared for Count Witte's resignation; for M. Goremykin's accession to power; for the conservative, not to say reactionary, tendency of the new Cabinet; for the outward good behavior of the Democratic party in the Duma and the difficulty it would encounter in cooperating with the extreme Left. All these changes were predicted in my forecast, and their accomplishment has imparted to the situation the configuration which it will probably keep until the revolution has entered upon a new phase.

Since the Duma has assembled and shown the stuff of which it is made, the feeling in Court circles has become more intense against democratic government. For, as I ventured to surmise, the deputies have made short work of the paper barriers. The fundamental laws forbade them to touch this question or tackle that problem, but they brushed all these prohibitions aside and made straight for the goal. They decreed that a free pardon should be granted to all political prisoners, no matter how heinous their crime, and that capital punishment should be abolished once and forever. The land should be taken from those that have it and given to those who lack and desire it. The Second Chamber should be abolished and all power delivered over to the Duma, without whose approval no Cabinet should subsist. In a word, there should be no gradation in the process of reform and no bounds to its thoroughness. The most democratic countries in the world should be outdone by the reformed Autocracy. What was black yesterday should be white to-morrow. To those who object that the bulk of the Russian nation is characterized by crass ignorance, by grovelling superstition, by rude manners, by most of the qualities proper to enslaved peoples, the answer of the Democrats is, "If they cannot govern themselves, they can authorize others to govern in their stead, and we shall certainly discharge the task much better than the bureaucrats who have well-nigh ruined the nation." This may be true or it may be exaggerated, but it is the plea of a fraction, not the decree of the nation.

The Tsar's case is this. He granted certain concessions to his people and loyally means to abide by them. But the politicians who have come to speak in the name of the nation are not contented with these. They want not merely more power, but all power. They do not even ask for it, but act as though they might take as much as they wanted without anybody's leave. They demanded a Constitutional Assembly. It was refused. And now they themselves usurp the functions of a Constitutional Assembly by throwing existing governmental institutions into the melting-pot and moulding new ones. Now, this is a breach of compact. Either, then, the Duma will abide by the terms of the contract, or else the contract will be annulled. It seems most probable that the Duma will not be satisfied with the modest rôle assigned to it by the Emperor. For it already attempts to wield full legisla-

tive powers and claims other rights besides. It began by distributing their functions to each section of the new political machine; itself took the lion's share; the Council of the Empire got nothing at all, while the Tsar was degraded to the rank of a figurehead, a waiter at the banquet he gave to his subjects.

"Reign, but rule not!" were the stage instructions given to the Tsar. He was not permitted to exercise even such prerogatives as are jealously preserved by the most constitutional of rulers. He was commanded to pardon criminals, including murderers who had taken human lives *en masse* without ruth, with calm deliberation. He heard it publicly proclaimed that those men were not criminals but heroes, that their release was an act not of mercy, but of justice, that it was not requested, but demanded, and that it must be done at once. His Ministers, who acording to the terms of the compact were to be responsible to him alone, were condemned by the Duma to lose their seats, his former Ministers were excluded by the Labor party from the benefit of the amnesty, and an amendment was laid before the Duma to have them impeached for obeying the Tsar's orders at a time when the Tsar's authority was unrestricted. Agrarian reform was demanded on lines which, in the opinion of many liberal-minded politicians, would shake the foundations of private property, open the door to state Socialism, and bring about national bankruptcy within a twelvemonth.

To the Court party all this smacks of Jack Cadeism, not of parliamentary government. In a Swiss canton, they urge, doubtful experiments of that kind might perhaps be made without entailing serious harm; but among a people of 140 millions they would be fraught with danger which might ultimately culminate in foreign intervention, to say nothing of the sanguinary deeds which would fill up the interval between the proclamation of party government and the inauguration of a democratic republic. "I am willing," the Tsar says, "to entertain any measure that may be laid before me in the name of the people's weal. But I will persistently refuse to consider any social reforms which tend obviously to ruin the community. And that is the tendency of the agrarian scheme, the amnesty and the proposed abolition of capital punishment. Therefore I withhold my sanction." That is the Emperor's position, and if the Duma deputies keep theirs, as they seem determined to do, a conflict is inevitable.

Neither the Court party nor the Tsar can prevail upon themselves to see heroes in the men who murdered their unarmed fellows, and to do away with the death penalty altogether. They maintain that murderers, incendiaries, robbers, are vulgar criminals and should be punished as such. They admit that there may occasionally be a political criminal deserving of forgiveness, just as there may be a dying man whose sufferings are so atrocious that it would be a mercy to put him out of pain. But they argue that in either case it would be a fatal mistake to generalize from a few exceptional cases and construct a universal principle upon them. Set free, the Russian murderers and "fire-bugs," many of whom are scoundrels, who merely tinge the color of their crime with politics, and you have introduced the thin edge of the wedge of lawlessness. Life will no longer be safe; law will be set at naught; order will give place to anarchy, well-being to misery, and it may well be that in their own interests foreign states may interfere.

The partisans of the Monarchy draw attention to the kind of criminals who are now being held up as heroes. They are often ruffians, whose real object is plunder, but who sail under the flag of revolution to save their skins. The same trick used to be practised in Paris during the last years of the Empire. I remember how a thief, having stolen a purse, a watch and a diamond pin near the Tuileries, was followed by a policeman in a crowd, when he suddenly shouted "*Vive la République!*" was arrested on a political charge and released two days later. Here in Russia on May 23rd nine brigands were arrested by the Libau police. Revolvers, cartridges and a book accounting for the distribution of the booty were found in their possession. The book, which was kept by the chief of the band, is most interesting. It is said to have proved that the members of this gang committed most of the murders and robberies which terrorized the population for several weeks. They called themselves Socialists, but in all probability even the most revolutionary of Socialists would disown them. Plunder was their aim and object, and the account-book shows how it was divided when secured. But they sometimes "worked" for almost nothing, like the hungry highwayman who, having struggled long with a well-dressed traveller and at last overpowered him, found in his victim's pocket only a bottle with instructions to take five drops after meals, "to remove the

feeling of fulness." Thus the Libau "Socialists" killed one man and found that he had only two dollars and a half in his purse.

To kill representatives of the Government may perhaps be defended or palliated on the ground that it is natural, but to slaughter fellow citizens is surely a crime. And that is what these terrorists are doing every day. If a man gives evidence in a court of justice, refuses to join the revolutionary circle, disagrees with one of the leaders or declines to pay large sums of money for anti-governmental purposes, he is generally condemned to death. And there is no appeal. Hence nobody dares to budge without the permission of the terrorists. Occasionally, indeed, some daring individual insists on exercising his personal liberty, but not for long. A typical case was that of a man named Welzkabnin, whose father says: "My son was dragged out of the house one evening by unknown persons. He never appeared since then. A couple of days ago, his body was found in the river Dvina."

Another illustration is offered by the case of the schoolmaster Sanke. He was present at a teachers' congress, where certain revolutionary resolutions were passed which he was unable to accept. That is all. He was told that "those who are not with us are against us," but he answered that he hoped they would respect his personal freedom. Soon afterwards, as he was in his room, two revolver shots were fired at him through the window, but by an extraordinary chance they merely grazed him. Some weeks later, however, the "executioners" tried again, and this time with success. His life was snuffed out in a twinkling. To-day his widow and his little children are adrift in the world, not knowing to whom to turn for help. It was also in the Baltic provinces that a man named Herzan was shot by an individual who fired through the window. Before dying he gave the name of his murderer. Near the same place a man entered the house of a peasant, named Yurash, and asked "Are you Yurash?" "Yes." "Then take that and that." And as he spoke he fired a bullet into the peasant's chest and another into his abdomen. In the same district a coachman, named Wonaga, was taken into the woods and shot dead. Not far from the scene of these murders, the wife of M. Mendian, a schoolmaster, was shot dead. On May 20th two men wearing false beards entered the house of the

peasant Rupshe, and, meeting the head of the house, they blew his brains out without any more ado. His wife threw herself at the feet of the murderers, but they shot her dead and wounded her six-year-old girl. The child, however, was only wounded, not killed. Then these political reformers set fire to the house and escaped to the forest. An hour later, there was a mound of ashes where there had been a house and a family. The crime of the victims was that the peasant had obeyed a legal summons calling him to give evidence in a law court.

Members of the Court party ask whether it is wise or human to encourage men of that kind to commit acts like those.

Passenger trains are being fired at or derailed in various parts of the Empire. In Warsaw, a few days ago, in broad daylight, a bomb was thrown at Police Officer Constantinoff by a Jewish terrorist. The victim's body was blown to shreds, and some fifteen people, among them two ladies, were wounded. In Sebastopol, bombs were cast at the commander of the fortress, wounding over one hundred bystanders and killing eight, but leaving the destined victim unhurt. A telegram was thereupon sent to the President of the Duma by representatives of various sections of the population, protesting against giving an amnesty to criminals who thus squandered human life. But the Duma voted the amnesty unanimously, and on May 31st published a resolution decreeing the abolition of capital punishment.

The Tsar and his advisers agree with the senders of that telegram. They claim to be in favor of mercy, while opposed to the encouragement of assassination. In like manner, they are able to help the peasants by selling the land cheaply and on easy conditions, while they refuse to rob Peter in order to pay Paul. Crown lands, arable and wood lands, amounting in all to about 6,500,000 acres, and 3,500,000 acres offered for sale by private estate owners, are to be distributed among the neediest peasants on easy terms. This and whatever else may seem possible shall be done. But the line must be drawn at expropriation.

Those measures, however, will not solve the problem, nor even bring about an understanding between the Duma and the Government. In truth, the parliament and the Tsar's advisers are on opposite sides of a wide chasm, spanned by no bridge. Count Witte himself could not reconcile them now. The truth is that cooperation between the two is impossible. Hence at present there

is a deadlock in government, the Tsar being kept from legislating by his own self-denying ordinance, while the Duma has been compared to a mere debating club.

It is not clear what issue will be found out of this no-thoroughfare. Many politicians are inclined to look for a Liberal Cabinet as a practical settlement of the difficulty. I cannot share that view. If I may venture on a forecast, I should conjecture that the Tsar will wait until vacation-time has come, say, June 23rd or 30th, dismiss the deputies to their homes for the long summer holidays, and then leave them there. During the recess, his Ministers will make ready for a new parliament to be chosen in accordance either with a restrictive electoral law or with that of August last year. That is one alternative. Another is that the Upper Chamber, known as the Council of the Empire, will be transformed into a Duma.

In this the Tsar's councillors may be wise or foolish. I am not concerned to attack or defend them. What they urge in their own defence is certainly a strange plea, but at least it is intelligible. The Duma as at present composed is not, they hold, representative of the country. If it were, it would contain several parties, whereas it has only one, and is for that reason unanimous on all cardinal questions. It is an Opposition and nothing more, being devoid of reactionaries, of conservatives, of moderate Liberals. Are there none, then, in all Russia? Who are the people who are daily pouring in hundreds of telegrams from the provinces beseeching the Emperor to preserve all his rights intact, to grant no amnesty, and to rule as well as reign? Surely they are Russians. Those documents are signed by peasants, by priests, by noblemen. How is it that the priests and the peasants and the noblemen in the Duma are one and all democratic? It is because the mass of the Russians are listless, ignorant, inert, while the peoples of foreign extraction are alert, well informed, active. Hence the latter won the elections, while the former are devoid of a single spokesman. It is preposterous, the conservatives add, to think that a hundred and forty millions of Russians should be represented by democrats only, who are bent upon making the Tsar a mere figurehead. And if it is preposterous, it is a national grievance and should be redressed. Even the Council of the Empire is more representative than the Duma, because it contains men of every party.

That being the view adopted by the Tsar and his influential friends, it is but natural to anticipate the dissolution of the Duma during the long recess, and the creation of another assembly more faithfully reflecting the conflicting views of the nation. Meanwhile, terror continues to reign in vast districts of the Empire. Men are being condemned to death by secret tribunals and being killed by wandering bands. Trains are being fired at, derailed, held up. Travellers are robbed on the Tsar's highway, the imperial post is frequently seized, railway stations and government alcohol-shops are openly attacked and their takings carried off. Governors of provinces, military officers, prefects of police, soldiers, members of industrial firms, are being blown to pieces. Churches are being blown open by means of dynamite and plundered, prisoners are being rescued from gaol, banks attacked, country mansions, factories and mills are being burned to ashes. Fire-insurance companies are raising the premium on insurances, the price of land is falling, thousands of Russians are fugitives from their country, members of the Liberal party are transferring their money to foreign banks and the stock-market registers a serious fall in prices. Such are some of the signs of the times. Whither is Russia drifting? The Duma may be quietly dissolved whilst its members are enjoying their holidays, but this measure will only postpone the great sanguinary struggle which is now inevitable.

PARIS, *June, 1906.*

THE few strangers who had not deserted Paris on May 1st will never forget the very unusual aspect of the city on that long-dreaded day. The streets seemed to have undergone some mysterious enlarging operation, they were so still and empty. No cabs, no promenaders. The tram-cars ran as usual, but there were no passengers in them, and it seemed as if they were all bound for some unknown destination in quest of the runaway Parisians. Most of the shops were closed. The windows of private houses were shut, and one wondered what might be going on inside: were the inmates at a meal of Argentine mutton or wistfully inspecting a shoal of unconscious fish in the bath-room? Very few police were visible, but every now and then you would see a horse poking his head out of a coach entrance, and on his back a dragoon, and behind this sentry a dozen more horses and

soldiers squeezed into the narrow court and ready for emergencies that were not to come. For, if there were 120,000 workmen on strike in Paris, there were also 60,000 soldiers on duty, and who would dream of starting a revolution when no four people are allowed to linger in conversation on the sidewalk?

The universal terror on May 1st was the result of many combined anxieties. Nobody viewed the general election coming the Sunday after with entire confidence. The upper classes, manufacturers, and even small tradespeople, were afraid of the Socialists and of possible renewed attempts to bring on a revolution; the Socialists were afraid of M. Clémenceau, and hinted that he would carry into the polls the violent methods by which he crushes riots before they are born; the Radicals, and generally the old Republican party, were afraid of the popular movement created by the church inventories, which Royalists in disguise were only too ready to turn to account. At a dinner two days before the election, the Premier, M. Sarrien, praising the political stability of England to a fair neighbor, added with a sigh that no one in France could prophesy the results of the election.

Yet a feeling of relief has been noticeable after the eventful date of May 1st had been tided over, and, to a clear-sighted people, this return of confidence could not but appear as a happy symptom. The results of the election, which were made public on the morning of May 7th, showed that the electorate had recovered from its transient flutter and would not have any reaction whatever.

Never, since the establishment of the Republic, has a government been so completely, undeniably and overwhelmingly successful as the Clémenceau cabinet. The Socialists were gainers, it is true,—rising to seventy-two; but the Socialists were republicans, after all, and the Opposition was utterly and irretrievably defeated. The older Conservatives, known as "reactionaries," were reduced to seventy-nine, and the Nationalists, who have been so busy during the last eight years undermining every government in succession, were deprived of all their chiefs without a single exception, and the whole group dwindled down to thirty. So, out of 590 deputies, hardly 110 were antirepublicans. No coalition of these with the Extreme Left was henceforward to bring about the fall of a cabinet, as had been seen quite lately in the case of M. Rouvier. Even the group of moderates, known as Progressists

and headed by M. Ribot, was not to be taken into consideration any longer. It numbers only sixty-six, and even should these, every now and then, vote with the Right, their interference cannot be felt. Practically, the Radicals have all the game in their hands.

So, at least for four years, the destinies of France are entirely trusted to the men who kept M. Combes in office such a long time, and the old *Bloc* is more formidable than ever. One cannot help rejoicing at a state of affairs which precludes every possibility of internal disturbance. The stupid blindness of the old parties to the conditions of new times does not deserve any sympathy; and, when they put forward the pretext of religious liberty to promote their dead theories, the language they use betrays them as hopelessly belated. It is the misfortune of the very few real Catholics of France—are there two millions altogether?—to have been championed by men who were monarchists or theocrats first and Catholics afterwards. Cardinal Gibbons wrote the other day to the Archbishop of Paris contrasting the freedom which Catholics enjoy in America with the persecutions they undergo in this country. A great deal of the difference arises from the fact that the Catholics of the United States are marked off from the rest of their countrymen merely by attending a particular church on Sunday, whereas French Catholics have only just begun to untrammel themselves from numbing political ties. As long as the English Catholics were constrained to further a Spanish policy, they were persecuted, and the habit of persecuting them survived its causes for many years. At present they shock nobody by opposing—on a legal ground—a Bill they deem inconsistent with their rights as citizens. Consequently, one must welcome whatever tends to create political unity in France. When it is established, old wrongs will get gradually and imperceptibly redressed.

Are we to expect the palmy days of unity and freedom in the near future? I am afraid not. I have repeatedly pointed out the tension which prevails in all political spheres and carries away even minds of a naturally moderate stamp. Nothing invites us to anticipate a relaxation. Only the ground of battle will be changed. The contest had been so far between the men, or the sons of the men, who have established the Republic, and those who still hold that France cannot thrive without a monarch. This battle has been fought, and a dictatorial power will not be

reinstated in Paris without some catastrophe,—a war or another Commune; and, if ever it is thus unexpectedly and unnaturally brought into existence, it will be for a short time. The march of progress will now be in the direction of social reforms, and the conflicting elements will be a gradually developing ideal of justice, and the antagonistic selfishness of those who possess and will not give, and those who do not possess and will not wait.

Practically, the only champions of social reform are the Socialists. A not inconsiderable fraction of Catholics, represented in Parliament by the Abbé Lemire, and grouped in a growing association known as "*Le Sillon*" ("The Furrow"), also have an almost exclusively social programme. But these young men are as yet more a hope than a force, and it may take twenty years more to dissociate them from the dead mass of Monarchist Catholicism. The Socialists consequently have the field of social improvement all to themselves.

They are in this country the lineal descendants of the well-known Utopists of the beginning of the nineteenth century, St. Simon, Enfantin, Leroux, etc.; and, when they reappeared about 1888, it was with the Marxist theories summed up under the general designation of "collectivism." The State was to appropriate all means of productivity and work them so as to reduce the obligation of daily labor to eight, six, three hours, or even less. The prophet of the doctrine was M. Guesde, the son-in-law of Karl Marx, and he has just been returned for Roubaix on the same lines.

The evidently fantastic character of this programme for a long time discredited M. Guesde, and the Chamber elected in 1893 counted little more than half a dozen Socialists.

During that parliament, M. Jaurès, a professor of philosophy, who had been elected as a moderate Republican, suddenly went over to the little group of Socialists, and gave them a new programme which was destined to improve their situation to an incredible degree. M. Jaurès gave up all hopes of the scheme of Marxist reconstruction, for which he substituted a programme of industrial reforms, such as laws of public hygiene, insurance against accidents, creation of an old-age pension fund, etc. At the same time, he was laying the foundations of a vast organization of Labor through trades-unions, syndicates and Labor Exchanges. The advisability and the matter-of-fact character of those reforms

speedily gained them supporters, and the presence of one of their champions, M. Millerand, in the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet helped to carry some of them into execution, and gave them a look of reality which they had never worn before. In 1902, the Socialist group numbered fifty-two and had become, even in Parliament, a power without whose concurrence no government could last.

This political influence was nothing compared to the moral influence which M. Jaurès and his friends exercised. Nobody could be blind to the fact that they alone possessed a clear and complete programme, of manifest justice in some of its features, and preeminently popular. The Nationalist group also embodied a great and noble ideal, the patriotic idea, but they had strong Monarchist and militarist tendencies, and soon lost ground. On the Republican side, which in the present Chamber means five-sixths of the representation, the Socialists alone can propose something else than the purely negative anticlerical programme of the old *Bloc*.

The consequence has been that a great many Radicals have had to borrow from their trenchant neighbors, and no less than a hundred and twenty-eight have been elected on the Radical-Socialist ticket, thanks to declarations strongly tinged with Socialism.

Of course, many of these semi-Socialists have little faith in the policy they pretend to advocate, and will bring it but faint-hearted support, but it will be with them as with so many shilly-shally anticlericals, whom fear of their wives would have caused to vote for the Church, if the watchful eye of their Committees and parliamentary chiefs had not compelled them to vote against her. It is a law which has never been found at fault, in the last thirty years, that the minority in the Extreme Left leads the majority. Besides, it should be known that, in spite of resolutions passed by the Socialists at the congress of Châlons, M. Jaurès has supported Radicals even against his own followers when the latter had no chance in the final contest, and this politic self-denial must have its reward in the form of votes.

The Socialists, therefore, will be strong in numbers and predominant in influence. The question now arises how likely they are to effect their designs, from an income tax to the nationalization of railways and mines, and eventually the appropriation by the Treasury of legacies outside the direct line of inheritance.

Judging by the tone of the papers, especially of the "*Humanité*,"—the very well-written organ of Jaurès,—they are determined to give a strong pull without much delay. The Radicals, they say, are sickening with their anticlericalism. If they do not rally round Jaurès, when he comes forward with the first reforms on his and also *their* programme, they will be nothing but pretenders who make fools of their electors. These first reforms are the buying back by the State of two railways—the Western and the Orléans—the least profitable of all. This would be a first step towards the nationalization of all railways and mines. The Socialists do not intend to take, but to buy back, these large businesses. This means an immense sum of money. Where is the Chamber to find it when the Minister of Finance, M. Poincarré, owns to a deficit of 250,000,000 francs ($50,000,000), and when the Old-Age Pension Fund is an already yawning abyss? The Socialists know very well that the income tax they propose will not yield the necessary resources. But they are prepared with a method for raising considerable sums without any trouble, viz., the reduction of naval and military expenditure. Now, the nationalization of the larger industries does not essentially belong to the Socialist programme, but the curtailing of the Army and Navy budget does, and the inevitable gap between the Radicals and Socialists will appear when they come to this crucial experiment. The budget of the present year devotes 200,000,000 francs ($40,000,000) to fresh military items, and, in the "*Humanité*" of May 31st, M. Jaurès says plainly that this sum shall not be granted if the Socialists make up their minds to resort to parliamentary obstruction.

Even now, the respective attitudes of the Socialists and Radicals are anything but friendly. Clearly there will be on one side M. Pelletan, who already talks of a reconstruction of the Cabinet and a return of M. Combes to office, and, on the other, M. Jaurès. Meanwhile M. Clémenceau has power in his hands and lays down schemes for governing without the Socialists. But he is as much hated by the old friends of M. Combes as by M. Jaurès, and, in spite of his rare and well-known abilities, and of the flexibility he very unexpectedly gave proof of in his first tenure of office, his situation appears exceedingly unstable.

The probabilities seem to be that the Radicals will try to gain time by carrying on the anticlerical campaign, which pleases the

Socialists and keeps dangerous questions in abeyance. But this feint cannot last long, and, when it proves no longer available, the Socialists must inevitably take the lead.

WASHINGTON, *June, 1906.*

THE interest with which the progress of the bill empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to make rates for railways had been watched from the outset of the present session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, has been entirely eclipsed during the last few weeks by the dismay and apprehension caused on both sides of the Atlantic by the President's peremptory demand for the immediate extirpation of nauseous and dangerous abuses declared by him to exist in the packing-houses of Chicago. There seems to be no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's attention was first directed to the subject by a book called "The Jungle," the author of which, Mr. Upton Sinclair, professed to have seen with his own eyes the odious and alarming conditions therein depicted. Naturally unwilling to rely on *ex parte* and sensational testimony, not officially verified, the President deputed two agents, whom he had reason to regard as trustworthy, Commissioner Charles P. Neill and Mr. James B. Reynolds, to make an independent and careful investigation of the Chicago packing-plants, and to report what they discovered. With their startling revelations before him, the President, reluctant to cripple, perhaps irremediably, an important branch of American industry, informed representatives of the packers that the damaging report would be withheld from publication, provided no resistance should be offered to the summary passage through Congress of a bill calculated to ensure a prompt and drastic reform of the existing conditions. Had the packers been fully alive to their own interests, they would have grasped the offer with avidity, and would not have confirmed the truth of the adage, "*Quem vult Deus perdere, prius dementat.*" At first, indeed, they did exhibit some foresight and common sense. They permitted a remedial bill introduced by Senator Beveridge to pass the Senate in five days, without amendment or delay. To their misfortune, however, they regained self-possession, and assumed a defiant attitude, when the bill reached the House of Representatives, of which a son of Illinois was Speaker, while Mr. Wadsworth, of New York, himself a cattle-raiser, was Chair-

man of the committee to which the measure was referred. The vehement and angry opposition which the bill encountered in the House committee provoked inevitably the very consequences which enlightened self-interest, nay, even ordinary caution, would have striven to avert. It constrained the President to publish the Neill-Reynolds report, in order to make known the grounds on which he had demanded legislative purgation of the packing-houses, and to fortify that arraignment with additional official evidence. The effect of the two messages, with which the cumulative proofs of abuses were transmitted, was electrifying, not only in the United States, but also in those foreign countries which, hitherto, have been large consumers of American canned products. In a day, not only our interstate traffic, but also the export trade in those commodities, was paralyzed. At home and abroad all attempts at denial, explanation or palliation on the part of the Chicago packers proved futile in the teeth of the President's proclaimed conviction. Outside of a committee-room of the House of Representatives, the incriminated parties could hardly get a hearing. Without listening to the pleas put forward by the defenders of the accused persons, without heeding even the admission of the Neill-Reynolds report that the slaughter-houses were wholly or mainly free from the abuses detected in the packing establishments, American and European customers, almost with one accord, refused to buy, not only the canned products, but even the fresh meats emanating from Chicago. It seemed for a moment as if the national meat industry in all its forms had received a death-blow.

Of course, the desire for animal food is too deep-rooted and too nearly universal for such an attitude of abstinence to be long maintained. For fresh meat, at all events, provided, of course, reasonable assurance of sanitary treatment be forthcoming, the demand will soon revive. Even by canned goods the American market will be to a large extent regained, as soon as the native consumers, henceforth vigilant and suspicious, are enabled to discriminate between the methods followed by this and that packing establishment. It is to be feared, on the other hand, that many a year will elapse before the exportation of those products to European countries shall recover its former proportions, for there the native competitors of American packers will not suffer their fellow countrymen to forget the recent revolting disclosures. Once more

the export trade in our canned products must be built up laboriously and warily, almost from the ground. Nor will American consumers fail to profit by the rigor with which sanitary regulations and precautions will henceforth be enforced in every department of the packing industry. There is no doubt that, even heretofore, canned goods intended for a foreign market have been prepared with relative care, in view of the searching inspection to which they were certain to be subjected abroad. All that Mr. Roosevelt originally asked for was that food sold to our fellow citizens should be as sound and wholesome as that intended for transmission to European countries. It is now notorious that hitherto such was not, and could not have been, the case, because the former commodities were exempt from the inspection applied to the latter by our Department of Agriculture. Unfortunately for the retention of the foreign markets, Europeans cannot easily be made to believe that the meat-packers of Chicago would systematically discriminate in their favor against the citizens of the United States.

All's well that ends well. Although, at first, Chairman Wadsworth and some other members of the House committee betrayed, by the sharpness, not to say harshness, of their cross-examination of Messrs. Neill and Reynolds, a disposition to favor the packers at the expense of the consumers, and went so far as to intimate that, in their opinion, the scandal ought to have been "hushed up," and that it did not behoove Americans to "foul their own nest," they yielded ultimately to the fierce and constantly increasing stress of public opinion, and reported a bill which, although objectionable in some particulars to the President and the minority of the committee, is calculated, on the whole, to bring about the reforms contemplated in the Beveridge measure. On the face of it, the substitute provides for inspection as rigorous as that sanctioned by the Senate. For example, the first section makes optional in the discretion of the Secretary of Agriculture an *ante-mortem* scrutiny of animals destined for interstate commerce, or intended for slaughter in any one of the United States. A like *ante-mortem* scrutiny is made *compulsory* in the case of live-stock meant for export. Moreover, in the case of all carcasses and parts of carcasses, whether intended for export or for interstate commerce, a *post-mortem* inspection must be made immediately after slaughter, under rules and regulations promulgated by the Sec-

retary of Agriculture. Compulsory *post-mortem* inspection is also prescribed for all carcasses and parts of carcasses which have been killed outright, and which are conveyed to packing establishments to be used in the preparation of food products. Nor do the precautions taken for the purpose of ensuring the purity of canned goods end here. It is further provided that the Government label, affixed to a given can, shall not be issued until after the inspector has convinced himself that the contents of that particular can are pure, wholesome, and fit for human food. In a word, the meats used in food products are to be supervised all the way from the hoof to the can. Neither, hereafter, must the labels be misleading in description. The names must clearly indicate the contents, except in the case of certain trade designations, which may be used only with the permission of the Secretary of Agriculture. That is to say, the label is to serve virtually as the passport of the product in interstate commerce, for, without the label, the canned commodity may not be transported from one State to another. This prohibition is enforced by the imposition of heavy penalties, including both fine and imprisonment, on packers who offer for interstate transportation, and also on carriers who receive for that purpose, any meats or meat-food products not bearing the Government inspection label, containing the words "inspected and passed." Neither shall clearance be given to any vessel bearing meats to a foreign country unless the ship can show a certificate that the meats have been duly inspected and passed—in addition to the labels borne by the meat and canned goods. We observe, finally, that the substitute proposed for the Beveridge bill makes provision for the immediate and total destruction, so far as food purposes are concerned, of condemned meats. We repeat that Government inspectors, working day and night, must follow a carcass from the hoof to the can.

The two features of the substitute, reported by the majority of the House committee for the Beveridge bill, which are expected to meet with disapproval in the minority report, and at the hands of President Roosevelt, are, first, the imposition of the cost of inspection on the Federal Government, instead of on the packers (as the President desired); and, secondly, the exemption of the inspectors and stock-examiners, to be appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, from the civil-service rules. The force of the former objection is lessened materially by the fact that the sub-

stitute allots three million dollars annually for the expenses of inspection, thus rendering it impossible for Congress, at a time when public interest in the matter might have abated, to cut down the appropriation, without the President's cooperation. If this provision is amended at all in the House, or in conference, it will probably be by the adoption of a suggestion made to the House committee by Judge Cowan, representing the Texas Cattle-Growers' Association, that if at any time the fixed appropriation of three million dollars should prove inadequate, the Secretary of Agriculture should be authorized to pay for extra service by levying a small fee upon the packers. Strenuous opposition seems likely to be made also to the provision exempting inspectors appointed under the substitute from the civil-service regulations. It appears that many members of the House do not repose absolute confidence in the Secretary of Agriculture, and there is some doubt as to whether Mr. Wilson will long continue to occupy that post.

It was to be expected that those who are doomed to suffer more or less seriously by the President's exposure of deplorable facts would dispute the expediency of washing our dirty linen in public. The conclusive reply to the complaint is that, if we had not washed it in public, it would never have got washed at all. In the long run, it will turn out that here, as in everything else, honesty is the best policy. When, hereafter, European consumers of canned products compare the frankness of our disclosures, and the trenchant character of the remedies forthwith applied, with the indifference to purity evinced in some competitive countries—Argentina and Australia, for instance—where there is no government inspection at all, we may feel assured that American canned products will then command the preference in the foreign markets which they will undoubtedly deserve. Meanwhile, undoubtedly, our packers will have to bear much loss, much odium and much tribulation; but, thanks to the thoroughness of the reforms demanded by President Roosevelt, and sure to be compelled by Congress, they will triumph in the end.

UPHAMS CORNER

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JAPAN AFTER THE WAR.

BY JACOB H. SCHIFF.

NEARLY a year has passed since the momentous struggle between the Northern Goliath and the Far-Eastern David came to an end, and the world still stands amazed at the surprising result —hardly equalled in the history of great wars—which has come about.

In the opening days of 1904, the writer, with a number of friends, was discussing the position of Russia, the outrageous oppression it practised against its non-Orthodox subjects, especially against its Jewish population, and the standing menace it formed to the peace of the world. As if by inspiration, the writer then advanced his belief, not only that Russia, then on the eve of the struggle with Japan, would be beaten and humiliated, but that the result of such a war would lead to the breaking up of the Russian autocracy.

What followed is a matter of record and has already passed into history. Not very generally is it realized, however, what Anglo-American friendship and support, moral and financial, meant to the Island Empire; how without these, the gallantry of its people, their readiness to sacrifice their all to maintain the supremacy of their country against the aggression of the Northern

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Colossus, would have been of no avail. Had America not willingly joined hands with England in the spring of 1904, when Japan made the first attempt to secure foreign loans for the purposes of the war—an appeal which, until America showed its willingness, even eagerness, to cooperate, was met in England not over-enthusiastically; and had the two nations not so readily opened their money-markets to every succeeding Japanese war loan, nothing could have averted the financial and economic ruin of Japan at a comparatively early stage of the struggle. The abandonment of the gold standard would, of necessity, have immediately followed a failure of the Japanese Loan Commissioner to secure foreign loans; nor would it have been possible to continue the war for any length of time with a depreciated or forced currency, which Japan could not have absorbed to a sufficient extent to enable her Government to maintain its ability to procure sufficient war material, and to sustain its armies in foreign lands where irredeemable paper money would not have been accepted. But Japan was fighting, not only her own cause, but the cause of the entire civilized world; and it was right, therefore, that England and the United States should assume a position which, if for a time it involved a certain financial risk, prevented consequences, too serious to contemplate, which would have supervened if Japan had been compelled to succumb in the life-and-death struggle Russia had forced upon her.

To understand a people, their national aims and purposes, one needs to go amongst them, and this consideration induced the writer, in the early months of this year, to visit Japan and to travel extensively through the Islands and in Korea. The latter country, as a consequence of the war, has become, for all practical purposes, a vassal state of the Island Empire, the Korean Emperor being permitted to retain only a nominal suzerainty. No longer has Korea any direct diplomatic relations with foreign countries; its finances have passed under Japanese control, as have the post, the telegraph, the railway and every other important branch of administration. It is well that this should be so. Korea for decades had become the theatre for foreign intrigue of every kind, its natural resources were being exploited by adventurers of every nationality, corruption held high carnival, security to property did not exist, law there was none, or such only as could be purchased by the highest bidder.

That these conditions, which were fostered by Russia in every possible manner—in order to permit her to appear finally as the savior of the country—were the primary cause of the war is now very generally understood, as is the fact that Japan had to risk all to drive Russia, once and forever, out of Korea, if she was to continue in future to exist as an independent nation. Now that Japan has succeeded in forcing the aggressor back into his own domain, her first care has been to safeguard permanently her control over Korea. She has begun this work by cutting off Korea's diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, and, as already stated, she has with a firm hand taken under her own control the administration of the country. It speaks volumes for the earnestness of Japan's purpose that she has sent the Marquis Ito, her foremost statesman, and himself one of the builders of New Japan, as Resident-General to Seoul, assisted by men like Megatta, Tsuruhara and Stevens (the last named being the well-known American adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office), not alone to establish orderly government throughout Korea, but thereby to make Korea, to all intents and purposes, a tributary to Japan. It is a situation such as England had to face in Egypt, and there can be little doubt that most beneficial results will accrue to Japan and Korea from the new condition of affairs, similar to those which have come to England and Egypt from the former's guidance of the destinies of the land of the Pharaohs. The dormant resources of Korea are still great; the agricultural possibilities of the southern half of the country can, with proper irrigation and transportation facilities—now assured through the Fusan-Seoul Railway—be considerably developed; the lumber reserves of the north are of immense value, while the country all over abounds in minerals, especially gold, which, with modern methods, are said to be capable of lucrative development. Thus, with law and order established, the Koreans are certain before long to know a prosperity of which heretofore they have had little conception, while Japan herself will have assured to her commerce and industry new markets, which, notwithstanding the "open door," must primarily, for obvious reasons, yield to her their richest fruits.

It is in this development of the fresh markets of Korea and Manchuria in particular, and of China in general, that Japan has begun to seek, and will find, compensation for the tremendous

sacrifices the nation made during the recent war. Of the war nothing is any longer heard in Japan; and, while the Military Party still wields a potent influence in the councils of the Government, as is but natural, the men who have been the founders of New Japan—men like Marquis Ito, Count Okuma, Count Matsukata, Count Innouye and others—are thoroughly alive to the dangers which lie behind the glitter of a strong military administration, and are using every influence to prevent the burdening of the country with a policy which would seek to place strategical and military considerations above those of commercial and industrial progress. The first struggle between these two tendencies was precipitated by a bill introduced at the last session of Parliament, providing that the principal private railways should pass into Government ownership. This measure was strongly supported by the Military Party; and notwithstanding the determined, even bitter, opposition which it encountered among those who, for economic reasons, did not favor it, the bill was passed under the strong pressure of Marquis Sionji's Cabinet and the influence of the representative of the Military Party, Marquis Yamagata. The belief seems justified, however, that this victory of the Military, in the adoption of a measure upon which much can be said *pro* and *con* from an economic standpoint, need not create alarm, and that, in the main, prudent and sound counsel will prevail among those who are called upon to direct the course of the nation. That there is a governing class in Japan cannot be denied; but it recruits itself constantly from the best elements among the people, who are rapidly growing ripe in political experience and are generally taking an active interest in the national affairs. Indeed, the whole system of popular education tends toward such a condition. Among no other people can be found a greater thirst for learning; public schools are many and of every grade; attendance is compulsory and education is entirely free. Tokio University, Waseda University, Kyoto University and other advanced seats of learning compare favorably with the best American Colleges and Universities, as to fixed apparatus as well as to quality of the faculties.

If one were to characterize the people of Japan, a people generally believed, and no doubt properly so, to be full of sentiment, one would have to say that they are a sober people. Except under high pressure, such as existed at the time when peace

was concluded at Portsmouth, the Japanese people are not easily carried away; the actions of the nation's leaders are, as a rule, the result of mature consideration and careful calculation. Neither the statesman nor the merchant reaches conclusions in haste; anything finally determined upon and done generally attains the result aimed at. It is amazing how readily and rapidly the Japanese understands how to adapt himself to any new conditions he finds to be to his advantage; and in this, no doubt, must be sought the secret of the wonderful progress the country has made during the past fifty years. Men of advanced age, who are among the most conspicuous leaders in education, in finance and in trade, will frankly tell you that, fifty years ago, when Perry came and demanded admittance, they stoutly opposed the taking down of the bars to let the foreigner in; but, having found out their mistake, these very men became the foremost creators of Modern Japan; and even to-day — notwithstanding the great age these men have now reached—they are still in the front rank of those who make for modern progress and civilization. The spirit, however, which leads is the Throne itself. Upon it sits a Monarch, whose dynasty has been in possession of the Government for upward of two thousand years; who has himself been educated in the theory that his sovereignty is heaven-born, that the people are his by divine right, that his power is absolute; and who, nevertheless, without revolution or outside pressure, has divested himself of all autocratic power, has freely inaugurated the most advanced constitutional government, and has come to be recognized as animating every movement which is likely to promote the progress of the nation. One cannot be surprised, therefore, at the great loyalty which the Japanese show to their Sovereign, and which goes so far in maintaining pure patriotism. Their loyalty to their country and to each other was the determining factor in the recent war; it secured victory to the Japanese army and navy; and it will, in the new era upon which the country has entered, be certain to assure to Japan commercial and industrial supremacy and success in every peaceful enterprise.

Indeed, though not a year has yet passed since the Russo-Japanese War ended—one of the most sanguinary conflicts in history, which has torn Russia asunder, politically, commercially and industrially—Japan has already repatriated her armies, has ceased even to discuss what happened during the titanic conflict,

and her people are now occupied in a united mighty effort to secure compensation in the avocations of peace for the great sacrifices which they were called upon to make. In Japan everybody appears to do work of some sort, and while the remuneration of labor of every kind is low, so is the cost of living; the common people appear to be happy and satisfied, considerably more so than the same class of people in Europe or America, with their much higher standard of earning. In Old Japan, such a thing as saving was entirely unknown. It is only since the Restoration and the entry of Japan into the family of modern nations that the accumulation of wealth has begun. The people appear, however, to be quite desirous of making up for lost time. The new era finds banks established throughout the country, competing keenly for deposits, for which they offer a high rate of interest. Then, too, these rapidly learning people appear to have adopted every approved method which practical experience in economic and fiscal science has taught. Under Count Matsukata's wise and prudent administration of the Treasury, the gold standard was introduced and it has become a fixed fact; it was jealously guarded and maintained at great cost, even during the late war, with its enormous strain upon the resources of the nation. These resources, as far as natural wealth is concerned, do not appear to be great. Especially is the absence of iron ore a considerable drawback to a people who, for their development and material upbuilding, must, in the first instance, rely upon their creative power as an industrial nation. But, while natural resources are limited, the intelligence and productive energy of the Japanese are so great that these qualities make up, to a considerable extent, for the want of different kinds of raw material, which in many instances has to be brought in from other countries and is turned into manufactured goods, at a low cost, both for home consumption and for export. Only when the new markets now being opened in Korea and Manchuria have become more fully established, is the true strength of Japan, as an industrial nation of great producing capacity, likely to show itself and to become appreciated by the other nations, who base such high hopes upon the promise of the "open door"—hopes which are likely to be doomed to considerable disappointment, because of the industrial possibilities of Japan and the advantage of her position in legitimate competition with her rivals.

What Japan still needs is more and better transportation facilities. It is hardly conceivable that five or six thousand miles of narrow-gauge railroad can suffice for a highly civilized industrial and agricultural nation of forty million people. It is true that the location and formation of the Islands permit of superior water transportation, but a large part of the interior is as yet difficult of access. This, it is expected, now that the Government is about to assume ownership of practically the entire existing railroad system, will be remedied before long, though the heavy debt the country is shouldering, as a legacy of the war, should, and no doubt will, make the Government cautious in assuming new financial responsibilities.

Japan's national debt, including about four hundred million yen of Internal Bonds to be issued during the next ten years in payment for the railways, amounts in round numbers to twenty-five hundred million yen ($1,250,000,000)—a considerable burden for a country comparatively small in area and of limited natural wealth. The great productive ability, however, of its numerous population, the people's great frugality and high intelligence, go far to offset the heaviness of the burden which the national debt would otherwise doubtless form; and, indeed, taxes are borne, apparently, with entire willingness by all classes. Moreover, the ownership of the railways will mean a national asset of large and steadily increasing value, as do already the tobacco and salt monopolies. Considerably more than half of the national debt is held at home, the foreign debt of the Government amounting to something like one thousand million yen. It is, possibly, because of the desire, on the part of the prudent men who determine the country's economic policy, to accustom the people to the burden of the debt, and to prevent any spirit of dissatisfaction because of the taxation this makes necessary, that the Government has drawn so heavily upon the country's own capital for its requirements, and has created internal obligations, even when foreign loans could have been placed on more advantageous terms than it was possible to obtain from home investors. Up to a certain point this is a wise, statesmanlike and laudable policy; but a country which is just entering upon an era of far-reaching industrial and other development needs to retain its capital for such development, rather than have it tied up to too large an extent in loans to its Government.

It is well that the fact has become recognized in Europe and in the United States that Japan means to be, and is to be, the dominant factor in the Far East, and that any commercial or other advantages in the distant Orient, which Europe and America desire to secure, can be obtained only by the same legitimate methods these nations employ in their dealings with each other. The recognition of this existing situation, which has become so thoroughly accentuated through the result of the Russo-Japanese War, is certain to make for lasting peace in the Far East. With the opening up of Korea, Manchuria and China under Japanese influence and tutelage, an enormous new field for consumption is being created, the benefits of which, while in the first instance they are likely to accrue to Japan, cannot but serve as an impetus to the commerce of the entire world, from which Europe and the United States should profit for many a decade.

JACOB H. SCHIFF.

THE TRIAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE REV. PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM, D.D.

WHEN Paul was preaching his new doctrine of Jesus and the resurrection, some eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, in Athens, he was encountered by certain Epicurean and Stoic philosophers. Some of these looked on him as a "babbler." Others said: "He seems to be a setter-forth of strange gods." It is interesting to observe that the phrase thus translated actually means, "He seems to be an announcer of foreign demons,"—*ξένων δαιμονίων*. What these words show is the attitude, not of the rabble, but of philosophers, towards the new religion. They sound like an excerpt from a letter or news despatch from modern China. "Foreign demons," or "foreign devils," is a familiar expression in the Far East.

The term, *δαιμόνιον*, *daimónion*, or dæmon, meant, in the Greek usage, first, the Divine Power, the Deity, the Divinity. Then it meant an inferior divine being. Socrates used it to designate the spirit which dwelt within him and was his monitor and guide. In the New Testament it is used to designate an evil spirit, a demon in the modern sense.

The early Christian Fathers believed that the heathen gods were demons, that is, evil powers hostile to the true God and possessing the ability to embody themselves in human form, and even to take possession of the human personality. They identified the heathen gods with devils. The makers of the Common English Version of the Bible were so imbued with this idea that they almost invariably rendered the word *δαίμων*, or *δαιμόνιον*, by "devil," an improper, not to say impossible, translation. The view of the Church Fathers that the heathen gods were demons—actual existences, indeed, but malign in their nature and temper and under the leadership of Satan—was long maintained

in the Church. Whether any missionaries in the beginning of the great modern missionary movement held this belief, I cannot say; but the attitude of many of them towards the gods of heathen and idolatrous peoples was determined by the older view, so far that they denounced the heathen gods and the worship of them as oppugnant to the true Deity.

The Greeks, in the time of Paul, took a view of his religion, and of Jesus whom he preached, similar in form, at least, to the view which, until within a hundred years, the Christian missionary took of the gods of pagan peoples. The Greeks, however, were better-tempered or more intelligent, since they spoke of Paul as an announcer, not of foreign demons, but of foreign divinities. For many centuries the attitude of Christians towards the religions of what were called "heathen peoples" has been one of reprobation, if not of contempt. Those religions were looked upon as an evidence and aggravation of the sinfulness of the people who held them. Loyalty to God and to Jesus seemed to require intolerance of any rival; and the gods of the heathen were regarded as rivals of the Christians' God. This was not without precedent. Long before, when the worship of Yahweh rose among the Hebrews, at first He was considered to be the god of the land, as well as of the people. Such was David's view; hence he sought to bring the Ark of the Covenant out of a foreign country, the land of Baal, or the Baals, into Yahweh's land. That part of Palestine over which David ruled had become the land of Yahweh by its conquest from the Philistines. As the worship extended and devotion to Him intensified, all other gods came to be regarded, not merely as figments of an idolatrous imagination, but as false —that is, usurping—gods, rivals of Yahweh and usurpers of His prerogatives.

The Christian attitude towards the gods of un-Christian peoples was the lineal descendant of the Hebrew attitude. Yahweh, in the form Jehovah, was identified with the Father whom Jesus revealed, and all the gods of the nations were looked upon as false gods, hostile to the true Deity. The very strength of one's Christian faith seemed to intensify this feeling towards heathen religions. A charitable consideration of heathen religions would have seemed treachery to the true God and to Jesus who was identified with Him, not only in spirit, but also in substance. Yet, in the teachings and actions of Jesus, there was a germ, at least,

of the catholicity which is sympathetic towards all sincere religious thought and aspiration. The first positive manifestation of that catholicity which we see in the followers of Jesus is in Paul in Athens. He addresses the Athenians thus: "Men, Athenians, I see that in all respects ye are very religious"—that is, reverent towards the gods. The word translated "too superstitious" in the Common Version, is the comparative form of a word which means "reverencing god, or the gods, pious, religious." In later usage it came to have the sense of "superstitious," but not, I think, with possible rare exceptions, until after the beginning of the Christian era. In common usage, it had the good sense, as when one said of a man, "He is devout; he is pious." Such, undoubtedly, was the sense in which Paul used the word. That Paul was the first Christian of whom we have any record who spoke respectfully of pagan religion is not contradicted by the story of Peter's visit to Cornelius; for, though Cornelius was a Roman, he was a proselyte to Judaism, and was recognized by Peter as worshipping the same God as himself.

As in other important respects, so also in this, Paul's example was not followed by the Church. Among the Church Fathers, some, notably Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria, found in the heathen religion a dim prophecy of Christianity; but the general view of the Church was what I have indicated. At last, Christians, in considerable numbers, are beginning to see that the attitude of reprobation is wrong, that the idea on which it is based is mistaken, and that the merits of Christianity are not to be measured by the degree of its hostility to other faiths. This change has been brought about, partly, by increased and more intimate knowledge of other peoples. The study of Comparative Religions has disclosed the universal elements in the various religions of the world and the points of similarity between the great ethnic faiths and Christianity. Widened and deepened acquaintance with history has made clear the truth that man is essentially a religious being, and that always and everywhere he has been inwardly moved to "feel after God, if haply he might find Him." The notion that pagan religions were devices of the devil, whereby he beguiled the souls of men to their eternal destruction, and that those, such as Buddhism, which presented striking resemblances in ritual to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, were peculiarly and diabolically ingenious, was discredited by a

fuller acquaintance with the real character of pagan religions and with the ideas and aspirations of the peoples who held them. Finally, the idea dawned upon some minds that religion everywhere and of every form was the expression of man's sense of God and man's outreach towards God. God has left no people without some witness of Himself. As knowledge of the religious literatures of the nations increased, men became sensible of qualities in them which show their kinship with the Hebrew psalms and oracles. They began to understand that no one people has exclusive right to call itself "the chosen people of God"; and that privilege is the measure of obligation, not a reason for self-exaltation. Without abating one jot from the intrinsic merit of the Christian revelation, they began to see that the Hindoo and the Chinaman and the Japanese were also children of God and had their contribution to make to the religious and moral life of the world.

Christianity has suffered greatly from two errors. One is the narrowing of God's interest, at first to a single people, and then to a single cult. The other is the identification of Christianity with an ecclesiastical institution and a theological system. Jesus came not to give men a religion, but to reveal God and the true spirit and manner of life. He summarized the entire significance of "the law and the prophets" in the injunction, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." This injunction shows the inseparable union between real religion and morality, and announces a principle as broad as the whole of life.

The supreme test of a religion or a religious doctrine is its ability to produce good men and women and a sound and beneficent social order. It is accurately expressed in the words of Jesus, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and this test is applicable to systems and peoples as well as to individual men. Christianity is on trial to-day, a trial which is at once drastic and inescapable. The emergence of the Japanese—a people not moulded by Christian influence—the character which they display and the lofty ethical principles which are expressed in their action, raise many questions.

It will not be contested that Christian principles—that is, the principles of Christ—endure comparison with any others without disadvantage to themselves. Jesus Himself may be put by the

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side of any other teacher of religious and moral truth without fear of His suffering by the comparison. But neither Jesus nor His teaching excludes the worth and truth of others; rather He welcomes all and includes all that are kindred in essence. But the suspicion arises and is growing among us that, while we are Christian in name, we are in many ways, very un-Christian in temper and conduct. The case of Russia, with its ignorant, superstitious and bigoted Church, need not be cited; we may take the most enlightened and civilized Christian nations—the British, the German, the American. The attitude which a nation assumes towards other nations and the kind of social order which it maintains within itself afford fair tests of its Christian character. Tried by this test, the so-called Christian civilization is, in many respects, decidedly un-Christian. The dominating forces in it are individualism, self-assertion, injustice, selfishness, pride and greed for riches. Christian peoples are deficient in moral discipline of the will, and in that self-effacement which is a distinguishing mark of the highest moral development. Almost invariably, "rights" take precedence over duties, and self-interest abridges or obstructs exact justice. The onlooker beholds this extraordinary spectacle, an un-Christian Christianity. There is significant confession of this in the common admission that the teachings of Jesus are not practicable in business, politics and international intercourse.

Conceivably, one may contend that our present social life is the result of a long evolution, and is economically wise and beneficent; but one cannot truthfully call it Christian. Now, if Shintoist and Buddhist Japan can produce a higher, saner, more just, more self-controlled, more unselfish individual and social life than Christian England or America, by that fact Christianity, as these peoples have interpreted and exemplified it, is proved inferior to Shintoism and Buddhism. But what really suffers by the comparison is not the Christianity of Jesus, but the Christianity of the Church, the Christianity which we have made. In other words, Christianity can maintain its preeminence only by the vital and effective incorporation of the spirit and teaching of Jesus in individual and social life and character. Nothing can invalidate this proposition. The trial which the Christian nations are facing to-day is obvious and inescapable. Let us, at least, be honest with ourselves. If we will not practise what Jesus

taught, let us cease to call ourselves Christian. It may be that some of those whom we have called "heathen" are more Christian than we.

The missionary enterprise of the Church is accounted its greatest engagement and the duty of prosecuting that enterprise its greatest obligation; and this is undoubtedly true. No great good can be possessed apart from the obligation to share it with all others; and the greater the good, the greater the obligation. But the validity of the Church's missionary enterprise rests solidly only on the demonstration that the Christian faith and the Christian principle are the best in the world. That they are the best I hold to be demonstrable, if only the testimony of men of other faiths be taken, with the evidence which the actual teachings of Jesus applied in action afford. But the enterprise is imperilled, or seriously hindered from achieving the largest results, by two main obstructions. The first is our inappreciation of other religions, and the second is the inconsistency of our life with the Christian faith and principles which we inculcate.

The truth is that humanity is one in its fundamental characteristics, needs and possibilities. Truth, righteousness, justice and good-will are essential everywhere to happy and beneficent life. That teaching which most clearly and effectively presents these is the best teaching. That life which most closely conforms to these is the best life. That faith which most directly and powerfully inspires to these is the best faith. We believe that Jesus and his teachings meet all the conditions. If we did not, we should not, when once awakened to the meaning of moral obligation, profess adherence to them. But the question is up and will not down: Are we genuinely Christian? The question is, first of all, one for the individual man and woman. It is, second, one for society. If individuals are persistently Christian, they will make society Christian. Where is the difficulty? We have not taken Jesus frankly at His own word and on His own terms. With perfect propriety, with absolute justice, He might say to us, as He said to some professed disciples in His time: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?" We read these words in the New Testament, but, with curious fatuity, we never suspect that they are addressed to us. It may be that the Church and the Christendom which is identified with the Church are to hear the doomful words which were spoken to the ancient "elect"

people of God: "The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof."

Possibly, hasty and inconsequent inferences will be drawn from what I have said thus far. Some may say that I have deliberately tried to exhibit the inadequacy of Christianity, and that I am looking elsewhere than to its Founder and Head for a purer faith and a loftier ideal. Of course, I have done nothing of the kind. Of course, too, if there were a purer faith and a loftier ideal than the Christian faith and ideal, that very fact of a superior excellence would stamp Christianity with inferiority. But no one can successfully maintain that any of the other religions of the world, as an inspiring and regulative moral force, even rivals the teaching of Jesus. He stands above all other teachers. Buddha and Confucius and Zoroaster and Mohammed are measured by the standard which He has created. He is still the Master among many masters. But, to an appalling extent, His teaching is disregarded, has, indeed, never been seriously regarded, by Christian nations. They worship Him, but do not obey Him. They blazon His cross on church and banner, but do not crucify their selfishness. They hail Him as a ransom, but abjure Him as an example.

It is not He nor His teaching which is on trial; it is the spurious Christianity which leaves human society still the prey of greedy lusts and the victim of unrighteous craft and wicked oppression. Why are the people, in increasing numbers, drifting away from the Church? Because they have begun to suspect the genuineness of a religion which finds profit in the practical denial of its own primary principles. In innumerable instances, professed Christians are the chief exploiters of their fellow men for gain, the chief advocates of a social caste which dooms a race to practical serfdom because of its color, and the chief supporters of a vast system of political corruption. In several great Christian nations a formal alliance exists between Church and State; in nearly all a formal alliance exists between Church and School. But, as an English writer (the editor of "The Hibbert Journal") has recently said:

"This alliance, in spite of the inseparable connection between Religion and Ethics, has failed, so far, to be productive of any combined and determined endeavor to build up the character of the people. For Religion itself has drifted away from its ethical basis; hence 'religious teaching' has come to mean anything and everything except the one

thing it ought to mean. All kinds of side issues—some of which are none too creditable to the parties concerned—have been suffered to obscure the central purpose of education. We have made idols of our theological jealousies and ecclesiastical divisions, and in blind devotion to these have trusted to scraps of doctrinal patter to form the manhood of the race, and to save us from being as Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment."

What immediately follows by Mr. Jacks does not so accurately apply to many of our schools as it does to English schools, but it is not without application even here:

"In how many of the schools of the people are the lessons of private and social duty being effectively taught? How many make it their aim to teach the elements of self-respect and self-control? Where do we find a higher place given to courtesy, self-subordination, temperance, courage, filial piety, than to the Latin accidence or 'the requirements of the code'? Where is it taught as a daily lesson—as a truth never to be forgotten by poor man or rich—that there are objects and occasions in the presence of which life is to be counted as nothing worth, and freely offered in sacrifice? Bushido (the Japanese ethical code) may be a poor thing—I do not think so—but what would one give for a breath of Bushido among the vicious and anæmic youths who throng the lighted thoroughfares of our great towns, among the idle rich, among the drunken thousands of Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, or the East End?"

He might have added New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston.

For a long time, the Christian nations have assumed and exercised supremacy in war and have carried the instruments and methods of war to the highest pitch of murderous efficiency. But the rise of Japan has given this complacent assumption a severe shock. She has done this by the type of manhood, in leader and led, which she has produced; and Japan is a non-Christian nation. In several of the Christian nations—notably in England, where Parliamentary inquiries have been conducted on this matter—there is observable a distinct deterioration of average manhood. Is it because, as Mr. Jacks suggests, "by far the largest part of the energies of Christendom have hitherto been used up in preparation for mutual destruction"? If it is, we may accept his conclusion that:

"It is small wonder that these communities have developed internal evils which make their civilization, if not a failure, at all events a meagre

success. Judged by the condition of the masses of the people, there is not one of the great lands of Christendom which can boast itself free from the danger of moral and physical decay. All their energies are needed for the solution of the problems hence arising; they have none to spare upon the blowing of each other's souls into eternity. The question whether this one shall rise or that one fall is of little moment, compared with the greater question whether all are not falling together. The answer to that question depends on how long they are content to leave their social problems unsolved."

The writer whom I have quoted concludes:

"For nations, as for individuals, the mere profession of Christianity is a vain thing: the claim of Christianity to be supreme must assuredly fail unless it finds its exponent in renovated national life."

I have quoted at some length because in these words the truth is so clearly and strongly put. The future of Christianity depends on the faithfulness with which Christians exhibit its pure spirit and exemplify its exalted principles. That is a matter which comes home to us all. Our religion must make men and women of the highest character and a social order which is at once benign and just, or it will stand disapproved by the judgment of the world as inadequate to the demands of human life; and the fault will not be with Jesus or the doctrines which He taught, but with us. To the Christianity which we have made will be applied—is being applied—the supreme test: "By its fruits ye shall know it."

PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

I.

Lovers of Italy have regretted that foreigners should judge her contemporary ideals and literary achievements by the brilliant, but obscene and degenerate, books of Gabriele D'Annunzio. Such books, the products of disease, no matter what language they may be written in, quickly circulate from country to country: like epidemics they sweep up and down the world, requiring no passports, respecting no frontiers, while benefits travel slowly from people to people, and often lose much in the passage. D'Annunzio, speaking the universal language—Sin—has been accepted as the typical Italian by foreigners who know Carducci merely as a name, and have perhaps never heard of Fogazzaro. Yet it is in these men that the better genius of modern Italy has recently expressed itself. Carducci's international reputation as the foremost living poet in Europe and a literary critic of the first class gains slowly, but its future is secure. Fogazzaro, in "The Saint," has confirmed the impression of his five-and-twenty years' career as a novelist, and, thanks to the extraordinary power and pertinence of this crowning work, he has suddenly become an international celebrity. The myopic censors of the *Index* have assured the widest circulation of this book by condemning it as heretical. In the few months since its publication, it has been read by hundreds of thousands of Italians; it appeared in French translation in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" and in German in the "*Hochland*"; and it has been the storm centre of religious and literary debate. Now it will be sought by a still wider circle, eager to see what the doctrines are, written by the leading Catholic layman in Italy, at which the Papal advisers have taken fright. Time

was when it was the books of the avowed enemies of the Church —of some mocking Voltaire, some learned Renan, some impassioned Michelet—which they thrust on the *Index;* now they pillory the Catholic layman with the largest following in Italy, one who has never wavered in his devotion to the Church. They have made the fortune of the book they hoped to suppress; and this is good, for "The Saint" is a real addition to literature.

II.

Antonio Fogazzaro, the most eminent Italian novelist since Manzoni, was born at Vicenza on March 25th, 1842. He was happy in his parents, his father, Mariano Fogazzaro, being a man of refined tastes and sound learning, while his mother, Teresa Barrera, united feminine sweetness with wit and a warm heart. From childhood they influenced all sides of his nature, and when the proper time came they put him in charge of a wise tutor, Professor Zanella, who seems to have divined his pupil's talents and the best way to cultivate them. Young Fogazzaro, having completed his course in the classics, went on to the study of the law, which he pursued first in the University of Padua and then at Turin, where his father had taken up a voluntary exile. For Vicenza, during the forties and fifties, lay under Austrian subjection, and any Italian who desired to breathe freely in Italy had to seek the liberal air of Piedmont.

Fogazzaro received his diploma in due season, and began to practise as advocate, but in that casual way common to young men who know that their real leader is not Themis but Apollo. Ere long he abandoned the bar and devoted himself with equal enthusiasm to music and poetry, for both of which he had unusual aptitude. Down to 1881 he printed chiefly volumes of verse, which gave him a genuine, if not popular, reputation. In that year he brought out his first romance, "*Malombra,*" and from time to time during the past quarter of a century he has followed it with "*Daniele Cortis,*" "*Il Mistero del Poeta,*" "*Piccolo Mondo Antico,*" "*Piccolo Mondo Moderno,*" and, finally, in the autumn of 1905, "*Il Santo.*" This list by no means exhausts his productivity, but it includes the books by which, gradually at first, and with triumphant strides of late, he has come into great fame in Italy and has risen into the small group of living authors who address a cosmopolitan public.

For many years past Signor Fogazzaro has dwelt in his native Vicenza, the most honored of her citizens, round whom has grown up a band of eager disciples, who look to him for guidance, not merely in matters intellectual or æsthetic, but in the conduct of life. He has conceived of the career of man of letters as a great opportunity, not as a mere trade. Nothing could show better his high seriousness than his waiting until the age of thirty-nine before publishing his first novel, unless it be the restraint which led him, after having embarked on the career of novelist, to devote four or five years on the average to his studies in fiction. So his books are ripe, the fruits of a deliberate and rich nature, and not the windfalls of a mere literary trick. And now, at a little more than threescore years, the publication of "The Saint" entitles him to rank among the few literary masters of the time.

III.

"The Saint" may be considered under many aspects—indeed, the critics, in their efforts to classify it, have already fallen out over its real character. Some regard it as a thinly disguised statement of a creed; others, as a novel pure and simple; others, as a campaign document (in the broadest sense); others, as no novel at all, but a dramatic sort of confession. The Jesuits have had it put on the *Index;* the Christian Democrats have accepted it as their gospel: yet Jesuits and Christian Democrats both profess to be Catholics. Such a divergence of opinion proves conclusively that the book possesses unusual power and that it is many-sided. Instead of pitching upon one of these views as right and declaring all the rest to be wrong, it is more profitable to try to discover in the book itself what grounds each class of critics finds to justify its particular and exclusive verdict.

On the face of it what does the book say? This is what it says: That Piero Maironi, a man of the world, cultivated far beyond his kind, after having had a vehement love-affair, is stricken with remorse, "experiences religion," becomes penitent, is filled with a strange zeal—an ineffable comfort—and devotes himself, body, heart and soul to the worship of God and the succor of his fellow men. As Benedetto, the lay brother, he serves the peasant populations among the Sabine hills, or moves on his errands of hope and mercy among the poor of Rome. Everybody recognizes him as a holy man—"a saint." Perhaps, if he had

restricted himself to taking only soup or simple medicines to the hungry and sick, he would have been unmolested in his philanthropy; but, after his conversion, he had devoured the Scriptures and studied the books of the Fathers, until the spirit of the early, simple, untheological Church had poured into him. It brought a message the truth of which so stirred him that he could not rest until he imparted it to his fellows. He preached righteousness,—the supremacy of conduct over ritual; love as the test and goal of life; but always with full acknowledgment of Mother Church as the way of salvation. Indeed, he seems to doubt neither the impregnability of the foundations of Christianity, nor the validity of the Petrine corner-stone; taking these for granted, he aims to live the Christian life in every act, in every thought. The superstructure—the practices of the Catholic Church to-day, the failures and sin of clerical society, the rigid ecclesiasticism—these he must, in loyalty to fundamental truths, criticise, and, if need be, condemn, where they interfere with the exercise of pure religion. But Benedetto engages very little in controversy; his method is to glorify the good, sure that the good requires only to be revealed in all its beauty and charm in order to draw irresistibly to itself souls that, for lack of vision, have been pursuing the mediocre or the bad.

Yet these utterances, so natural to Benedetto, awaken the suspicions of his superiors, who—we cannot say without cause—scent heresy in them. Good works, righteous conduct—what are these in comparison with blind subscription to orthodox formulas? Benedetto is persecuted, not by an obviously brutal or sanguinary persecution,—although it might have come to that except for a catastrophe of another sort,—but by the very finesse of persecution. The sagacious politicians of the Vatican, inheritors of the accumulated craft of a thousand years, know too much to break a butterfly on a wheel, to make a martyr of an inconvenient person whom they can be rid of quietly. Therein lies the tragedy of Benedetto's experience, so far as we regard him, or as he thought himself, an instrument for the regeneration of the Church.

On the face of it, therefore, "The Saint" is the story of a man with a passion for doing good, in the most direct and human way, who found the Church in which he believed, the Church which existed ostensibly to do good according to the direct and human ways of Jesus Christ, thwarting him at every step. Here is a

conflict, let us remark in passing, worthy to be the theme of a great tragedy. Does not "Antigone" rest on a similar conflict between Antigone's simple human way of showing her sisterly affection and the rigid formalism of the orthodoxy of her day?

IV.

Let us look next at "The Saint" as a campaign document, the aspect under which it has been most hotly discussed in Italy. It has been accepted as the platform, or even the gospel, of the Christian Democrats. Who are they? They are a body of the younger generation of Italians, among them being a considerable number of religious, who yearn to put into practice the concrete exhortations of the Evangelists. They are really carried forward by that ethical wave which has swept over Western Europe and America during the past generation, and has resulted in "slumming," in practical social service, in all kinds of efforts to improve the material and moral condition of the poor, quite irrespective of sectarian or even Christian initiative. This great movement began, indeed, outside of the churches, among men and women who felt grievously the misery of their fellow creatures and their own obligation to do what they could to relieve it. From them, it has reached the churches, and, last of all, the Catholic Church in Italy. No doubt the spread of Socialism, with its superficial resemblance to some of the features of primitive Christianity, has somewhat modified the character of this ethical movement; so that, in fact, the Italian Christian Democrats have been confounded, by persons with only a blurred sense of outlines, with the Socialists themselves. Whatever they may become, however, they now profess views in regard to property which separate them by an unbridgeable chasm from the Socialists.

In their zeal for their fellow men, and especially for the poor and down-trodden classes, they find the old agencies of charity insufficient. To visit the sick, to comfort the dying, to dole out soup at the convent gate, is well, but it offers no remedy for the causes behind poverty and blind remediable suffering. Only through better laws, strictly administered, can effectual help come. Hence the Christian Democrats deemed it indispensable that they should be free to influence legislation.

At this point, however, the stubborn prohibition of the Vatican confronted them. Since 1870, when the Italians entered Rome

and established there the capital of United Italy, the Vatican had forbidden faithful Catholics to take part, either as electors or as candidates, in any of the national elections, the fiction being that, were they to go to the polls or to be elected to the Chamber of Deputies, they would thereby recognize the Royal Government which had destroyed the temporal power of the Pope. Then what would become of that other fiction—the Pope's prisonership in the Vatican—which was to prove for thirty years the best-paying asset among the Papal investments? So long as the Curia maintained an irreconcilable attitude towards the Kingdom, it could count on kindling by irritation the sympathy and zeal of Catholics all over the world. In Italy itself many devout Catholics had long protested that, as it was through the acquisition of temporal power that the Church had become worldly and corrupt, so through the loss of temporal power it would regain its spiritual health and efficiency. They urged that the Holy Father could perform his religious functions best if he were not involved in political intrigues and governmental perplexities. No one would assert that Jesus could have better fulfilled his mission if he had been king of Judea; why, then, should the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus, require worldly pomp and power that his Master disdained?

Neither Pius IX nor Leo XIII, however, was open to arguments of this kind. Incidentally it was clear that, if Catholics as such were kept away from the polls, nobody could say precisely just how many they numbered. The Vatican constantly asserted that its adherents were in a majority—a claim which, if true, meant that the Kingdom of Italy rested on a very precarious basis. But other Catholics sincerely deplored the harm which the irreconcilable attitude of the Curia caused to religion. They regretted to see an affair purely political treated as religious; to have the belief in the Pope's temporal power virtually set up as a part of their creed. The Lord's work was waiting to be done; yet they who ought to be foremost in it were handicapped. Other agencies had stepped in ahead of them. The Socialists were making converts by myriads; sceptics and cynics were sowing hatred, not of the Church merely, but of all religion. It was time to abandon "the prisoner-of-the-Vatican" humbug, time to permit zealous Catholics to serve God and their fellow men according to the needs and methods of the present age.

At last, in the autumn of 1905, the new Pope, Pius X, gave the

faithful tacit permission, if he did not officially command them, to take part in the elections. Various motives were assigned for this change of front. Did even the Ultramontanes realize that, since France had repealed the Concordat, they could find their best support in Italy? Or were they driven by the instinct of self-preservation to accept the constitutional government as a bulwark against the incoming tide of Anarchism, Socialism and the other subversive forces? The Church is the most conservative element in Christendom: in a new upheaval it will surely rally to the side of any other element which promises to save society from chaos. These motives have been cited to explain the recent action of the Holy See, but there were high-minded Catholics who liked to think that the controlling reason was religious—that the Pope and his counsellors had at last been persuaded that the old policy of abstention wrought irreparable harm to the religious life of millions of the faithful in Italy.

However this may be, Antonio Fogazzaro's book, filled with the Liberal and Christian spirit, has been eagerly caught up as the mouthpiece of the Christian Democrats, and indeed of all intelligent Catholics in Italy, who have always held that religion and patriotism are not incompatible, and that the Church has most injured itself in prolonging the antagonism. In this respect, "The Saint," like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and similar books which crystallize an entire series of ideals or sum up a crisis, leaped immediately into importance, and seems certain to enjoy, for a long time to come, the prestige that crowns such works. Putting it on the *Index* can only add to its power.

V.

But readers who imagine that this aspect measures the significance of "The Saint" have read the surface only. The probability of restoring friendly relations between Church and State is a matter of concern to everybody in Italy: but of even greater concern are the implications which issue from Signor Fogazzaro's thought. He is an evolutionist; he respects the higher criticism; he knows that religions, like states and secular institutions, have their birth and growth and inevitable decay. So Catholicism must take its course in the human circuit, and expect sooner or later to pass away. This would be the natural deduction to draw from the premise of evolution. Signor Fogazzaro, however, does

not draw it. He conceives that Catholicism contains a final deposit of truth which can neither be superseded, wasted, nor destroyed.

"My friends," says Benedetto, "you say, 'We have reposed in the shade of this tree, but now its bark cracks and dries; the tree will die; let us go in search of other shade.' The tree will not die. If you had ears, you would hear the movement of the new bark forming, which will have its period of life, will crack, will dry in its turn, because another bark shall replace it. The tree does not die, the tree grows."

Through this parable, Signor Fogazzaro reveals his attitude, which, it appears, does not differ from that proposed by many Anglicans and other Protestants towards their respective churches. Herein his Saint takes on the largest significance. He is a religious who constantly praises Reason, and urges his hearers to trust Reason; but who, at a given moment, falls back on Faith, cleaves to Faith, insists that Faith alone brings its own warrant. Hence arise paradoxes, hence contradictions which elude a reasonable solution. For instance, in one discourse Benedetto says:

"The Catholic Church, which proclaims itself the fountain of truth, opposes to-day the search for Truth when it is carried on on its own foundations, on the holy books, on the dogmas, on its asserted infallibility. For us this means that it has no longer faith in itself. The Catholic Church which proclaims itself the minister of Life, to-day shackles and stifles whatever lives youthfully within it, and to-day it props itself on all its decadent and antiquated usages."

Yet a little farther on he exclaims:

"But what sort of faith is yours, if you talk of leaving the Church because certain antiquated doctrines of its heads, certain decrees of the Roman congregations, certain ways in a pontiff's government, offend you? What sort of sons are you who talk of renouncing your mother because she wears a garment which does not please you? Is the mother's heart changed by a garment? When, bowed over her, weeping, you tell your infirmities to Christ and Christ heals you, do you think about the authenticity of a passage in 'St. John,' about the real author of the Fourth Gospel or about the two Isaiahs? When you commune with Christ in the sacrament, do the decrees of the *Index* or the Holy Office disturb you? When, giving yourself up to Mother Church, you enter the shadows of death, is the peace she breathes in you less sweet because a Pope is opposed to Christian Democracy?"

So far, therefore, as Fogazzaro is the spokesman of loyal yet intelligent Catholics, he shows that among them also the process

of theological solution has been going on. Like Protestants who still profess creeds which they do not believe, these intelligent Catholics have to resort to strange devices in order to patch up a truce between their reason and their faith. This insincerity is the blight of the present age. It is far more serious than indifferentism, or than the open mockery of the eighteenth-century philosophers. So long as it lasts, no deep, general religious regeneration will be possible. But Signor Fogazzaro himself is unaware of his ambiguous position; being still many removes from Jowett, the typical Mr. Facing-both-Ways of the epoch.

VI.

These are some of the elements in "The Saint" which testify to its importance; but these would not make it a work of art. And, after all, it is as a work of art that it appeals at the outset to readers, who may care little for its religious purport. In English we have only "John Inglesant" and "Robert Elsmere" to compare it with; but such a comparison, though obviously imperfect, shows at once how easily "The Saint" surpasses them both, not merely by the greater significance of its central theme, but by its subtler psychology, its wider horizon, its more various contacts with life. Benedetto, the Saint, is a new character in fiction, a mingling of St. Francis and Dr. Döllinger, a man of to-day in intelligence, a medieval in faith. Nothing could be finer than the way in which Signor Fogazzaro depicts his zeal, his ecstasies, his visions, his depressions, his doubts; shows the physical and mental reactions; gives us, in a word, a study in religious morbid psychology—for, say what we will, such abnormalities are morbid—without rival in fiction. We follow Benedetto's spiritual fortunes with as much eagerness as if they were a love-story.

And then there is the love-story. Where shall one turn to find another like it? Jeanne seldom appears in the foreground, but we feel from first to last the magnetism of her presence. There is always the possibility that, at sight or thought of her, Benedetto may be swept back from his ascetic vows to the life of passion. Their first meeting in the monastery chapel is a masterpiece of dramatic climax, and Benedetto's temptation in her carriage, after the feverish interview with the cabinet officer, is a marvel of psychological subtlety. Both scenes illustrate Signor Fogazzaro's power to achieve the highest artistic results without

exaggeration. This naturalness is the more remarkable because the character of a saint is unnatural, according to our modern point of view. We have a healthy distrust of ascetics, whose anxiety over their soul's condition we properly regard as a form of egotism; and we know how easily the unco guid become prigs. Fogazzaro's hero is neither an egotist of the ordinary cloister variety, nor a prig. That our sympathy goes out to Jeanne and not to him shows that we instinctively resent seeing the deepest human cravings sacrificed to sacerdotal prescriptions.

Why did Signor Fogazzaro, in choosing his hero, revert to that outworn type? He knows very clearly how many of the Catholic practices are what he calls "ossified organisms." Why did he set up a lay monk as a model for twentieth-century Christians who long to devote their lives to uplifting their fellow men? Did he not note the artificiality of asceticism—the waste of energy that comes with fasts, and mortification of the flesh, and morbidly pious excitement? When asked these questions by his followers, he replied that he did not mean to preach asceticism as a rule for all; but that in individual cases, like Benedetto's, for instance, it was a psychological necessity. Herein Signor Fogazzaro certainly discloses his profound knowledge of the Italian heart—of that heart from which in its early medieval vigor sprang the Roman religion, with its message of renunciation. Even the Renaissance, and the subsequent period of scepticism, have not blotted out those tendencies that date back more than a thousand years: so that to-day, if an Italian is engulfed in a passion of self-sacrifice, he naturally thinks first of asceticism as the method. Among Northern races a similar religious experience does not suggest hair shirts and debilitating pious orgies, except among Puseyites and similar survivals from a different epoch; it suggests active work, like that of General Booth of the Salvation Army.

No one can gainsay, however, the superb artistic effects which Signor Fogazzaro attains through his Saint's varied experiences. He causes to pass before you all classes of society, from the poorest peasant of the Subiaco hills, to duchesses and the Pope himself,—some incredulous, some mocking, some devout, some hesitating, some spellbound,—in the presence of a holy man. The fashionable ladies wish to take him up and make a lion of him; the superstitious kiss the hem of his garment and believe that

he can work miracles, or, in a sudden revulsion, they jeer him and drive him away with stones. And what a panorama of ecclesiastical life in Italy! What a collection of priests and monks and prelates, and with what inevitableness one after another turns the cold shoulder on the volunteer who dares to assert that the test of religion is conduct? There is an air of mystery, of intrigue, of secret messages passing to and fro—the atmosphere of craft which has hung round the ecclesiastical institution so many, many centuries. Few scenes in modern romance can match Benedetto's interview with the Pope—the pathetic figure who, you feel, is in sad truth a prisoner, not of the Italian Government, but of the crafty, able, remorseless cabal of cardinals, who surround him, dog him with eavesdroppers, edit his briefs, check his benign impulses, and effectually prevent the truth from penetrating to his lonely study. Benedetto's appeal to the Pope to heal the four wounds from which the Church is languishing is a model of impassioned argument. The four wounds, be it noted, are "the spirit of falsehood," "the spirit of clerical domination," "the spirit of avarice," and "the spirit of immobility." The Pope replies in a tone of resignation; he does not disguise his powerlessness; he hopes to meet Benedetto again—in heaven!

To Signor Fogazzaro belongs the gift of the masters which enables him to rise without effort to the level of the tragic crises. He has also a vein of humor, without which such a theme as his could hardly be successfully handled. And although there is, by measure, much serious talk, yet so skilfully does he bring in minor characters, with their transient side-lights, that the total impression is that of a book in which much happens. No realist could exceed the fidelity with which Signor Fogazzaro outlines a landscape, or fixes a passing scene; yet, being an idealist through and through, he has produced a masterpiece in which the imagination is sovereign.

Such a book, sprung from "no vain or shallow thought," holding in solution the hopes of many earnest souls, spreading before us the mighty spiritual conflict between Medievalism still triumphant and the young undaunted Powers of Light, showing us with wonderful lifelikeness the tragedy of man's baffled endeavor to establish the Kingdom of God on earth, and of woman's unquenchable love, is a great fact in the world-literature of our time.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE SHERMAN ANTI-TRUST LAW

Why it has Failed and Why it Should be Amended.

BY CHARLES G. DAWES, FORMERLY COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law makes criminal "every contract, combination, etc., in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States or with foreign nations."

In its present form, during the sixteen years that have elapsed since its passage, it has proved a failure. If it is to be useful hereafter, it must be made to define what kind of agreements in restraint of trade are illegal, and to exempt from its provisions those trade agreements which, while they may be in restraint of trade, operate either for the public welfare or at least in a manner not injurious to it. This is the day of the trade agreement. We see all over the country, in different lines of business, district, city, State and national associations of business men, formed for mutual protection and for the arranging of what might be termed the rules of trade. The business community already knows that there are certain agreements in restraint of trade which keep alive competition, and that are aimed at keeping it alive. They seek to substitute, among business men, the "live-and-let-live" policy for the policy of unrestrained competition. Most of the evils against which we cry are the outgrowth of unrestrained and unregulated competition. There is much complaint at times that a large corporation will sell below cost in a particular locality in order to destroy the local competitor, and thus enable it later to exercise a monopoly. An agreement among competitors, therefore, not to sell below cost may, in some instances, be of public benefit, as preserving a larger area of reasonable competition.

Of course, it may not be thus beneficial, but the point we wish

to make is that a trade agreement, whether it relates to prices or otherwise, is not of necessity criminal; that it may have either a good or a bad purpose; that it may simply preserve private rights and privileges of trade not detrimental to the public, and that, therefore, the Sherman Antitrust Law should not make criminal, as it now does, all agreements in restraint of trade. A law should no more assume that a trade agreement is criminal than the law assumes any individual guilty before trial.

Public policy, so far from indiscriminately making all such agreements guilty, should encourage any contract in restraint of trade which has for its object the maintenance of high standards in manufactured products, the abolition of deception in sales, the prevention of undue collections of perishable merchandise—like meats and fruits—at points where the demand cannot possibly equal the supply, so that a loss and waste are the results. It should discountenance any contract which has for its purpose the extorting of an unreasonable price.

As the law stands at present, it is subject to the following objections:

(1) As its principal section makes criminal, without further definition, an agreement in restraint of trade, it leaves to judicial determination the definition of the crime, and it has not yet been defined, but will only be defined as each case arises. The business community is therefore left in doubt as to what may constitute a crime under the law.

(2) It makes no distinction between those agreements in restraint of trade which are beneficial to the public and those which are detrimental. An agreement among competitors, for instance, to sell only pure, as distinguished from adulterated, goods is presumably as criminal under its provisions as one designed solely to extort unreasonable prices.

(3) Being indefinite in its definition of the crime and introducing into business an element of doubt and uncertainty as to trade agreements, it operates to the disadvantage of the scrupulous business man and in favor of the unscrupulous business man.

(4) The fact that trade agreements beneficial to the public, as well as those which are injurious, may alike be criminal under its provisions discourages the formation of good trade agreements and encourages the formation of evil ones. The first, because scrupulous men desire to take no risks with the law; the second,

because to unscrupulous men the risk of prosecution is less, since to include under any law good and bad acts as equally criminal inevitably discourages its enforcement.

(5) The general prosecution of our leading business men for that which may not be inherently criminal or opposed to public policy, which this law makes possible, would tend to have one of two results—it might lead them either to sell out their business as a whole to men willing to take risks with the law, which would be a public injury, or it might lead them to subdivide their business and sell it out to smaller concerns, thus lessening the economies of production and distribution, which would be a step backward in our commercial evolution and a public injury.

(6) The enforcement of this law, giving, necessarily, through its general terms, such wide latitude and discretion to executive officers in their right to proceed against corporations and individuals, is bound to create the appearance at least of favoritism in its application, and to result in lack of uniformity in the treatment of cases arising under it.

Without any intention of reflecting upon the rightful purpose of the Department of Justice in recent actions under the law, a few statements regarding them may illustrate this last point. In the Northern Securities case, a limited action was taken against the corporation only, and no attempt was made to hold the officers criminally. In the cases against the packers, the effort was made to hold them criminally liable. In this latter case, the Government found itself in the attitude of announcing through one Department, after a thorough investigation, that the business was not a monopoly and that its profits were reasonable, and seeking at the same time, through another Department, to put its owners in jail as public malefactors. The Northern Securities case was so presented to the courts that the reinstatement of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, as a competitor of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways, was not involved in the decree. The decision did not affect the $215,000,000 Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway joint four-per-cent. bonds, guaranteed by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways, and secured by the deposit of the bulk of the capital stock of the Chicago, Burligton & Quincy Railroad Company, which had been purchased by the other two roads. Thus it did not interfere with the device by which the operation was chiefly financed and the voting con-

trol of the competing Burlington road assured to the Northern Securities Company. As a consequence, when the Northern Securities Company was dissolved by the decision, the same interests remained in control of the railway situation in the Northwest, having that control represented by two separate stock certificates instead of by the single Northern Securities stock certificates as formerly.

We are not criticising the Department for not attacking the interests of the thousands of innocent holders of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway joint four-per-cent. bonds, and not attempting to compel them to submit to a change in their security. But from the beginning there was no hope that the Northern Securities case could have much practical effect, unless the final decision could scatter the stock control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company. This, it seems, could not equitably be done. The debenture bondholders had practically furnished the money to pay for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad stock deposited as part security for their bonds, and under this plan had in effect also exchanged the voting power of the stock for the additional security afforded by the joint guaranty by the other two roads of the principal and interest of their bonds.

In this case the Department of Justice could not see its way clear to demand the full logical penalty either from the corporation or the individuals. If it had done so, it would probably have wrought more evil than good. As it was, it accomplished practically nothing. "The Saturday Evening Post," on July 15th, 1905, in commenting editorially on the "End of the Northern Securities," said:

> "A year hence, in all human probability, no patron of the Northern Pacific or Great Northern will know, save as a matter of history, that the Government won its great antimerger suit—any more than thousands of patrons of other combinations are now able to tell that those combinations have been solemnly banned by the law. In any undertaking the most important beginning is to find out what can and what cannot be done."

Certainly, some law, other than the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, is needed to deal with such situations as that presented by the Northern Securities case. And such a law should certainly provide for the determination, first, as to whether or not, as a matter

of fact, the consolidation worked, or would work, harm or benefit to the people of the section of the country affected. Then, if it was decided to be harmful, the remedy should be in the nature of an effort to restore the former conditions of competition. If it was decided not to be injurious, then the Government should, under the law, sanction it. Other instances could be given which with these cited indicate the impracticability of the Government's following any consistent course of procedure under such an indefinite law. How could uniformity of action be expected under a law which includes in its general condemnation that which is inherently innocent as well as that which is inherently guilty?

As a matter of experience, we know in this country that no law is tolerable if enforced, or useful if unenforced, which designates good and bad acts as alike criminal.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, in order to get at bad agreements in restraint of trade, makes all such agreements criminal. As some one has said: "It is like putting the whole community in the pest-house because some members of it have the smallpox."

Ill-considered and ill-advised legislation is worse than no legislation at all. Every unenforced and unenforceable law undermines proper respect for law.

In July, 1890, when the culminating years of a period of great prosperity had turned the mind of the public to questions relating rather to the distribution than the creating of wealth—a period of public disquietude like the present—the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed in response to an excited public demand. Because of its inherent defects, this law became practically a dead letter until recently, when an effort has been made to use it in response to a recurrence of public protest against corporate abuses. It seems to us very unfortunate that now, when the public interest in such questions is fully aroused, we do not have greater efforts on the part of our leaders to create wise public sentiment in favor of proper legislation regulating general corporations; and that, so far as the trust question is concerned, the chief endeavor to satisfy the public mind is made through selected civil and criminal cases under the defective Sherman law.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law should cease to be a fetish to so many public men. The assertion that "not new laws, but present laws enforced, will cure our corporate abuses" should not pass unchallenged. In times of strong public feeling like the present,

public men are prone to take up popular legislation, and generally, but not always, popular legislation is needed legislation. Men seek to be known as advocating rate legislation, for instance, because it is popular. But, where a reform must be secured by the correction of over-radicalism in an ineffective existing law, like the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and the advocacy of the change will bring from the radicals of the country castigation instead of applause, public men act with caution and the *status quo* generally prevails. Let us hope that, before this period of general interest in corporation questions is passed, the question of the amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law will be taken up by Congress, and the law made more practical and enforceable by the clearer definition of what shall constitute illegality in trade agreements, and by the exemption from its provisions of such agreements in restraint of trade as are not injurious to the public.

The remarks of Marshall M. Kirkman, in his recent volume, "The Basis of Railway Rates," apply not only to the current discussion of that problem, but to corporations and corporation laws as well. He says:

"Exaggerations in discussions affecting corporations, whether on the part of managers or the public, is to be deplored in the interests of a right solution of the myriad questions of a public nature concerning them. Too much bitterness is shown in the controversy; too many things are being said having the air of private rancor, of personal feeling. Sharp phrases are being coined on both sides without much regard to the facts, all having a tendency to prevent calm consideration and an equitable adjustment of the matter. From whatever point of view the question is considered, it is never merely a question of silencing an opponent or influencing public opinion, but always of having the matter settled fairly, according to the rights of all concerned."

CHARLES G. DAWES.

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' TARIFF CAMPAIGN.

BY WATSON GRIFFIN.

MR. EDWARD PORRITT'S article, "Canada's Tariff Mood toward the United States," published in the April number of this REVIEW, gravely misrepresented the attitude of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association on the tariff question. Again and again throughout his article, Mr. Porritt reiterates his declaration that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is opposed to the British preference, and that it demands a tariff exactly similar to the Dingley tariff in every detail.

The attitude of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association toward both the United States and Britain has been very frequently misrepresented by opponents of tariff reform in Canada and England, but it is doubtful if any writer ever wandered so far from the facts in this regard as Mr. Porritt. The views of the Association were clearly set forth in the recommendations made by the Tariff Committee at the annual meeting in September, 1903, and adopted by the Association after full discussion. The attendance was very large, and the meeting was practically unanimous, only one member dissenting. The resolutions were as follows:

"(1) That we reaffirm the tariff resolution passed at the last annual meeting in Halifax, as follows: 'Resolved, That in the opinion of this Association, the changed conditions which now obtain in Canada demand the immediate and thorough revision of the tariff, upon lines which will more effectually transfer to the workshops of our Dominion the manufacture of many of the goods which we now import from other countries; that, in any such revision, the interests of all sections of the community, whether of agriculture, mining, fishing or manufacturing, should be fully considered, with a view, not only to the preservation, but to the further development, of all these great natural industries; that,

while such a tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should nevertheless give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, and also to any other part of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged, recognizing always that under any conditions the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers.' (2) That, except in very special cases, we are opposed to the granting of bounties in Canada as a substitute for a policy of reasonable and permanent protection. (3) That we are strongly opposed to any reciprocity treaty with the United States affecting the manufacturing industries of Canada. (4) We recommend that the Dominion Government establish in Canada a permanent tariff commission of experts, who shall have constant supervision of tariff policy and changes, and shall follow closely the workings of the Canadian tariff, with a view to making such recommendations to the Government as will best conserve and advance the interests of the Dominion."

These resolutions were reaffirmed at the annual conventions in 1904 and 1905, meeting with no opposition. It will be noted that, instead of condemning the British preference, the Association emphatically recommended a substantial preference to the Mother Country and any other country of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged.

Mr. George E. Drummond, who was for the year 1903-4 president of both the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Montreal Board of Trade, in the course of an address at the banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Toronto, on November 19th, 1903, referring to the tariff question, said:

"The policy of the age is protection to home industries and enterprises. This is well evidenced by the agitation taking place in England at present. In so far as our home market, Canada, is concerned, we also must adopt the same measures as our rivals, and in adopting such measures must make them thoroughly efficient. With regard to the Mother Country, while, in the opinion of this Association, our customs tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should, nevertheless, we think, give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, and also to any other part of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged, recognizing always that under any conditions our minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers. We favor an immediate revision of the present Canadian customs tariff, and the adoption: (1) Of a general tariff, framed especially to meet Canadian conditions, based in principle upon and approximating to that now in force in the United States, a tariff that shall protect Canadian industries and pursuits as efficiently as the tariff of the United States protects the industries of that country. It is not intended that the Canadian tariff shall be, item for item, the same

as that of the United States. *Canadian conditions must be taken into consideration in regard to every individual item;* (2) We favor a policy of reciprocal preferential trade within the British Empire, whereby, through readjustment of their respective fiscal systems, the United Kingdom and her colonies will each grant to the products of the other a substantial preference against the products of foreign countries."

Mr. W. K. McNaught, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the Association, being interviewed regarding this utterance of Mr. Drummond, expressed himself as entirely in accord with it, and added:

"Canada does not want the United States tariff pure and simple, but a tariff which will protect Canadian industries of all kinds as fully as the United States tariff does those of the United States. We want a national tariff, framed from a Canadian standpoint for Canadian needs."

These views have been repeatedly endorsed by speakers at the banquets of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at the business centres throughout the country during the last three years, and have always been heartily applauded. No speaker at any of these banquets has ever condemned the principle of the British preference, but many speakers have commended it; and, whenever the name of Mr. Chamberlain has been mentioned, it has been greeted with applause so general, so spontaneous, so hearty, that there can be no doubt that the great majority of the members of the Association are in sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's policy as they understand it.

On the day when Mr. Chamberlain resigned from the British Cabinet for the purpose of carrying on a vigorous campaign in favor of Imperial Preferential Trade, the thirty-second annual convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association was in session at Toronto; and Mr. Robert Munro, one of the ex-presidents of the Association, after calling attention to the cable despatch announcing Mr. Chamberlain's resignation, moved that the following message be cabled to Mr. Chamberlain:

"The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, London, England.—The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in convention assembled, desire to express our deep regret that your withdrawal from the British Cabinet has been rendered necessary. This Association has followed your proposals with the greatest solicitude, and hopes your efforts to adapt Great Britain's fiscal policy to existing conditions will continue to be vigorously prosecuted."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. George E. Drummond; and, after some discussion, a standing vote was taken and the motion was declared carried, only one member voting against it.

If Canadian manufacturers in general believed that Mr. Chamberlain proposed to destroy colonial industries for the benefit of British manufacturers, they would not endorse his policy; but they do not so understand his proposals. They believe that, when the colonies and the Mother Country come together in negotiation, a fiscal policy can be arranged which will be mutually advantageous and much fairer to Canada than the one-sided preference which now exists.

But, while the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has emphatically endorsed the principle of Imperial Preferential Trade, some of the items of the Canadian preferential tariff as it now exists have been freely criticised, on the ground that certain Canadian industries are not sufficiently protected against the competition of British manufacturers who have the advantage of cheaper labor and lower rates of interest. The remedy proposed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is, not to abolish the British preference or even reduce the percentage of preference, but to raise the general tariff so high that, when the preference is allowed, the minimum tariff will be high enough to offset the greater cost of labor and the higher rates of interest, thus placing the Canadian manufacturer on an equality with his British competitor. It would be possible in accordance with this plan to even increase the percentage of preference, although this would involve prohibitory rates on some classes of foreign products. During the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1905, the average *ad valorem* rate on dutiable articles entered for consumption in Canada under the general tariff was 31.01 per cent.; the average duty on articles entered under the surtax tariff on German goods for consumption in Canada was 37.22 per cent., while the average *ad valorem* rate on dutiable articles imported into Canada for consumption under the preferential tariff in favor of British products was 19.79 per cent. The average *ad valorem* rate of duty on dutiable articles entered for consumption in the United States during the same period was 45.24 per cent. If the plan proposed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and approved almost unanimously by its members, is adopted, the Canadian tariff against British goods will be higher on the average

than the present tariff against British goods, but it will be very much lower than the tariff which the United States imposes on British goods. It will be even lower than the Wilson-Gorman tariff passed by a Democratic Congress of the United States during the Cleveland administration. The effect of thus increasing the duties on foreign products must be to largely divert our external trade into British channels; and, while our purchases from Britain may be less per head of population than at present, our total imports from the United Kingdom will greatly increase, owing to the rapid growth of population under a system of adequate protection. Under the present system, we buy what we do not produce in Canada chiefly from foreign countries, and the United States is getting a larger share of our trade every year without giving us a fair return. Under the system proposed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, what we cannot produce in Canada will be imported chiefly from countries of the British Empire. Canadian manufacturers in general believe that it should be our first aim to give work to those British citizens who are within the borders of our own Dominion; but, when we have to go abroad to supply our wants, as we must always do to a great extent, we should give our fellow citizens in other countries of the Empire a preference over foreigners. They say that, if the people of the United Kingdom will in return buy from the colonies, so far as possible, those things which they may find it necessary to get abroad, all parts of the Empire will be benefited.

Mr. W. K. George, who was president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in 1904-5, speaking at a banquet of the Canadian Industrial League in Halifax, in February, 1905, said:

"Our Association has been criticised extensively on account of the stand which we have taken in regard to Imperial Preferential Trade, and we have been charged with insincerity because we have advocated preferential trade on the basis that the minimum tariff should be protective to Canadian industries. We will stand by that declaration, and we contend that it is no visionary proposition. Any other basis would be injurious to Canada, and not only injurious to Canada, but for that very reason detrimental to the ultimate progress of the Empire. We believe that the greater and more prosperous Canada becomes, the better it is for the Empire. Our critics base their conclusion on the false assumption that adequate protection to home industries prohibits all importation. Gentlemen, I ask you to look to our nearest neighbor, the

United States, for a convincing proof that such is not the case. In spite of their extremely high tariff, they are still importing hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods. And so it would be with Canada; and, as our country grows in population and in wealth, so would this commerce, and we wish to turn it as far as possible into British channels. We want to make in Canada everything that we possibly can, and what we must import we want to purchase from our own family, rather than from strangers. A newspaper published in Birmingham, England, has given a somewhat concise idea of our conception of a preferential tariff which will be beneficial to Britain without being detrimental to the advancement and development of Canada. The Birmingham paper said: 'Canada spends millions of pounds on imported articles from foreign countries, chiefly the United States. She wants to raise her present high tariff against the United States still further, and, so far as possible, make Canada, when she must buy from outside the Dominion, buy from Great Britain.' There is one thing in this statement of the Birmingham paper that I would criticise. It refers to our present tariff against the United States as a high tariff. As a matter of fact, compared with the tariff which the United States imposes on Canadian goods, it is very low, and some articles are on the free list which could be made just as well in Britain or in Canada itself."

During the summer of 1904, Mr. George E. Drummond, then President of the Association, visited England and explained to Mr. Chamberlain and other leaders of tariff reform in Britain the attitude of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He pointed out that Canadian manufacturers would never consent to any arrangement which would mean the sacrifice of their industries, but that they would support, with all their might and influence, a readjustment of the tariff which would divert into British channels a great part of the trade which Canada does with foreign countries. Mr. Chamberlain assured Mr. Drummond that he did not wish Canadian manufacturers to make any sacrifice. As a result of Mr. Drummond's visit, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association received an invitation from the London Chamber of Commerce to visit England in a body; and, although the great majority of members were unable to avail themselves of the invitation, about three hundred delegates of the Association went over to England in June, 1905, under the leadership of President W. K. George and Mr. W. K. McNaught, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the Association. They visited most of the great industrial centres of the United Kingdom, and everywhere they went they received a splendid welcome from the captains of commerce and industry. At the many banquets in Britain

where Mr. W. K. George and Mr. W. K. McNaught were called upon to speak, they expounded the policy of the Association as clearly and frankly as they had previously done in Canada; and that policy was accepted by the Tariff Reform leaders of Britain as being necessary for Canada and consistent with their own proposals for mutual preferential trade. Mr. Chamberlain undoubtedly hopes that there may ultimately be free trade within the British Empire, with protection against foreign countries; but he realizes that this is not practicable at present, and he holds that Britain should respond to Canada's advances and endeavor to arrive at an arrangement which, while injuring no colonial industry, will greatly increase the trade between the Mother Country and the daughter nations.

On the 5th of December, 1905, when the Canadian Tariff Commission was in session at Winnipeg, a deputation of about thirty members of the Winnipeg Branch of the Association appeared before the Commissioners. They were introduced by Mr. L. C. McIntyre, Manitoba Vice-President of the Association, who said:

"Our main purpose in coming here to-day is to express our belief in a reasonable increase in the general protective tariff, as a means of building up varied industries in Canada, affording employment for all classes of our citizens and creating a home market for our farmers, while at the same time giving a preference to goods of British manufacture. There is a mistaken notion in the East, that the West must always be a purely agricultural community. We believe that the natural resources of the West are such that it may have interests as varied as those in the East. It will take time to establish them; but, the higher the tariff against the United States is made, the more quickly will industries of all kinds be established in the West. We believe that the people in the Canadian West should do their own manufacturing so far as possible; but, when we cannot get what we want right here at home, we think that our fellow Canadians in Eastern Canada, who are helping us in building up and developing the West, should get a preference over all outsiders. If we cannot get what we want either in the Canadian West, or in Eastern Canada, we should then seek what we want in Britain, in preference to foreign countries. We do not pretend to advise the Commission how high the tariff should be, but it should be high enough to cause many of the great manufacturing companies of the United States, who are now selling large quantities of goods in Canada, to establish branch factories in this country. If the Government will do this much, we think the cities and towns of the Canadian West will be able to convince American capitalists that a good many of the branch factories should be located west of Lake Superior."

Other manufacturers present followed, supporting Mr. McIntyre's address. Not a word was said against the British preference. Yet Mr. Porritt declares that the Canadian manufacturers hammered at the British preference unmercifully at every session of the Commission.

At almost every place which the Canadian Tariff Commission visited, members of the Association laid their grievances before the Commissioners; and, while the complaint of most of them was that they had not sufficient protection against their American competitors, in some cases the preferential tariff now in force was criticised as affording insufficient protection to certain industries. But such criticisms were not inconsistent with the preferential policy of the Association, which requires that the minimum tariff shall be sufficiently high to afford adequate protection to all Canadian industries. At the final session of the Tariff Commission, which was held in Ottawa, a deputation from the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, led by Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, President of the Association for 1905-6, Mr. W. K. George, Mr. W. K. McNaught and Mr. R. J. Young presented an official memorial. One of the paragraphs in this memorial read as follows:

"You have heard the individual requests of many of the members of this Association in various parts of the Dominion. We desire now merely to indicate the general direction of the changes which we think necessary. To express our views in a single sentence, we desire to make in Canada everything which can reasonably be manufactured here, and to buy our surplus requirements, so far as it is reasonable to do so, from British sources. To this end, we desire a higher tariff than we now have against all foreign countries. While we do not favor any discrimination against the United States as compared with other foreign countries, yet the proximity of the great Republic, with its gigantic combinations of capital, its keen business men and its constant surplus production, subject the manufacturers of Canada to competition which, unless properly safeguarded, means certain ruin. Moreover, it has become evident that United States manufacturers, instead of resenting proposed increases in our tariff, will establish branch factories in Canada as soon as the Canadian tariff is sufficiently high to warrant them in doing so. We desire reasonable competition with the industries of Great Britain and the other portions of the Empire—that is, we desire a tariff against these countries which will equalize for the Canadian manufacturer the disadvantages under which he works in the higher cost of labor, capital, machinery, etc.—a tariff which will enable him to at least compete on equal terms in his home market with the manufacturers of Great Britain. We favor the offer of a substantial preference to the

other portions of the Empire, but we are strongly opposed to any policy which will prevent or limit the development of our own resources. In regard to the proposed policy of maximum, minimum and preferential tariff, we have only to say that, so long as it encourages Canadian enterprise to make everything we can at home, and to buy our surplus requirements as far as possible from British sources, we believe it to be in the best interests of the Canadian people. If, however, such a policy should ultimately result in extending the minimum tariff to the United States, we are absolutely opposed to it."

Mr. Porritt, apparently, regarded this as an assault on Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, but "The Times" and several other British newspapers commended it as supporting Mr. Chamberlain's views.

Since the close of the sessions of the Canadian Tariff Commission, the executive council of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has passed a resolution calling upon the Government to restrict the British preference to goods imported directly through Canadian ports. If the manufacturers are so bitterly opposed to the preference as Mr. Porritt represents, why does not the Association ask for its abolition, instead of demanding that the ports of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces be allowed to get the full benefit of it?

The attitude of the Canadian manufacturers has been clearly stated from first to last, and is well known to British advocates of Preferential Trade. The views of Canadian manufacturers were forcibly stated by Mr. W. K. McNaught, chairman of the Tariff Committee of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in a letter to Mr. Chamberlain some time ago. Mr. McNaught said:

"I can assure you that, as a rule, the Canadian manufacturers are heartily in sympathy with preferential trade throughout the Empire; and, although they are desirous of building up Canada by protecting Canadian industries, even against the Mother Country, they are also equally desirous of helping British manufacturers by transferring to them as much of our trade as possible which is now being done by foreign countries. I am satisfied from what I know of Canadian conditions that a Canadian tariff could be framed by experts which would not only protect Canadian industries, but bring about a large increase of trade between Canada and the Mother Country. In other words, while Canadian manufacturers want to make all the goods they can they prefer that what they cannot make shall be supplied us by our kinsmen in Great Britain, rather than the artisans of any foreign nation."

In reply to this, Mr. Chamberlain wrote to Mr. McNaught as follows:

"I have noted with great satisfaction the general patriotic spirit in which the manufacturers of Canada have received the proposals for preferential trade, and I entirely agree with them that a tariff can be easily framed which will not interfere with the development of Canadian industries, but will, nevertheless, leave open the way for a great increase of trade between her and the Mother Country."

Thus it will be seen that the policy of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has been endorsed by Mr. Chamberlain himself. Mr. F. H. Medhurst, a member of the Executive Board of the British Tariff Reform League, speaking at a banquet of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Montreal on September 22nd, 1904, said:

"Mr. Chamberlain's view of the matter is this. He is no theorist, but a practical man; he looks around and sees, in spite of your protection, in spite of the protection of America, in spite of the protection of Germany and France and Belgium, that all these countries do import manufactured goods; he thought, if you cannot at present meet the whole of the demand for the commodities you require, it would be better for you, aye, and better for us, that you should get those commodities which you do not or cannot produce at the moment from some portion of the British Empire, rather than that you should purchase them from your commercial, and, if opportunity were offered, from your very material rivals and opponents, either to the south of this border-line or in some other foreign country. . . . Gentlemen, this is the policy of Mr Chamberlain, not to do anything that can hinder the development either of the Colonies or of the Mother Country, but to do what we can so that the deficiencies of the various parts of the Empire may be met by the other portions of it."

It is evident that the great aim of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is to secure a higher tariff against the United States, but this is not inspired by hostility to the American people. Indeed, some of the most earnest advocates of this policy are Americans who have established industries in Canada. They argue that the same policy which has made the United States a great and prosperous nation should be adopted to make Canada great. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association has never advocated a policy of retaliation against the United States. On the contrary, the Association has urged that the Canadian tariff should not in any

way depend upon the action of the United States Congress, and that any offers of reciprocity from the United States that would limit the protection afforded Canadian manufacturers should be rejected, not because of antagonism to the Americans, but because such an arrangement would retard the development of Canada. It is true that the campaign literature of the Canadian manufacturers called attention to the unfair trade relations existing between Canada and the United States. It was shown that, during the fiscal year 1904, owing to the fact that Canadian products were almost excluded from the United States by a high tariff while the Canadian tariff on American products was comparatively low, the Americans per head of population bought from Canada only sixty-one cents' worth of merchandise, whereas Canadians per head of population bought from the United States for consumption over $25.51 worth of merchandise, so that one Canadian bought in the United States more than forty-one Americans bought in Canada. But it was argued that Canadians, instead of complaining about the high tariff of the United States, which they could not alter, should follow the example of the Americans and, by giving adequate protection to home industries, develop a home market which would make them independent of the United States. It was urged that Canadians had no right to object to any tariff which the United States Congress deemed to be in the interest of the American people, and that the Americans, on the other hand, would have no reason to complain no matter how high the Canadian tariff might be made. That is a very different thing from making "retaliation against the United States at every possible point" the slogan of the Association. The real slogan of the Association has been: "Keep your money in circulation at home by buying goods made in Canada: when you can't get what you want at home, buy within the British Empire." The manufacturers did advise the Government to study the Dingley tariff, but not with a view to adopting a retaliatory tariff, nor for the purpose of copying it exactly regardless of Canadian conditions, but simply on the ground that Canadian statesmen would do well to take advantage of the long experience of American statesmen in framing tariffs to suit conditions very similar to our own. It was pointed out that this experience would be peculiarly useful in considering the tariff relation of what are known as primary and secondary industries,

because the people of the United States recognize the necessity of giving the primary industries adequate protection without injury to the secondary industries that use the products of the primary industries as materials in manufacturing more highly finished products; and it was argued that the experience of American tariff-makers in arranging tariff schedules to harmonize the interests of the varied industries of their country would be invaluable to Canadian statesmen. The opponents of tariff reform in Canada, being unable to answer the real arguments of Canadian manufacturers, set up a man of straw, pretending that the manufacturers wanted a tariff precisely the same, item for item, as that of the United States. They would take up some item in the United States tariff, show that it would not suit Canadian conditions and then claim that the demand for tariff reform was ridiculous. But no one in Canada ever advocated the adoption of a tariff precisely the same as that of the United States. The advocates of tariff revision simply urged the Government to adopt the American principle of giving adequate protection to every industry that can be economically conducted in the country, taking Canadian conditions into consideration in every case.

In advocating a substantial preference in favor of the United Kingdom, Canadian manufacturers are not influenced entirely by sentiment, although that counts for much, but in the majority of lines the competition of American manufacturers affects them much more seriously than that of British manufacturers. Then Canadian railways, heavily subsidized by the Government, run east and west, not north and south; any diversion of trade from American into Canadian or British channels would increase their traffic as well as that of Canadian steamship lines, and with increased traffic the transportation companies can afford to give cheaper rates. Mr. Porritt himself said something like this in advocating a continuance of the preference, and in doing so he appropriated an argument often used by Canadian manufacturers.

WATSON GRIFFIN.

THE HARMLESS NECESSARY TRUTH.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.

"You get nothing for nothing, and deuced little for a ha'penny."
"*Plus çà change, plus c'est le même chose.*"

HERE are two old hard-hearted aphorisms that seem pretty close to impertinence just now, when we are all busy looking for an economic Philosopher's Stone that will transmute the sharp flints of life's way into unlimited and universal pocket-money.

It would appear from all visible signs that Socialism is to be the formula most likely to be used in compounding this extremely desirable solvent. Each century tries some new prescription for universal happiness, and each is cocksure of having at last discovered the real panacea; but posterity invariably flings the vaunted remedy out-of-doors in disgust, and begins all over again with a brand-new plan.

That essential and cynical wisdom to be found embedded in so many nursery rhymes pictured this whole situation long since:

"Jenny Wren fell sick, and Jenny Wren did die;
The doctors vowed they'd cure her, or know the reason why.

. . . . . .

"'I can certainly cure her,' said sly Doctor Fox,
'If she'll take but one pill from out of *my* box."

The medical dispute among the feathered experts grew, finally, so violent that Jenny's gallant spouse became enraged:

"Seizing a stick he banged them about:"

and Jenny, like a sensible little fowl, abandoned nostrums, recovered from the serious complaint of death, and returned to her domestic duties.

Every student of history will compare with interest the whirling words now darkening the air, with the outcries that stunned the ears of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Every indictment brought forth to-day against our social and political conditions sounds to the thoughtful reader like an unblushing plagiarism from the very letter of the charges which shook the political world of Europe a hundred years ago. All the process smacks of wearisome iteration. A hundred years ago, young gentlemen of wealth heard with intoxication, as does Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, the plaudits of the mob acclaiming the enunciation of their exquisite sympathy with the "have-nots." Warm-hearted young writers, like Mr. Jack London and Mr. Upton Sinclair, moved by the wretchedness of the unsuccessful, straightway set about discovering a universal remedy for such distressing possibilities. And these generous, high-hearted ancestors of ours could prove with equal irrefutability that such hideous sorrows were entirely unnecessary and easily curable. Democracy was so adorably logical. Socialism lacks an equal exactness of demonstrability. Every man had equal rights: permit him to use those rights; certain quotient, equal happiness. Two and two making four was far more open to doubt.

Well, we have tried it; and, however often we do that sum, the result works out unsatisfactorily.

Let us try again in a different way. "To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability." There's a pleasant haziness and breadth about *that!* No mathematics needed there.

Ha! you plaguey strong ones, will you insist upon getting out on top and grabbing all the good things? Well, we'll show you! We will put on death duties that will cut off your hopes of founding a great and powerful family. We will even pass laws to say how much you may accumulate in your own lifetime; we will cut off the avenues through which you could possibly obtain more than your share, by turning all property over to the general fund.

It is all so pathetically generous, and so pathetically old. The early Christians worked out precisely the same scheme, and in a generation it had crumbled into ashes.

The real difficulty is not with the strong. The strong can always be controlled; but who can control the weak? By their inevitable tendency to lean against one another, they force the strong out from among them and up on top. Demagogues they *will* have, and these demagogues—often the very same who generously cried out for a change—finding themselves squeezed out aloft, try to lead the multitude to the waters of reason and

find to their dejected amazement that the obstinate creatures decline to drink. Then it becomes necessary, they find, "to control the people for the people's good," and the whole system of government and inequality begins to revolve again on its old axis.

An experiment with Socialism will probably be tried in the near future. The drift toward a new social formula is so general and so strong that, doubtless, no one could now turn it back. The surest potent of this is that the most ambitious men in our public life are hastening to put themselves in the forefront of the rising tide. Their political *flair* enables them to foresee that their future will depend upon leading the movement rather than opposing it.

The conservatives, however—amid whom there is growing a wide, if still speechless, uneasiness—need not be too much alarmed. "The more things change the more they will remain the same thing." In spite of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease in the ten-cent magazines, the rich are not really growing richer and the poor poorer, as they are so fond of asserting. Not in America, at least, and it is doubtful if it be true elsewhere. An increase of $94,000,000 in the deposits in the savings-banks during the past year proves that the poor too are growing richer, for the number of the depositors increased by 400,000, and the deposits were almost without exception made by those who were able to set aside earnings above their daily necessities; and the scope of daily necessities has expanded almost as greatly in the laborer's cottage as in the Newport cottage of the millionaire. In proof of this, ask of the purveyors of luxuries what class form the bulk of their customers; to whom do they sell their pianos, their sewing-machines, their domestic labor-saving devices, their singing-machines, their toys, their fallals of personal adornment.

In spite of the heaping up of great fortunes by the financial magnates, the enormous flood of immigrants daily inundating our ports find opportunities of success as broadly open as ever. To descend to a special instance: A man and his wife who entered the port of New York two years ago, with only such funds as would enable them to pass the required test of solvency, found employment within twenty-four hours of landing, and at the present moment have more than a thousand dollars deposited in the savings-bank. Their labor has not been heavy beyond what is wholesome, and their home has been far more comfortable than any they had hitherto known. The secret of their success is the open

secret of success, and is as old as civilization: industry, economy, sobriety. In the position they so adequately occupy, they had had in the preceding two years six predecessors, each of whom had abandoned the same opportunity on childish pretexts. Two left because of the alleged loneliness of a home about twenty-five miles from New York City, and but two miles from a village. Two were discharged for drunkenness. One left because of a hot week, when the work was felt to be a burden; the sixth, because of not liking the butter served at table. These last two applied to their whilom employer within a few months for charitable assistance to save them from eviction into the streets of New York.

These cases are but individual ones, the advocates of Socialism will say; but general conditions are but the aggregate of individual cases. If the prophets of the slums had met with the two cases above mentioned wandering homeless in the streets (as a matter of fact they were helped and escaped eviction), they would have set them down as victims of cruel social laws; and yet both declined—even as an alternative to eviction—to return to the place they had abandoned, because "the country was dull."

Fifteen years of experience in a country home near New York has given some interesting side-lights upon the theories of the Socialists. A large body of employees being required, hundreds of men and women have been passed at this point through the test of life. Those who remain are housed in beauty and comfort. They have invested savings that make their future secure, and their lives and those of their families afford them present pleasure and scope for future ambition. Originally they had no better opportunities than were offered to the many who have passed through and out; they simply bulked larger in the virtues, and so did not drop through the testing sieve back into the pit. The same conditions are repeated hundreds of times in the surrounding neighborhood, and the verdict of each employer is the same. Drunkenness, indolence, dishonesty, wash away the unfit from the shores of these agreeable opportunities.

Perhaps quite as potent as any of these three vices is the species of intoxication offered by the excitement of city life. Let Mr. Sinclair or Mr. London go into those slums—whose horrors so arouse their pity that they would upset the whole political structure in order to ameliorate them—and offer their inhabitants work in the country. It is safe to predict that not one in a

hundred would exchange their noisome surroundings for the best of opportunities out of sound of the trolley-cars. Our emotions are wrought upon by pictures of our unhappy brothers and sisters penned in sweat-shops and factories, working for starvation wages, mulcted by fines, compelled to labor hideously long hours, and flung out ruthlessly if they falter by reason of feeble health; and the picture is beyond question true. Yet look at the almost incredible reverse of this picture. Given such conditions, the natural inference would be that the pressure out of this pit of those reaching up toward more wholesome and better paid occupations would be enormous; but ask any one who goes to the city from the country in search of employees whether he encounters that pressure. Exactly the contrary is the case. One hears of shop and factory girls who are forced to accept wages on which they cannot virtuously maintain life, and who are roughly told to eke out their earnings with the price of shame, and these are facts. Yet if any one of the women who pour daily into the big cities in desperate search for domestic servants were to publicly offer, in any one of these shops or factories, her desires and her far more liberal wages, could she hope for anything better than jeers from the very victims of the deplorable "wage slavery"? Neither domestic service nor country employment would be allowed by the victims to be a tolerable exchange, as compared with their herded, sweated trades within sound of Bow Bells.

Nor is this spirit confined to the cities. The loud protests of the Socialists are rarely based upon studies of the conditions in the small villages and the countryside; but every resident in such neighborhoods can furnish instructive stories of poverty and squalid surroundings in which the offer of well-paid occupation is treated as a not easily pardonable insult, and pride which does not revolt at charity is frequently too proud to accept employment.

Every human being would be glad to have agreeable surroundings and ample means, but the protesters against social conditions refuse to see that a price for these desirable things must always be paid in some form of effort or abnegation, and that those who lack them are precisely those who find the price higher than they are willing or able to pay. The defeated in the struggle for life are almost invariably the victims of impatience or emotion; the successful, those who can accept bad butter, or a hot week, as merely regrettable incidents in the path toward their goal.

All these are but the baldest and dullest of truisms, but old truths are so persistently true that they are of their very nature tedious. What one finds always exhilarating and inspiring are the magnificent suggestions of new schemes for getting something for nothing and a great deal for a ha'penny; of finding some splendid formula of economics that will enable everybody to lift himself up by his own boot-straps and not pull hard, either; of laws that will make fortune come one's way without its being necessary to restrain persistently one's instincts and appetites.

All this will be sneered at as merely the easy-going aphorisms of the well-to-do, as if the greater number of the well-to-do to-day had not been the ill-to-do of yesterday. As if they had not known, in their turn, what it meant to be ill-fed and shabbily clothed; had not, in their turn, known how long are the days of poorly paid labor which seem to have no hope for a goal; as if they, too, had not been obliged to swallow down that same pride, impatience, passion and repugnance which they now deprecate in others; had not hated the hot weeks and the bad butter which they now suggest should be borne; had not, over and over again, put away the temptations of indolence and vice when they seemed the only apparent sweets ready to their hand. Even now they have in their days of prosperity their own vices of pride, of greed, of dissipation, dishonesty, extravagance, which stand ready to drag them down into the pit from which they climbed, and which do drag them back by thousands. They must deny their appetites and instincts still, must tread the hard road as when they were struggling up, or their work is all undone. The wheel of the law of life rolls over them as easily as over their feebler companions. There is but one law for all.

These ancient saws are not quoted with any hope that the experiment of the new century will not be tried along the lines of Socialism. In some form or other the old attempt to reach universal happiness by a short cut is now just about due again; but, amid the thunders and lightnings of the new revelation, it is well for the still, small voice of common sense to mention now and then to a few of us the harmless, necessary truth.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

THE SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN: HIS STATUS.

BY HROLF WISBY.

His desirability is absolutely unquestioned; it is not even being investigated like that of some other peoples who emigrate here. We like him because he comes here to live and to settle down, not to hoard his savings and spend them in his native land. He likes us in return because we give him a fair chance to prove his mettle in laying new soil under the plow, in conquering the wilderness, and that is the spirit of the old-time Viking in the present-day pioneer. Really and truly, that is what it is, and I am tempted very much to say that that is *all* it is. Would he but stay at home and there toil with the solid enterprise by which he is known here, he would be certain of a home success comparable to that which he achieves here. But he will not do that. He cannot be made to work very strenuously at home; he is rather indifferent, if not lazy; he does not seem to discern his opportunity, obvious though it usually is; and he had rather sit up nights gloating over an exaggerated advertisement of his probable chance in the Far West than realize the possibilities at his threshold.

And so it happens that the same ancient love for adventure over the seas that brought Leif here as discoverer is drawing his people here as settlers. Whether Dane, Norwegian or Swede, his good moral character, his honest way of doing things, and his home-loving instincts are so pronounced that they may be said to be taken for granted. These are the very qualities that make him a desirable immigrant, perhaps the most desirable we have.

Consider the case of a Norwegian farmer in the Dovre region. By slow, plodding work and frugal, though wholesome, living he is barely able to live within his means. He may have quite a handsome profit in a good season, to be sure, but there are certain

to follow poor seasons that will take the cream off the pitcher. Of profit, as such, there is none worth mentioning. There is a stream running through the property. Before it slips away over his neighbor's boundary it breaks into a very beautiful—and valuable—waterfall. A Scotch laird comes along and offers him fifty pounds sterling for the fishing privilege. The farmer has three growing lads and a girl, and so why shouldn't he let the strange gentleman fish his salmon for pay?—he would let him fish free, anyhow. This is his first "windfall," the first money he has not worked for, and it is spent bringing up the children, who become restless and finally emigrate. The laird in the course of time fails to put in an appearance. The old man and the old woman sit there on the farm without good cheer and company, and the property is falling into neglect. The old man offers to sell out to his neighbor, but his neighbor cannot spare the cash. A German commercial traveller learns of the situation. He buys the fishing rights for the season, and other Germans come there to "fish," but they don't catch anything—not fish. The old man was willing to take 10,000 kroner from his neighbor, that is, only little cash, at first, and small yearly instalments. The Germans put 6,000 kroner in gold on the table, and the farm, which they don't care about, and the waterfall, which they intend as motive power for a wood-pulp mill, is theirs. Old Norway loses a good family, for the parents join the children here; Germany adds to her industrial conquest; and the United States gets just the kind of help she most desires.

It would never have occurred to the old man to buy up the fishing rights of the entire stream from its source to the sea, and thus establish, with the waterfall as a nucleus for power, a salmon cannery on his own property. It would have been still further from his pastoral mind to invite the local bank to finance, also with the waterfall in mind, an electric power and lighting plant, and sell his stock to the corporation. Such and similar are the opportunities which Norwegian property-owners permit to go, at a fractional percentage of their real value, into the hands of German and English capitalists. In other words, the owners leave a fortune at their doorstep, and often without realizing the fact, to face the hardships of the settler here. Somehow, America seems to have an exhilarating effect on these people, for here they acquire initiative to realize their opportunities.

Take the instance of a Swedish farm-hand who is earning very likely only 150 kroner a year above his board and bed, or a servant-girl in a Swedish town who may be getting still less than that. Even with the utmost economy, they could not possibly save more than twenty-five dollars a year each; so, by saving alone, there could be no future for them beyond servitude. They come here simply because the wages are higher, and because the chances of becoming independent seem to them more attractive than at home. There is a dash of the Viking in these simple souls, too, quite enough to deceive them as to the prospects that surround them.

In Denmark, where the wealth is more evenly distributed than anywhere else, the peasants that own land very seldom emigrate, because, unlike their Scandinavian kinsmen, they have understood how to consolidate their interests, and what one man could never have done for himself single-handed, the cooperation of thousands, similarly situated, enables him to do with signal success. The scheme of cooperation in buying and selling, in tilling, harvesting and exporting, extends over all Denmark. The managers are experts, the leaders are authorities. But the Danish farm-hands and artisans do emigrate; and occasionally a dairy expert finds his way over here.

Strange to relate, however, whatever specialized experience the skilled Scandinavian may absorb here he is very seldom found to utilize for enterprise on native soil. One would think a Swedish toy-carver, after observing the amazing demand in this country for German-made toys, would feel tempted to go home to promote the export of Swedish-made toys here. The Swedish carvers are quite as clever, if not more artistic than the Nuremberg colony in Germany; and, after the completion of original models suited to the American taste, the problem would be merely that of creating a demand here. The Swedes have everything in their favor: cheaper water-power, cheaper wood material, and practically direct steamship connection with America. I could mention at random a dozen different very plausible and practical projects of this kind that *might* be but *are* not, because the Scandinavians we get are too busy or short-sighted to discern them, and the Scandinavians we do not get have not the experience required to carry out such projects.

America monopolizes the brain and the body of the Scandinavian-American to a greater extent, possibly, than those of any

other race. Once she gets him she has reason to feel pretty sure of him. The trouble is she can't get enough of him. The most liberal estimate for 1906 places the total Scandinavian population here at only 1,200,000. Not until the very early eighties did the figures approach the half-million mark; in 1890 they were 920,000, and in 1900 they had reached 1,050,000.

At the present rate of increase we shall have to wait till 1921 before we have a good round million and a half Scandinavian immigrants here.

Little though the band be, it has managed to centre its efforts in certain rural districts so as to make itself quite conspicuous. In Minnesota, there are no less than 225,000 Scandinavians; in Illinois, 115,000; and in Wisconsin, 100,000. When considered in relation to the foreign-born population here, the Scandinavians show up surprisingly well in not a few States. In Minnesota, 45.5 per cent. of all foreigners are Scandinavians; in both North and South Dakota, 37 per cent.; and in Utah the percentage is 35. The first State below the one-third percentage figure is Washington, with 25 per cent., then Alaska and Idaho, with 23 per cent. each, and Iowa and Nebraska with 22 per cent. each. On the other hand, Wisconsin, which counts so high in the aggregate acquisition of Scandinavians, has only 20 per cent., and Illinois, which counts still higher, has but 15 Scandinavians for each 100 foreigners. An Eastern State like Connecticut, which we may safely regard as a geographical counterpart of Norway, shows only 10 per cent., and the States of New York and New Jersey count the Scandinavians as 5 per cent. of all aliens.

These numbers go to prove that the Scandinavians prefer the very regions where we would best like to have not only them as settlers but the main current of our entire immigration. They are fewest in the big cities, quite frequent in the smaller cities and towns, and in characteristic evidence in the country, where the soil claims them by preference to almost any other race. Chicago is the most typically Scandinavian of the big cities, with 45,836 Swedes, 22,011 Norwegians, and 10,166 Danes; or a total Scandinavian population of only about 78,000. New York follows, with 28,320 Swedes; 11,387 Norwegians; and 5,621 Danes; a total of 45,328. Boston has 5,541 Swedes, but only 1,145 Norwegians, and a handful of 675 Danes. These figures tell the story.

A very significant situation appears when we look up the status of the Scandinavian-American by what statisticians call "principal occupation." Though the arable land in Norway doesn't amount to more than three per cent. in acreage, or little more than a Russian Grand Duke would consider a suitable hunting-preserve, the Norsemen who come here take to land-tilling to a greater extent than either the Danes or the Swedes. Classed as farmers, planters, overseers, etc., the Norwegians represent 28 per cent. of their total number in the United States, while the Danes take second place with 23 per cent., and the Swedes third place with 16 per cent. As agricultural laborers, the Norwegians, again, lead with 17 hands out of every 100 of their race, Denmark follows with 13 per cent., and Sweden 10 per cent. But contrast with these numbers that of the vast Italian immigration, which yields only 3 per cent. to agricultural labor, but 30 per cent. to labor in general, and the desirable work of the Scandinavians as tillers of the soil becomes an incontrovertible fact. In the class of servants and waiters, the Swedes lead with 11 per cent., probably owing to the demand for servant-girls; Norway has 8 per cent. and Denmark 6 per cent. in this employment. As general laborers, the Swedes dominate with 10 per cent., followed by the Danes with 8 per cent., and the Norwegians, here for the first time last, with 7.5 per cent. The percentages for all the other occupations engaged in by the Scandinavian-American are trifling. That next in importance is three per cent. for carpenters and joiners—alike for the three nations—and then the percentages begin to drop to fractional numbers. That Norway should supply a much greater percentage of farmers and farm-hands than Sweden, where agriculture stands much higher, and also outstrip Denmark, where agriculture stands probably higher than in any other land, is a surprise, but not a pleasant one, to the Norwegian Government. The latter has in many ways tried to remedy the condition, which, of course, is inimical to the welfare of the country; but so far nothing has availed to stop the very class of labor Norway least of all can afford to dispense with—the tillers of the soil—from emigrating here. Indirectly, however, Norway profits, somewhat after the manner of an old-age pensioner, by the money help which the young people here send home regularly to the old folks. The money-letter (*Pengebrevet*) from America is anxiously awaited every month in thousands of Norwegian homes, and there

are minor settlements and hamlets that are almost entirely dependent upon this aid for a cash income. In Sweden the money-letter has also come to be regarded as a kind of national economic factor, whereas it figures only modestly in Danish life.

This leads me to consider the probable wealth of the Scandinavian-American. Authorities agree in placing his wealth at fifty dollars *per capita,* or a couple of dollars higher than the average in the United States. On this basis, the startling fact is laid bare that the 400,000 Norwegians now in this country possess $20,000,000, or almost as much ready money as is owned by the 2,240,000 Norwegians in Norway, who have only nine dollars *per capita,* or $20,160,000! The present total population of the three Scandinavian countries combined is a round ten millions. The average wealth *per capita* is about ten dollars, or a total of one hundred million dollars. The Scandinavians here number, at the most, 1,200,000, and at fifty dollars *per capita* they possess sixty million dollars. In other words, though the Scandinavians here only constitute a little over a ninth part of the Scandinavian peoples, they are five times richer *per capita,* and own in cash money an amount equal to three-fifths of all the money in circulation in Scandinavia.

To appreciate justly the social status of the Scandinavian-American, an understanding of the conditions that produce him in Scandinavia, and those with which he surrounds himself here, is not only desirable but necessary. Socially he loses in standing quite as much by contact with America as he gains financially. We must not forget that he comes from a country where even the humblest and poorest are natural readers by a tradition that dates back to the Saga age. And it is not newspapers and magazines and bargain-counter "literature" that he feeds on, but books that are sound and solid. To be sure, he does not read Kant and Spinoza, nor is he likely to have made the acquaintance of Shelley and Goethe, and it may be seriously doubted if his tastes permit him to indulge in what a literary connoisseur would esteem the quintessence of letters in modern and classic art. Nevertheless, his reading ranges from the Sagas of Snorro Sturluson to the dramas of Ibsen and Björnson, and of foreign literature in translation the works of men like Balzac, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Hugo and Byron are treasured by him. You are, by the way, quite as likely to find him, weary from the labor in the field, poring over

"Paradise Lost" as over a volume of H. C. Andersen or Auerbach, in the evening when the lights are lit and every cottage in Scandinavia becomes a cheerful mixture of library and workroom for the home handicrafts. There is no saying but what the awkward, tawny-haired lad, who has been pitching hay all day, is absorbing a thorough agricultural education at the agricultural school of the district. The Government of Sweden, for instance, has scattered twenty-six such schools (*Landtbruksskolor*) all over the country, and with excellent results. The grown peasant may look crude enough in his home-made *vadmal,* but there are in Sweden no less than twenty farmer's schools (*Landtmannaskolor*) calculated to give the grown men expert education in farm management, and your innocent-looking Yon Yonson is a pretty diligent attendant. For those who wish to further perfect themselves—and usually the sons of well-to-do farmers are ambitious agronomes—there are two agricultural high-schools (*Landtbruksinstitut*) also under government supervision, the graduation certificate of which stamps the holder as an authority. With these facilities at his command, it is easy to see that the Scandinavian who comes here to work is supplied with something more than brawn and muscle. It is fair to say that he is, in a large measure, quite as much of a brain, as of a body, worker. Leaving aside whatever technical knowledge he may have absorbed by government aid at home, his status as an educated reader and as a seeker after knowledge, who is reaching out in vacant moments for a better grasp on the problems, the mysteries, and the possibilities of life, certainly entitles him to consideration as a mind rather than a machine. In opening up the Great Northwest, James J. Hill surrounded himself with a greater amount of human material grown in Scandinavia than any other American promoter, and while he has always been willing to testify to the innocence of the Scandinavian-American he has never remarked about his ignorance—even though the Swedes mispronounced him "Mester Hell."

Within the last sixty years there has been a sweeping change in the agricultural situation of Scandinavia, and, as it is this change which has brought us so many good workers, let us consider it. Take Sweden as example. The decline in the number of household servants on farms in 1880-90 was no less than 26.4 per cent., from 216,000 to 159,000. The loss of 57,000 such

servants amounts to over eighteen million days of work a year. The earliest figures were taken in 1870, when there were 195 female servants for every 1,000 country homes, as against 129 in 1890. Contrast with this the fact that the net emigration for each 1,000 inhabitants reached its greatest height in 1882, when it was 11.29, and that in the last decade it declined to less than 3.00, and the movement of population is clear. The servants were driven away by the introduction of machine power in farm work and came over here. The typical Swedish farm up to 1850 was a big home that would annually lodge and board and clothe, at the owner's expense, as many servants of both sexes as the enormous kitchen could be made to hold at the *five* daily meals! Poor appetite is not a popular malady in Sweden. Nowadays, there is no board and lodging given to the men; only to the women necessary on the farm. Many employments, such as tending the cattle-stables, which were formerly done by women, are now done by men. Farm labor has been classified and specialized. The *statare,* or tenement laborer, is a married man, who does all the special work on the farm to which he belongs as worker. He even milks the cows, a job formerly in women's hands. He lives apart with his family in a house of his own, and is paid partly in money and partly in grain, milk, seed and the like. Those engaged in this employment have increased since 1825, when there were 9,000 *statares,* to more than 40,000 at present. The *topare,* or crofter, rents for his own use a small lot of land from his employer, paying for the land by rendering a certain number of days' work on the employer's estate. This employment has decreased, owing to the *topare's* finding an outlet for his rapidly growing independence by emigrating here. There were 100,000 *topares* in Sweden in 1850, but only 80,000 in 1900. Still, the crofter system flourishes admirably in some provinces. Most of the crofters that emigrate become farm-owners here. The *dakverksarbetare,* or day-laborer, often has a home of his own, and usually he is married. He is hired generally for short periods to do almost any kind of farm work. His busy time is the harvest season. When he is not working for day wages, he busies himself with some sort of handicraft. He seldom has any support from his children, who seem to prefer to emigrate, and his employment is decreasing.

The result of an investigation of 24,760 cases shows that the

tenement laborer, as the least favored at home, has the most immediate reason for emigration, and the crofter has better cause for resisting this temptation as he is the best favored next to the craftsman, by which, in Sweden, is meant the gardener, blacksmith, steward or foreman on an estate. The investigation also proved that the economic situation in Sweden is fair rather than poor. It is not poverty, but rather love of independence and adventure, that drives the peasant to emigrate. Analogous conditions exist in Denmark and Norway.

We may account for the Scandinavian-American economically and socially; the worth to himself of what he achieves here as an emigrant will always remain a closed book, or at best an abstraction. It is easy enough to account for a man like John Ericsson, who invented the propeller, the fire-engine, the hot-air engine and the monitor. J. A. Dahlgren, inventor of the cannon bearing his name, is in the same class with him. The Swedes have always been great mechanicians, from Nobel, with dynamite and submarine, to the more peaceful Salenius, inventor of the radiator. These men had talents of value to the practical industries of this country, and were needed here, but they would just as likely have gone somewhere else: America was not to them a refuge, a haven. Nor is it difficult to account for a financial specialist like the late General C. T. Christensen, who simply supplied, with service, a demand that was as urgent here as it was lax in Denmark. But when you come to study the status of the Scandinavian-Americans who have grappled with problems that are supposed to be capable of successful solution on native ground only, you will not find a man who stands so high but that you have a pitiful notion that he would have reached a higher place on home soil. Was ever man known to write himself great in a foreign tongue? Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen, the Norwegian, acquired admirable facility in English, but he occupies no place in American letters, nor, of course, in Norwegian literature. The work of men like him is comparatively wasted. A certain measure of success is possible to such an one, but true greatness never. The man is at home nowhere; nor is his work. Put Ibsen in Boyesen's shoes, and who would guarantee us "Brand"? Had Ibsen come here, he would most likely have been rolling pills to the end, or, considering his financial penchant, he might have had a monopoly. If this contention is wrong, why is it that so many good Scandi-

navian brains have gone to waste here, thinking it is wrong? Why is it that a mind like that of Clemens Petersen, the Danish critic, could not thrive here? Björnson once assured me, in a personal letter, that he considered him a true genius, though but little known, and that he found him to be so rich in inspiration that he had rather "talk with him to the end of all time than with any other man living." Petersen once wielded an even mightier pen in Danish letters than Georg Brandes at present. He was the original discoverer of Ibsen. He worked hard and long. After a struggle of almost four decades against adversity here, he went home to spend the evening of his life in peace. Was he too keen, too critical, too superior in his criticism to suit the American idea of "popular" criticism?

Knut Hamsun, one of Norway's most gifted dramatists, who, by the way, once wrote the most eccentric book on American Mental Life (*"Amerikas Aandsliv"*) I have ever had the patience to read, reached his zenith here as—conductor on a Minneapolis street-car. There are instances galore showing the dispiriting effect of emigration on authorship.

Jacob Riis, the reformer, stands somewhat apart by himself. We have the pronouncement of President Roosevelt that Riis is the "most useful citizen" in New York, but would he not have had a better chance of greatness if he had stayed at home and labored among his own kin?

The American soil out of which he has taken for his needs is dear to the Scandinavian-American, and the house he may have built with his own hands is so, too. He tries his very best to make it a home, and he succeeds after a fashion. But, to a nation that has been supported, especially in its domestic life, by the traditions of centuries of cultural intercourse, the true sense of home is not possible in a foreign land, for traditions belong to the intangible freight that cannot be imported. Mentally, his status is one of comparative disappointment, but economically he is usually proud of whatever success he may have here. Homesickness is his worst malady, but a trip on the "Christmas Ships," which annually take thousands of fur-clad Northmen to the native board for a brief sojourn, has proved to be the best cure. The homesick man soon discovers that he has outgrown the conditions besetting home life. In the second generation there is but a very faint trace of national feeling, and gradually America absorbs

her most willing worker, but also, at the same time, the very one who is slowest to forget his native land.

He does not let go his language, however, and the children born here are made to learn it. He keeps up a certain passive interest in the literature, politics and journalism of his country. The Scandinavian press here is, however, more remarkable for quantity than for quality, and, as a rule, confines itself almost totally to reporting, in a condensed form, the principal news from the old land.

There are numerous clubs and associations among the Scandinavian-Americans, but no attempt has been made to fuse their interests together in a common union. While Dane, Norwegian and Swede are quite able to forget their stupid national differences here, still it would be out of the question to shake them up together like dice in the same box. The Norwegians are clannish. The mountains made them so. They are headstrong and devoid of good manners, like a true peasant folk, though good-hearted enough, to be sure. The Swedes are the politest and most humane people of the North, and prone to resent the strong-hearted Norwegian attitude as an insult to their feelings; hence the trouble that has now been adjusted by Norway's setting up a separate government. The Danes present a sort of happy medium between the extreme polish of the Swedes and the pronounced bluntness of the Norwegians, but they are, on the other hand, altogether too liable to melancholy and indifference.

HROLF WISBY.

THE SALTON SEA.*

BY EDMUND MITCHELL.

It will surprise most people to learn that, owing to a diversion of the course of the Lower Colorado River, Southern California has, within the past two years, added to its geographical features a lake that covers an area of more than four hundred square miles, is surely destined to attain to much greater dimensions, but is already, without reckoning Lake Michigan, the largest sheet of water, next to the Great Salt Lake of Utah, wholly within the boundaries of the United States of America. Rarely, indeed, is such a vast change on the face of Nature witnessed in the actual process of its making, and more wide-spread attention would ere this have been attracted to the Salton Sea—as the

* Since this article was written, the chances of regaining control of the Colorado River have been rendered still more remote by the effects of the summer flood. Although the engineers at the intake works had confidently predicted that they would hold the river before this flood, they failed to do so. In mid-June, the Colorado at Calexico was ten miles wide, and this vast body of water was pouring down into the Salton Sea by the New River channel. The lake rose from June 3rd to June 19th, as shown by the Government gauge at Salton, from 43.78 feet to 52.02, or more than 8 feet in 15 days. At this writing (July 1st), the lake is only two miles away from the prosperous agricultural settlement of Mecca, which will soon inevitably be obliterated from the map of California. But the most serious result of the great summer flood has been the "cutting back" of the river bed from the lake toward the intake. A receding waterfall has been formed, to which the fine sandy loam can offer no resistance, and a cañon has been cut, a thousand feet wide and thirty feet deep, right through the Imperial country. On June 30th, this turbulent ledge of tumbling waters swept the small Mexican town of Mexicali, just across the border from Calexico, out of existence. The cutting back toward the intake is continuing at the rate of nearly a mile a day. If the old river bed below Yuma is reached and subjected to this process, all attempts to change the river from its new and deep-dug channel may be abandoned. Even the Government dam at Laguna is now endangered, for the cutting back, unless checked, will go right up the river to the Grand Cañon; and the Laguna dam, as explained in the article, rests simply on a bed of silt, being constructed to resist flood waters above, but not the scooping out of silt from below. —E. M.

new lake is named from the Salton Sink, the depression it is filling—but for the fact that until recently only a desert area, almost entirely unoccupied by man, has been affected.

Now, however, owing to the continued extension of the inundation, important interests are becoming involved. The main line of the Southern Pacific Railway traverses this southwest corner of the Great Colorado Desert, and, by a series of submersions, its road-bed is being gradually driven off the plain toward the foothills of the adjacent mountains. Agricultural areas, too, that within recent years have been reclaimed from the wilderness by great irrigation works, as well as by stalwart individual effort, are seriously menaced.

Then, to cap the climax, international complications are in sight. For the Colorado River is not exclusively in possession of the United States, but has its lower course in Mexico; and, by the diversion of the stream from its original bed, not only are waters formerly available for irrigation in Mexico now being impounded in United States territory, but navigation rights, which play an important part in the treaty subsisting between the two countries, have vanished with the vanishing of the navigable stream and the failure of engineering efforts to restore the former order of things. Hence the recent appointment by the Mexican Government of a special commission of investigation, headed by Brigadier-General Angel Garcia Peña and including in its ranks other distinguished engineers.

For all these reasons the Salton Sea ceases to be merely a matter of local interest; it is obviously a happening of national and historical importance.

To the scientific world also the event is of real interest. We are witnessing a reversion to an order of things that had a prior existence in some remote period of the earth's history. For, as the fresh-water shells deposited in vast quantities all over the depression prove, the Salton Sink was formerly a great lake, banked up by the accumulated silt of the delta forming a natural dam. These very conditions are recurring at the present time, and the change is not so slow, like most of Nature's changes which are going on around us, as to be almost imperceptible, nor so sudden and violent, like the changes wrought by an earthquake or a volcanic eruption, that the causes at work are obliterated by the very catastrophe. Therefore, the student of

geological science can here study at his leisure the forces of Nature in visibly effective operation, transforming the face of the earth just as theory tells us it has often before been transformed.

The transformation, indeed, is a striking and dramatic one. In the fall of 1903, I spent a holiday of several weeks in traversing the Salton Sink. By aid of a mule team, we had to pack water over a desolate waste, so arid that only cacti and the meanest kind of scrub could struggle for an existence on its desiccated and alkali-impregnated soil, so bare and barren that even the jack-rabbit and the horned toad counted it out of habitable bounds. Right in the centre of the depression, where the last trace of vegetation had disappeared in a shimmering sheet of efflorescent salts, we watched a tiny train puffing along with its load of crystals toward the works where, amidst great white pyramids of the accumulated salt, wheels were whirring and rollers grinding.

When, on that occasion, I gazed for the last time upon the Salton Sink in its dry-land state of being, a superb mirage had transfigured the scene into a phantom lake, from out of which, befogged by the heat haze, loomed the salt-works amidst its mounds of salt, for all the world like a storm-battered hull of an ocean derelict surrounded by icebergs. Little did I then dream that on my next visit—this last December—I should behold in actuality a vast inland sea, in which had been engulfed the accumulations of salt, the mill and all its paraphernalia. In place of the delusive mirage was an expanse of real water, blue as the cloudless skies whose color it reflected, along one edge lashed into white-capped billows by a slant of strong desert wind. And this new lake had already become the resort of tens of thousands of geese, ducks, cranes and other water fowl, attracted in their southward migratory flight by a glimpse from on high of these new and enticing winter quarters.

To make clear the change that has taken place and is still continuing, a few words of topographical explanation will be necessary. Yuma, close to the State border-line between Arizona and California, is 140 feet above sea-level. Past this town the Colorado River flows south toward the Gulf of California, a course of about seventy miles, with the gradual descent, therefore, of but two feet to the mile. But, from Yuma westward, the dip of the land is both deeper and more abrupt, so that at

Salton, ninety-three miles distant, the depression is no less than 263 feet below sea-level, the gradient being thus over four feet to the mile. From this lowest point, as we still move west, the country rises, and now at a sharper angle, for Indio, only twenty-five miles from Salton, is but twenty feet below sea-level, while Palm Springs, nineteen miles further on, has an elevation above sea-level of 584 feet. It is just beyond Palm Springs that the Southern Pacific Railroad emerges, through the grim San Gorgonio Pass, from the desert region into the fertile agricultural belt of Southern California.

This great saucerlike hollow, 137 miles across from Yuma to Palm Springs, with some sixty-five miles of the distance actually below the level of the sea, is bounded on the north by a broken-up series of ranges known collectively as the San Bernardino Mountains. On the south, running eastward from the San Gorgonio Pass, is the sweeping curve of the massive San Jacinto range. But, when Salton is reached, there is only a protruding spur of the range in evidence, and soon this also disappears, leaving toward the south the broad open plain now known as the Imperial Valley, where for some years past a great irrigation project has been in progress. Imperial Valley rises at a sharp pitch out of the Salton Sink, for Calexico, on the Mexican border, just forty miles south of Salton, is at sea-level. This is the limit of the United States lands, but the physical features of the country continue to be identical across the border-line, there being a steady uplift toward the Cocopah Mountains on the southern horizon.

Now will be understood the precarious position that has been occupied up to recent times by the Lower Colorado River. In point of fact, it has been flowing south along the rim of a deep hollow that lies to the west of its course. For a distance of about twelve miles below Yuma, a barrier of sand-hills prevents the current from taking the direction of the Salton Sink, its natural destination, as being the lowest point of depression. But, after passing this sand-hill ridge, the river, in the bed it occupied until recently, continued on its way through Mexico, a sluggish stream, depositing its heavy burden of silt scoured from a thousand miles of cañons. To the right lay old and disused channels, into which some water spilled at flood time. But the river had dug its main bed from north to south through its own silt accumulations,

and with only occasional changes, due to the caving-in of banks or the forming of new sand-bars, was content to keep to this course until the hand of man came to interfere with the delicately balanced condition of things.

Five years ago, the California Development Company set itself to supply irrigation water to the Imperial Valley, rich lands formed of Colorado silt deposited centuries ago, and requiring, in a climate of perpetual sunshine, only moisture to make them highly productive. The Colorado River was the natural source of water-supply. But, owing to the sand-hill barrier above referred to, a canal in United States territory directly west from the river bed was impossible. The channel must follow a sweeping curve through Mexican territory, until, bending back to the north, it could enter the Imperial country on its southern boundary. The necessary right of way through these Mexican lands was acquired from the owners, and the canal was dug, an old disused channel of the Colorado, known as the Alamo River, being largely taken advantage of in the engineering operations.

The intake, of course, was on United States soil, as the diverted water was required primarily for the irrigation of United States lands. The spot selected was eight miles down the Colorado River from Yuma—that is to say, almost at the limit of United States territory on the California side of the stream. As the spit of sand-hills above referred to had to be rounded, the canal and the river, for the first few miles across the Mexican border, followed nearly parallel courses. No head-gates were put into the canal; the river water was simply allowed to flow in, just as into an open ditch. This was economy as regards construction expenses certainly, but very costly economy in the long run, as the sequel proved.

The first few miles of the ungated canal has but a very slight fall, and, there being no settling basin provided above the intake, it followed in the natural order of things that the channel became clogged up with silt. In the summer of 1904, it came to be realized by those responsible that the ditch was no longer carrying enough water to supply the wants of the Imperial Valley lands already under cultivation. To dredge out the canal for six or seven miles would have been an operation requiring time, and already the danger of ruined crops had grown to be an urgent one. So the Company decided upon taking a quick

(and once again a cheap) method of supplying its necessities. Four miles below the original intake, and therefore in Mexican territory, it scooped out a cross-ditch connecting the river directly at this second point with the canal. Once again no headgates were put in—no mechanical devices of any kind for controlling the flow of the water were provided.

It was this emergency work, originally a shallow and narrow trench, that eventually proved to be the first tiny breach in Nature's own system of protecting levees. For through this aperture, scoured deep and wide by a succession of floods, the entire waters of the Colorado River, instead of passing gently south to the Gulf of California, are now rushing down impetuously and uncontrollably into the Salton Sink. In other words, the Imperial Canal is now the Colorado River, restored to its ancient bed, the Alamo watercourse.

The winter of 1904-05, after a long series of years of comparative drought, proved to be a season of abnormal rainfall all over the southwest. Among the mountain regions of Arizona there were rain-storms of unprecedented violence and frequency. In consequence, the Gila River, the great Arizona tributary of the Colorado, joining it at Yuma, also its subtributary the Salt River, flowing past Phœnix and thence into the Gila, rose in a succession of heavy winter floods. It was these floods that began the process of scouring out the narrow emergency ditch. The regular summer floods of 1905, due to the melting snows in the High Sierras among which the upper Colorado has its course, continued the work, and, when the danger came to be realized, the breach was practically beyond repair.

The steady rise of the waters in the Salton Sea, disregarded until the railway began to be driven from its road-bed, drew attention to the full seriousness of what was happening. The Southern Pacific Railway Company was virtually compelled to come to the financial assistance of the California Development Company, and all through the fall months of 1905 desperate and continuous efforts were put forth to turn back the Colorado into its old channel. Attempts were made to dam the emergency cross-ditch by double rows of piles, with brushwood mats weighted by sandbags dropped between them. But, after the relentless river had two or three times breached this feeble barrier during its construction, finally a mighty flood on November 30th, the

second highest ever recorded on the Colorado River, and once again caused by abnormal rains in Arizona, turned the whole plan into ridicule. The effect was not so much to break down the dam, as to cut everything away around it; for there are no rocks to serve as foundations and abutments in this land of silt, which, in renewed contact with water, at once becomes quicksand, so that a strong current speedily sweeps round both ends of any obstruction.

A few days after this flood, I descended the river from Yuma in a steamboat, in company with the Mexican commissioners. We found that the river had now indeed completed its task of making for itself a new and permanent bed. The old channel was practically dry and choked with silt. The full stream was rushing in a sweeping curve through the cross-ditch into the Imperial Canal. The cutting work was still going on, for, as we watched from the deck of the steamer, great slices of soil with their growth of brush—young cottonwood and willow trees, together with tall arrow-weed — were being engulfed in the swirling stream. For fifteen miles our vessel sailed down a broad and swift-flowing river that had once been the placid Imperial Canal. We were in the old Alamo channel, once again, after many centuries perhaps, a navigable stream. We were being borne, not seaward to the Gulf of California, but back into United States territory — down into the Salton Sea. The mighty river had ceased to flow to the ocean.

Such is the present position of things. Since December last, all the waters of the Colorado have been pouring into the Salton Sea, by the Alamo channel and by another old channel known as the New River, which was formerly merely a spillway at the time of the big summer flow. During the past winter, once again there has been a recurrence of abnormal rain-storm floods, which have served to scour deeper the new beds of the river, while the sluggish backwash, depositing its silt, has still more effectually sealed the old bed. The Salton Sea has been rising at the rate of about six vertical inches per week, and the area of the lake is thus steadily and inexorably extending. At Salton, the water is nearly thirty feet deep, as measured by the telegraph poles marking the original line of the Southern Pacific Railway, the tips of which, far out to sea, now just show above the surface. Therefore, the lake-level is still some 230 feet below sea-

level, and it has been calculated that, should the waters of the river continue to flow into the basin in their present volume, after making the proper allowance for evaporation, it will take from thirty to forty years to fill the entire saucerlike depression up to sea-level. Should this ever happen, there would be a lake nearly 2,000 square miles in area, the overflow waters of which would eventually reach the Gulf by some new channel cut through the barriers of silt at their weakest point of resistance.

How then is the full filling up of the Salton Sea to be prevented? The question is one of national importance, for, although up to the present merely a desert region has been affected, in the end hundreds of thousands of acres of rich agricultural lands would be submerged, and the country so be deprived of one of its most magnificent domains, even now to a considerable extent under high cultivation, but capable, with irrigation, of being converted in its entirety into a closely settled region of teeming productivity that would compare with the delta of the Nile.

There are certain engineering operations at present going on at the old intake of the Imperial Canal, with a view to regaining control of the river, but these may be disregarded as belated, inadequate, and no more likely to succeed than the previous futile endeavors at this point. The real hope of safety against the indefinite encroachments of the Salton Sea lies higher up the river—at Laguna, twelve miles above Yuma, where a great dam is under construction by the United States Government. In the course of my investigations, I visited this spot, and found the operations well under way. Two years will see them completed.

At Laguna, mountain walls of granite come close together on the two sides of the river—the California side and the Arizona side. These afford solid abutments for the building and anchoring of the great dam, and the very first thought that strikes the observer is that here indeed is the ideal spot where the mighty Colorado River may be mastered, manacled and held in perpetual bondage. The hand of Nature has been stretched forth, and needs only the responsive hand-clasp of the engineer to establish for all time supremacy over the riot-running and havoc-working stream.

The dam will stretch from rock abutment to rock abutment,

a distance of 4,800 feet. It will be formed by three massive concrete walls, parallel with each other, the spaces between filled with lumps of rock blasted from the mountains, the whole barrier 244 feet broad on top. This virtually solid mass of rock and concrete, the very interstices in which will in course of time be filled up with silt, will weigh 600,000 tons, and although it will rest simply on the river bed, there being no bed-rock attainable, with sheet piling driven down to form a curtain upstream and so prevent seepage, it will form an impregnable barrier at low water, while flood waters will spill over the top. This is precisely the type of dam that, from time immemorial, has been effective in dealing with such rivers as the Ganges and the Nile, which closely resemble the Colorado.

While the Laguna dam has been primarily designed to reclaim and irrigate some 100,000 acres of rich river-bottom lands, four-fifths of them lying below Yuma on the Arizona side, it affords the basis of a big and comprehensive engineering scheme, which will eventually establish an effective control over the Lower Colorado, meet every irrigation requirement, and apply the waters to the best advantage and over the widest area possible. For the protection of the bottom-lands immediately to be irrigated, great levees are being built, and within these will be the canalization systems. At times of lowest flow, practically the whole volume of the river can be diverted, at least temporarily, into the irrigation channels, so that it will be possible to make effective repairs at the point where the river has burst its way into the Imperial Canal. Levees here, constructed under such conditions, will be substantial enough to turn the river back into its old bed, which the first freshet will scour out anew. In the end the Imperial intake must be moved up to Laguna, so that in the future there shall be no more liberties taken with the dangerous and treacherous river—no more constructing of canals without head-gates or digging of emergency ditches without thought of the final consequences involved. Then will the diversion of the waters rest, as it should do, under one single responsible control. The works at Laguna are being carried out on a plan that holds in view this ultimate object of irrigating from this point the whole Imperial Valley country, just so soon as the private interests involved can be bought out on terms equitable to all concerned, the national exchequer included.

Complementary to the Laguna dam, and an essential factor in the whole scheme of controlling the waters, is the great storage reservoir now being built on the Salt River, a tributary of the Gila River. It is these two subsidiary streams that have been almost solely responsible for the winter floods of the Lower Colorado, which of late years have so seriously complicated the problem, and of course are liable to do so again.

With the Laguna and Salt River works completed, insuring both conservation and regulation of the waters that have hitherto run mostly to waste and very frequently to riot, then at last will the Lower Colorado River fairly be held in subjection. Thenceforward, its waters will be available for the irrigation of great stretches of country now given over to jack-rabbits and sagebrush. And it is precisely in this full utilization of the river flow for agricultural purposes that will eventually be found effective and adequate safeguards against the indefinite expansion of the Salton Sea. But the great inland lake will be with us for at least a generation, and indeed it may be found for the permanent good of the region that it should be permanently maintained as the overflow reservoir of the Colorado.

This brings us face to face with the international issues involved. By treaty between Mexico and the United States, the Colorado River is recognized as a navigable stream, a highway of commerce to be preserved as such for the joint benefit of both countries. For Mexico, however, navigation on the Lower Colorado has never been of any real value; amidst the wide-spread, fan-shaped delta region, there is no settlement, no commerce, no shipping. Then, as regards the United States, the coming of the transcontinental railway to Yuma has completely discounted the value of navigation rights from the Gulf through Mexican territory. In the old days, when Yuma was a frontier post and distributing centre, because of its position on a navigable stream, stores used to be brought there by way of the Gulf. But for years past never a cargo boat has come up the Colorado. At rare intervals, there have been excursions down the river for sight-seeing purposes; also an occasional traveller, counting himself almost an explorer, has hired Indians to row him to the Gulf. That is about the sum total of the benefits secured to the United States by the treaty calling for the maintenance of navigation privileges on the Mexican section of the Colorado.

Therefore, although the international agreement, concluded at a time when irrigation was never so much as thought of, sets store only on conserving the rights of navigation, for neither country now has navigation any real value. It is irrigation that has come to be the question of dominating importance on both sides of the border-line, and, if the waters of the Colorado are to be fully or even largely utilized for agricultural purposes, useless navigation rights—in point of fact, non-existent now because of the diversion of the stream to the Salton Sea—must be definitely abandoned.

Careful calculations made by the United States Government engineers show that, on the Colorado River below the Grand Cañon, there are lands irrigable, but not yet irrigated, extending to 1,499,000 acres. These are distributed as follows: In Arizona, 394,000 acres; in California, 417,000 acres, including 275,000 acres in the Imperial Valley reckoned as good agricultural lands; and in Mexico, outside United States territory, 688,000 acres. Thus the irrigable lands are pretty equally divided between the two countries. But, even with complete conservation and regulation, the waters will not suffice for the irrigation of the whole of this area. At most 1,000,000 acres, according to the Government engineers, can be served in years of normal flow.

It therefore follows that some equitable scheme for a division of the waters between the two countries must be devised. It might be argued that, in so much as the precipitation of the rainfall that feeds the Colorado River and its tributaries is almost entirely in the United States, the stream, so long as it runs within United States territory, can be dealt with by the American people exactly as they choose—in other words, that the whole of the waters may be impounded for irrigation purposes on this side of the frontier line. But such a contention cannot stand close scrutiny. Apart from the selfishness of the suggested procedure, on broad general principles of equity the upper riparian owner cannot rob the lower riparian owner of water which the latter has been accustomed to enjoy. Then, again, while there are no clauses in the international treaty bearing upon irrigation, the clauses which deal with navigation cannot be ignored and set aside by one party alone. For, if the waters of the Lower Colorado come to be withdrawn on the United States side of the border for use in irrigation, so as permanently

to destroy navigation on the Mexican side, clearly Mexico is in a position to demand the restoration of the navigable stream that is secured to her by treaty. Mexico may justly say: "Claim the water, if you will, as yours in its origin, but its use for navigation purposes is guaranteed to us under the specific conditions of our old international agreement. If you deprive us of navigation, we are entitled to irrigation by way of compensation for the rights we are called upon to surrender."

I am aware that the exact interpretation of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848, subsequently modified by the Gadsden treaty of 1853, which shifted the border-line twenty miles further south on the Arizona side of the river, affords scope for some fine hair-splitting legal argument. Reading the mere words without reference to the spirit of the agreement, we might contend that the rights of navigation from the Gulf up the Colorado River were guaranteed to the United States by Mexico, but not to Mexico by the United States. To this comes the obvious rejoinder that the reciprocal guarantee to Mexico was unnecessary, simply because the stretch of river to be navigated lay within her territory. But apart altogether from such verbal niceties of interpretation, the clear intention of the agreement was to prevent any obstruction to navigation on the Lower Colorado up to the international boundary line, from whatever quarter proceeding. The treaty in the beginning was undoubtedly in favor of the United States, for it secured for this country access from the open sea to its inland territory and through its neighbor's territory. Now, it may seem to work in favor of Mexico, for it retains for her the preservation of the navigable stream when navigation has become of quite secondary importance as compared with irrigation. But the mere shifting of the position of relative advantage does not destroy the mutuality of the obligations imposed by the agreement.

When the Imperial Valley irrigation scheme was first started, involving engineering works on both the American and the Mexican side of the international line, the need of a conference between the two Governments and a readjustment of the existing treaty bearing on the Lower Colorado River loomed up on the horizon. What was desirable then, however, is urgent now, because of the grave complications resulting from these same operations—navigation to the Gulf destroyed; the Salton Sea fill-

ing up with waters which, whatever their first origin, come directly across the line from Mexican territory; damage caused by flooding to a certain number of settlers in the Imperial Valley; a great railway company driven to seek a new road-bed for its tracks; and all this with no guarantee that there is to be any break in the chain of disastrous events, unless a comprehensive scheme for the control of the waters, such as that offered by the Laguna proposition, when carried out in its entirety, can be decided upon under an agreement that shall be just and equitable to both Governments. To reach such an agreement, it is obvious that there must be giving and taking on both sides.

EDMUND MITCHELL.

THE TRANSLIMINAL.

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TRANSLIMINAL means *across the threshold.* It supposes a dividing-line (*limen*) between the every-day waking and working mind, conscious of its own acts and states, and an extended realm of spirit beyond the region of sense and remote from man's objective ken. In the Scriptural view, man during his earth life is dichotomic, or of twofold nature,—immaterial, as spirit or soul (*pneuma-psyche*), and material, as body (*soma*). On one side of his being he is animal and mortal, with pinion reconciled to earth; on the other, by reason of his essence as a free, self-conscious spiritual personality, he takes class not only with incorporeal intelligences, but with God Himself. And his one complex nature, the unity of spirit and body, survives death, preserving its identity in all that constitutes organic personality; for at the resurrection the disembodied man is clothed with a garb (*soma pneumatikon*) adapted to purely spiritual life. In enunciating the existence of the human individual in two distinct spheres of consciousness, and in establishing the possibility of transliminal communication by telepathic impression, psychology is confirmatory of this teaching.

Every human being is now conceived of by students of mind as existing simultaneously in two worlds, described as the objective, supraliminal, or world of waking life, in which he communicates through his senses with the phenomenal universe; and the subjective or transliminal, the world of sleep, of an all-com-

prehensive extra-planetary or outside existence, of which the earth life is but a fractional expression. The objectively conscious man (*psyche-soma*) is thus continuous with a higher spiritual self (*pneuma*), which in its turn is continuous with God. "A great and sacred spirit talks, indeed, within us," said Seneca in his 41st Epistle, "yet cleaves to its divine original." *Psyche* is always that phase of *pneuma* which is committed to the earth for embodiment. It is the same in substance with the *pneuma*. So, to extend the analogy into the sphere of the Divine, Christ is the Eternal Psyche projected by the Father in the likeness of the flesh, and thus made subject to death, the law of organized matter. In the radiance of this philosophy, the hitherto incomprehensible doctrine of the tri-personality of God becomes clear: 1. The infinite Creator, the central source of all spiritual life, the self-sufficient originator and preserver of His own being; (2) the coeternal, consubstantial Hagion Pneuma, or Holy Spirit proceeding from God, that inspired and empowered (3) Christ, its incarnate phase, and so the Psyche Immaculate, to give both *psyche* and *soma* as the price of our redemption. Apprehension of the constitution of man throws light on that of the Divine Archetype.

In the transliminal sphere, we are capable of acting independently of a visible corporeity; and, as beings cast in the image of God, we intuitively apprehend, we possess supernormal knowledge and wield supernormal power, we are subject to impression by other human personalities, as well as obnoxious to the touch of higher spiritual intelligences, and we are gifted with a measure of prescience that on occasion forecasts what is to be. Of these unconscious agencies and forces, few have any realization.

The transliminal or higher spiritual self may be inspired to assert a control that is practically boundless, within the limitations of physical possibility and moral right, over "the flesh" (*sarx*), that is, organs of body and faculties of mind. And the whole purpose of hypnotic suggestion is the evocation of such control, either where it has become relaxed or in fields where it has not before been operative. Not only may irregularities in the fulfilment of physical functions be remedied by assumption of the natural psycho-physical control, and so diseases that are not organic cured, but all attitudes of the objective mind—its trends of thought, opinions, beliefs, desires, propensities, tendencies,

emotions and passions—are controllable and alterable by this higher human personality along lines that are moral and true. For the transliminal self of man *per se* is that principle in us which dictates what is right and inclines to good—that "spirit" (*pneuma*) in which or under whose control the Apostle Paul urges men to walk in order that they may neither be condemned by the moral law nor bound by the law ceremonial. And a man will always act in response to that "touch of explosive intensity," as Professor James has designated it — that suggestional force which awakens ethico-spiritual activities in the supraliminal life, and subordinates the lower tendencies of the carnal nature, when imparted by one who is in genuine sympathy with the subject and operates with the courage of conviction. In other words, the Inner Man, or Ego of the transliminal sphere, never fails to exalt the earth life if adequately aroused.

It happens to be a psychological fact that in a state of sleep, natural or induced, when the objective consciousness is in shadow and the individual is practically excarnate by reason of suspended sense activity, and hence transliminally focussed in all the phases of his personality and all the infinity of his powers, the dynamogenic touch may be imparted:

1. By a fellow being who, owing to the existence of mutual sympathy and confidence, is in *rapport* with the sleeping subject —this is Suggestion;

2. By the man objective to his own subjective self—this is Auto-Suggestion or Self-Suggestion.

The questions to be discussed in this article — implying, for their solution, qualified insight not only into the deepest springs of goodness in purely human nature, but as well into the darkest passions that convulse man—would seem to sound at once the depths of our interest in things spiritual as they pertain to human life and human destiny, and to touch the very heart of that greatest of problems whose solution means the moral uplift of our race and, under God, the salvation of the world. The conclusions reached and herewith presented are derived from five thousand personal experiences with the transliminal natures of intellectual men and women. In the light of these repeated observations, suggestion of either kind, whether verbal or mental, reveals itself as a means through which may be effected the transfer of knowledge, faith, self-command, ideals, aspiration, and

creative power, from the transliminal to the supraliminal sphere —from the nature that is richly endowed to the nature that is starving for spiritual energy. Man is potentially superhuman; and suggestibility, or sensitiveness to that inspirational appeal which compels output of superhuman attributes, is, happily, a natural characteristic of all normal men.

Various methods are in vogue of inducing the suggestible state. The technic adopted by the writer involves arrest of the visual attention by a brilliant jewel, the concurrent establishment of the patient's confidence in his desire and ability to extend aid, and monotonous sleeping suggestions as an accompaniment of impression by his personality—the several steps being relaxed eye muscles, vacant stare, indolent audience, passive brain, blank objective mind, reverie, sleep. Inspiration communicated in this negative state of being calls forth adequacy, dormant in the ego, to regulate physical function, enhance faculty, or modify character.

It is readily comprehensible that inspirational power depends absolutely on quality of soul. Its magnetism is nothing more than earnestness and sincerity, coupled with insight, sympathy, patience, and tact. These essentials cannot be bought and cannot be taught. They are "born by nature," not "nurst by art." In physical suffering, the high-minded physician and the conscientious trained nurse are the only ones qualified to give suggestions, because of their familiarity with the natural history of diseases and their predisposition to consider possibilities. In the management of nervous invalids alone, the properly equipped nurse is unparagoned. At her appeal, in the calm of hypnosis, all symptoms of unrest subside; the heart stops its tumultuous beat; the hurried respiration becomes slow and regular; and nerve waves of normal amplitude and equable flow are distributed through the body. This state of physical and mental calm marks a favoring conjuncture of circumstances for impression in the desired line—for dispelling morbid fears or expectations of approaching dissolution, for assurances of recovery where there is reasonable hope, for effacing imperative conceptions that are inimical to improvement and cure. It is forceful presentation of truth that makes the patient free. Millions of human beings have prematurely died because of improper, but reversible, attitudes toward the diseases that held them in shackle.

From the physical view-point, hypno-suggestion has for its aim emancipation from functional disturbances. The dynamic impulse thus communicated may institute control of disorders positively unattainable by the objective nature—may, for instance, soften a sclerosis, hasten the absorption of inflammatory products, and reestablish glycogenic poise in *diabetes mellitus*. Diabetes results from the non-combustion of sugars stored in the tissues and liver cells. It represents an error in metabolism, which may be corrected by suggestions to the effect that sugary elements shall not be manufactured in excessive quantities nor hurry through the liver unchanged to be excreted by the kidneys, but shall be retained in the body to be converted by ferments from the pancreas into energy, that is, capacity for work. Under this treatment the manufacture and assimilation of sugar are properly controlled and the disease is cured. Suggestion is further available for the relief of severe pain, and for the induction of insensibility in surgical operations when an ordinary anæsthetic is contra-indicated.

Man in his higher personality is adequate to the extirpation from his objective nature of any abnormal craving or passion, like the craze for intoxicants. The latter is singularly responsive to treatment by suggestion. The drink-habit subject frequently recognizes his danger, and sincerely wishes to be cured. His acquiescence once gained, he is tactfully conducted into the transliminal sphere, and then assured that, in accordance with his own desire and decree, he has lost all craving for stimulants; that alcohol in any form is repugnant to him, and, as a safeguard, that he cannot swallow it, cannot carry the containing glass to his lips. The society of low companions is tabooed; the pleasures associated with drink and the glamour of the barroom are pictured as meretricious and placed in vivid antithesis to the chaste delights of home life. The physical, mental, moral and economic bankruptcy that accompanies dipsomania is held up before the view of the sleeper, and he is forced to the conviction that, begotten of this apprehension, has come into his soul an abhorrence for drink and all that it stands for. He realizes the presence of efficiency within him adequate to the enforcement of radical abstinence as the principle of his life; and he is rendered insensible, for the future, to such combination of passion and allurement as has usually constituted temptation. At the same time,

he is led to renounce any contributory practice, like habitual excess in the use of tobacco, a nerve depressant, which creates a demand for the alcoholic antidote, and so explains seventy-five per cent. of dipsomnia cases. The subpersonal mind is then directed to the vocation or the avocations, or both, as circumstances suggest, and a career of wholesome activities is imaged as the legitimate result of abandonment of the compromising habit.

The success of this treatment bears a distinct relation to the amount of injury inflicted upon the brain and the accompanying mental deterioration. Fortunately, the damage to the cells is largely reparable by discontinuance of the poison and judicious administration of nourishment, general and specific. The advantage of the method consists in the rapidity of restoration to self-control without the necessity for effort of will, without the physical discomfort or suffering that usually attends relinquishment of the habit, and, most conspicuously, without the breaking of family ties and the enforced absence from professional or business duties that are implied in sanatorium treatment.

As an educative instrumentality, suggestion is unrivalled, no method of objective instruction being comparable to quality of personality in the suggestional teacher. It brings out in a moment indwelling power. Immediate insight into principle, quickness and ease of comprehension, general facility and naturalness in application, reproductive memory, creative imagination, faculty, talent, genius—are all transferable from the transliminal nature without nerve strain or brain fag. Genius is but a name for coincidence of action on the part of *psyche* and *pneuma* along the lines of a discovered objective capacity—for effortless expression on the part of harmoniously operating fellow selfs. It is, of course, understood that physical wholeness in given areas and centres of the brain is the condition of perfect expression by means of these areas and centres. Transfers cannot be made, or made to advantage, through the medium of poisoned, ill-fed or worn-out cells. The first obligation of the suggestionist, therefore, is to study the brain he is about to use as his transmitting agent, and, where necessary, strengthen and renovate it before inspiring the transliminal self to attempt through a defective organ impossible expression. Let the brain be sound, and the immediate output of intellectual power in response to suggestion is little short of miraculous. Where technic is understood, a single suggestional

treatment has unfettered literary faculty, and a few subsequent inspirations from the standpoint of rhetorical canon have imparted to the things created tone, refinement, seriousness and spiritual quality. Two or three inspirational appeals, given after mastering the spirit of the plays and satisfying myself of the personal fitness of the subjects, have raised now well-known actresses from mediocrity to fame. In these cases, dormant dramatic bent was instantaneously awakened to activity, self-consciousness was obliterated, genius in embryo was suddenly discovered and matured.

But it is in the treatment of moral disease that the most awe-inspiring results of transliminal domination are manifested. From the ethical view-point, suggestion is a summoning into control of the true man; an accentuation of insight into life and its obligations; a revealing—in all its beauty and strength and significance—of absolute, universal, and necessary truth, and a portraiture of happiness as the assured outcome of living in consonance with this truth. It is not a mere pulling up of weeds by the roots, as described in "Menticulture"; but it is a sudden overshadowing and starving out of character defects and mental weaknesses by a tropical growth of ethical energy which seeks immediate outlet in the activities of a moral life. The patient freely expresses his best self post-hypnotically, without effort, from a plane above that of the will—the plane of apprehension and spontaneous command along lines of thought and action that are high and true. Thus is effected a perfect agreement between the law of right and the intelligent creature, and he who effects it must be ingenuous, uncompromising and eloquent. Mere lip-work is of no avail, for the errant soul is endowed with super-sensible insight, floods with its search-lights the *penetralia* of the suggestionist's heart, and rejects the counsel of an uncandid or lukewarm guide.

Suggestion of this high order is capable, not only of transforming character, but of opening men's hearts to the Divine illapse, to the tide of spiritual energy that sets from God's nature. On the contrary, to deflect by suggestion from the perpendicular of right a *pneuma* governing its objective career along ethico-spiritual lines is practically impossible to a human agent. Hence moral injury can hardly be inflicted through suggestional channels. So-called "hypnotism" is not used for criminal purposes.

It is because ethical energy is potential in man, as the created copy of God, that successful appeal may be made to the transliminal self in states of unstable moral equilibrium. And, assuredly, there is no man or woman, however desperately inthralled by sin, who is not capable of regeneration and of moral greatness. As in intellectual disqualification, some subtle degeneration of the cell—due to poisoning by tobacco, fusel-oil, morphia or other drugs, or traceable directly to the toxins of physical disease or to heritage—may explain the swoon of conscience. Brain-defect unquestionably accounts for that distortion of God's image in the act of its transmission which we know as insanity. It were uncharitable, therefore, not to distinguish between a bad soul and a bad cell; and wise to remember that man is not by nature, but by unnature, sin-loving and sin-living.

Yet the flesh may become so pronounced in its demands for indulgence that the objective will is impotent to grapple with the situation. The subject apprehends his spiritual danger and rallies at intervals, only to be drawn with resistless force back into the deep waters of his specific sin. For such a wretch the Almighty has provided a way of escape through appeal to the godlike in his constitution. In a state of hypnosis, he is made to realize by one who, to borrow the words of the Roman moralist, is angry with the sin but not with the sinner, the inherent dignity and worth of his human nature; he is urged into revolt against the impulse that holds him in durance; and in response to the inspiration abandons the life he is leading for one that is in harmony with his newly apprehended relationships to God and duty. Assured of emancipation, he is sent forth into the world susceptible only to good impressions and high interpretations. In a case of this kind, petition of the *psyche* for aid is tantamount to an ethical victory; and suggestion is the instrumentality whereby the man in need is apprised of the efficiency within him, and, when so enlightened, is inspired to work out his own salvation in his own objective life without conscious effort or struggle. Will power has nothing to do with the result. It is not the will of another that constrains and regenerates. It is not God compelling worthy action. It is the free man himself that has come to his own aid. Hence the deep significance of Helena's words in "All's Well":

> "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
> Which we ascribe to Heaven."

The fact that it is so easy to transform character by applying the redemptory forces of the transliminal nature is, from one standpoint, appalling. It raises the question with startling emphasis, Where lodges the responsibility for a sin-serving world? The man transliminal, or *pneuma,* which is breathed of God sweet and pure, which is continuous with Deity in nature and attributes, which is incapable of unfaith, and which age after age, through the darkness of an earlier world, flashed upon the reason of objective man an apprehension of the unity of God and the immortality of the human soul—must be at fault. In the close relationship with it that my suggestional work implies, where soul is knit to soul, I have sometimes regarded it as incapable of offence against the divine law. And yet a free self-conscious personality must be obnoxious to temptation, and at liberty to sin even if by nature disinclined so to do. The great mass of what is known as sin is manifestly committed in psychic life. It is the *psyche-soma,* the *pneuma* in its psychic phase, that sins—and by sinning creates and perpetuates inharmony between the objective and the subjective self. And Hell—not a place but a psychal state—is to be out of harmony with the superior spiritual personality, which is itself in correspondence with the Infinite (John xvii). Reciprocal adaptation amid a spiritual environment is eternal life. Separation of *psyche* and *pneuma* (by the word of God sharper than a two-edged sword, Heb. iv, 12) is æonian punishment. Hell is thus disqualification, by dissonance, in the face of opportunity to be superlatively happy. And heaven is the state of *psyche* rescued from death, and adapted by forgiveness to existence with its *pneuma* in the presence of eternal Goodness and Beauty and Truth. Opportunity for such accord hardly ceases with abandonment by the *psyche* of its non-eternal habiliments. The conception of a state in which the conscious *psyche* continues in the same ethical condition as that in which it left the body clashes with the findings of psychology and is discountenanced by the teaching of Scripture that, "in the dispensation of the fulness of times, He will gather together in one *all things* in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth" (Eph. i, 10). Perhaps, in the clear light of transliminal truth, the *psyche* grows to its *pneuma,* setting itself in unison "like perfect music unto noble words," and thus fulfilling the Apostle's prophecy.

The pure *pneuma* sins in its attitude of disinterest, its forgetfulness of obligation to its objective nature, its voluntary acceptance of spiritual paralysis so far as earth life is concerned. As soon as apprised by the suggestionist of the necessity for action, it becomes dynamically conscious of its absolute transcendence over human nature and immediately asserts its exalted control, constraining the mortal mind to think and feel and will, and the animated body to act, in conformity with the moral law. If the awakening touch is so easily imparted and the resulting character change is so immediate and so complete, why in the providence of God are things as they are? Why, to quote the question raised by Quintilian, is the condition of man so wretched when his constitution is so excellent? Why is the *pneuma* in its cosmic environment so indifferent to its planetary relationships and obligations? May it not be that its transliminal occupations are so absorbing as to obscure the earth life from its view? Sleep, the familiar chapter of pneumatic life, is not a state of spiritual torpor, but rather of intense transliminal activity. It is the school of the soul, in which there is not only spiritual development but probable access to stores of knowledge, to a wealth of facts and memory-images seemingly registered in some incorporeal Chamber of Records which the subjective self may explore at will. The Neo-Platonist was right in proclaiming "the nighttime of the body to be the daytime of the soul." In the act of waking, as the transliminal dissolves into the supraliminal consciousness, the treasures detected or acquired during sleep are paraded before the objective view. Ideas elaborated in transliminal regions are appropriable spontaneously, without expenditure of brain energy. Thought is easy and rapid; perplexities are disentangled in a flash of intuition; and knowledge conserved in the higher self, but novel to the objective mind, clamors for utterance. Every one may cultivate the habit of lingering at the morning hour in this border-land between the outer and the inner man, and garnering the resources of the transliminal state for the betterment of his objective existence.

The *pneuma*, excarnate in sense-sleep, is not necessarily to be regarded as companionless, or incapable of communication with kindred transliminal selfs or even with extra-human personalities. Psychology admits the possibility of such communication in articulating the principle that "different consciousnesses, or differ-

ent aggregates of states of consciousness, may combine and interpenetrate, somewhat analogously to what theologians mean by the communion of souls."

No educated person will deny that a given transliminal self may communicate automatically with other human transliminal selfs by what is known as "telepathy," the direct transference of thought or feeling from one mind to another at a distance, otherwise than through the normal operation of the recognized sense organs—that is, without the use of words, sounds, odors, looks, gestures, or other material signs. The time has indeed come, as Maeterlinck predicted it would, when souls may know of each other without the intermediary of the senses. Reasoning analogically, we are warranted in the inference that communication with extra-human intelligences is as possible as with kindred transliminal selfs. The Gospel theory of soul intercourse is embodied by the Church in its doctrine of the Communion of Saints—that all the members of the Church Visible are mystically united in Christ with one another and with the members of the Church Invisible, having spiritual fellowship in common, and, in addition thereto, fellowship or communion with God in faith and love and prayer. Thus Christianity makes the living and the dead one blessed society, loving and worshipping the same Lord; we remembering them and they remembering us; we living in the blessed hope of meeting and recognizing them in the life of the world to come.

This may or may not imply the possibility of conscious communication with the dead. But granted, during the hours of rest, symposiums of kindred transliminal spirits, incarnate and excarnate, having interests in common and free to combine and interpenetrate; granted, on such occasions, unrestricted access on the part of every soul to the knowledge and experience and impulses and ideals cherished by every other soul, and thought impression during states of sleep is rationally explained through creative communication. It were pleasant to feel that a contingent of our better thoughts is inspired by those we have loved, or that well-wishing personalities, as the instruments of God, assure and inform us as we sleep. The happy association of the *pneuma* in the transliminal world with congenial personalities, and its possible fellowship with the Infinite Himself, may solve the problem of its disinterest in mundane things.

It is clear that every human being is sensitive to the constraint of suggestion imparted by an acceptable intermediary. Results further show that he is not under the necessity of awaiting the intervention of a fellow man to quicken his dormant *pneuma*. The power of inspiration inheres in himself; he may control his physical functions and his manner of life without aid from any extraneous source. The transliminal self of an individual is as amenable to suggestion by his own objective mind as by the objective mind of an outside person. Self-treatment of this kind, or auto-suggestion, is open to all who would ennoble their lives by cultivating a closer relationship between the supraliminal and the transliminal nature.

The state of mental abstraction called "reverie," immediately preceding natural sleep, is most appropriate for self-suggestion. As one is about yielding to slumber for the night, let him say to himself, for instance, that he will no longer be a slave of the imperative conception or the evil habit that is crippling his best expression—that he will develop talent along specified lines—that he will draw spontaneously upon the resources treasured in his higher being for creative work in the normal sphere. Lapse into sleep with the transliminal thus invoked to employ itself as instructed, all but equivalents suggestion given by another. The prerequisite is earnest, intelligent, persistent application of the self-given suggestions.

The transliminal self is of course similarly impressible in the waking state, but not to the same degree. Clergyman and moralist take advantage of this philosophy in their efforts to rouse the objective self to a sense of its sinfulness and danger, and persuade it to amendment of life. This self, when thus awakened, promptly suggests to its own Oversoul the necessity for intervention, and immediately the solicited power is supplied. No person has ever been converted to Christianity through purely human agencies, otherwise than by auto-suggestion. The writer is not to be understood as intending to substitute self-suggestion for the grace of God, or for enlightened faith in God. Yet, in the providence of the Almighty, suggestion is made practicable by His amalgamation of a double consciousness in each human unit, and it is psychologically possible that it is the means through which God, as well as human selfs, communicates directly with the transliminal man. And who will deny that it is by the quality and quantity

of such converse with the Infinite that human souls are distinguished from one another? The ideal evolution of character consists in bringing the frail objective being wholly under the happy influence of a transliminal (Gal. v) filled with the Spirit of God.

Auto-suggestion is a simple means whereby simple men may become better, wiser, happier, more godlike. The life beautiful is within the reach of all through this natural means, for man's earthly constitution is not incompatible with the indwelling of the Divine. Human extremity is the opportunity of the philanthropist, who is not justified in longer ignoring the philosophy of suggestion as a means of overcoming the spirit of the world, the carnal views that enslave mankind. Given a few thousand properly equipped earnest persons consecrated to the work of disseminating this creed of self-help among the people of the earth —and given willingness on the part of humanity to be uplifted and purified through this instrumentality—and the regeneration of the world within ten years becomes an easy problem.

And more is possible. We know nothing as yet, we have but gathered a few pebbles at the water's edge of the great tarn of the future; vast reaches of sand remain to be sifted in the interest of humanity. And man is as much at liberty to question nature in ethereal spheres as to seek her secrets in the laboratory or read her laws in the heavens. The discovery of a new star or chemical element or micro-organism is of absorbing interest; but such interest pales into triviality beside that involved in opening the way to a perfect comprehension of man's relationship to Deity, to destiny, to his disembodied fellows, and to other spiritual personalities that are not of this fold. Metapsychics seems destined in the twentieth century to demonstrate immortality on reputable scientific grounds, by establishing the laws of telepathy and translating into the earth life supersensuous perceptions (clairvoyance), to determine the possibility or impossibility of human communication with discarnate souls (a question left unanswered by the New Testament writers), to effect that adjustment with natural law which will banish disease, and to give us euthanasia as the fitting close to every human life.

JOHN DUNCAN QUACKENBOS.

BALTIMORE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I.

It had doubtless not been merely absurd, as the wild winter proceeded, to find one's self so enamored of the very name of the South that one was ready to take it in any small atmospheric instalment, and to feel the echo of its voice in the yell of any engine that happened not to drag one either directly North or directly West. One tended at least, on these terms, in some degree, toward the land where the citron blooms, and that was something to go on with, a handful of small change accepted for the time as a pledge of great gold pieces to come. It is astonishing, along the Atlantic coast, how, from the moment the North ceases to insist, the South may begin to presume; ever so little, no doubt, at first, yet with protrusive feelers that tell how she only wants the right sensibility, the true waiting victim, to play upon. It is a question certainly of where, on the so frequently torpid stretch of shore I speak of, the North does cease to insist; or perhaps I should more correctly say a question of when it does. It appeared incapable of this fine tact almost anywhere, I confess, at the season, the first supposedly relenting weeks, of my facing in earnest to Florida; and the interest indeed of that slightly grim adventure was to be in the way it ministered to the coincidence, for me, of two quite opposed strains of reflection. On the one hand, nothing could "say" more to the subject long expatriated, condemned by the terms of his exile to a chronic consciousness of gray northern seas, than to feel how, from New York, or even from Boston, he had but to sit still in his portentous car, had but to exercise a due concentrated patience, in order to become aware, without personal effort or suffered transfer, of that most charming of all watchable processes, the gradual soft, the distinctively demoralized,

conversion of the soul of Nature. This conversion, if I may so put it without profanity, has always struck me, on any southward course, as a return, on the part of that soul, from a comparatively grim Theistic faith to the ineradicable principle of Paganism; a conscious casting-off of the dread theological abstraction—an abstraction still, even with all Puritan stiffening—in the interest of multiplied, lurking, familiar powers; divinities, graces, presences as unseen but as inherent as the scents clinging to the folds of Nature's robe. It would be on such occasions the fault of the divine familiars themselves if their haunts and shrines were empty, for earth and air and day and night, as we go, still affect us as moods of their sympathy, still vibrate to the breath of their passage; so that our progress, under the expanding sun, resembles a little less a journey through space than a retracing of the course of the ages.

These are fine fancies, however, and what is more to my point is that the theory (so agreeable to entertain at Jersey City) of a direct connection between the snow-banks and the orange-groves is a thing of sweetness only so long as practically unshaken. There is continuity, goodness knows, always in America—it is the last thing that is ever broken: the question for the particular case is, But continuity of what? The basis of my individual hope had been that of the reign of the orange-grove; but what it proved, at the crisis I name, was positively that of the usurpation of the snow-bank. It was possible, indubitably, in such conditions, to go to Charleston on sledges—which made in fact, after all, for directness of connection. It made moreover, by the same token, for a certain sinister light on the general truth of our grand territorial unity. It was as if the winter, at the end of February, abroad for a walk, had marched as promptly and inevitably from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf as it might have proceeded, with pride in its huge clear course, from the top of Broadway to the Battery. This brought home again, as I myself went, I remember, one of those three or four main ideas, suggested by the recurrent conditions, which become as obsessions for the traveller in the States—if he have a mind, that is, so indecently exposed to ideas: the sense, constantly fed, and from a hundred sources, that, as Nature abhors a vacuum, so it is of the genius of the American land and the American people to abhor, whenever may be, a discrimination. They are reduced, together, under stress, to making

discriminations, but they make them, I think, as lightly and scantly as possible. With the lively insistence of that impression, even though it quite undermined my fond view of a loose and overreaching citronic belt, I found my actually monotonous way beguiled. Practically, till I reached Charleston, this way, disclaiming every invidious intent, refused to be dissociated from anything else in the world: it was only another case of the painting with a big brush, a brush steeped in crude universal white, and of the colossal size this implement was capable of assuming. Gradations, transitions, differences of any sort, temporal, material, social, whether in man or in his environment, shrank somehow, under its sweep, to negligible items; and one had perhaps never yet seemed so to move through a vast simplified scheme. The illustration was once more, in fine, of the small inherent, the small accumulated, resistance in American air to any force that does simplify. One found the signs of such resistance as little in the prospect enjoyed from the car-window as one distinguished them in the vain images of the interior; those human documents, deciphered from one's seat in the Pullman, which yet do always, in *their* way, for the traveller, constitute precious evidence. The spread of this single great wash of winter from latitude to latitude struck me in fact as having its analogy in the vast vogue of some infinitely selling novel, one of those happy volumes of which the circulation roars, periodically, from Atlantic to Pacific and from great windy State to State, in the manner, as I have heard it vividly put, of a blazing prairie fire; with as little possibility of arrest from "criticism" in the one case as from the bleating of lost sheep in the other. Everything, so to speak, was monotonized, and the whole social order might have had its nose, for the time, buried, by one levelling doom, in the pages that, after the break of the spell, it would never know itself to mention again. Of course, one remembered meanwhile, there were spells and spells, and the free field (the particular freedom of which is the point of my remark) would on occasion be just as open to the far-exhaled breath of the South. That in fact is what I was to find it (though, I thought, all delightfully) later in the season, when the freedom of the field struck me as pure benefit. I was not, at the end of February, really to meet it (as I had looked for it) before crossing the Florida line; but toward the middle of June I was to meet it, enchantingly, at Baltimore, and this, then, as

I had not stopped there in my previous course, was, even beyond the wondrous February Florida, to reveal to me, grateful for any such favor, the South in her freshness. The freshness was in part, no doubt—and even perhaps to extravagance—mine; I testify at all events first for Baltimore.

It would probably be again the freshness, of this confessedly subjective sort, it would probably be again the state of alert response to any favor of the class just hinted at; but the immediate effect of the Maryland capital was to place it, to my troubled vision, and quite at the head of its group, in a category of images and memories small at the best, and the charm of which casts a shadow, none the less, even as the rose wears a thorn. I refer, indeed, in this slightly portentous figure, to the mere familiar truth that, if representative values, and the traceable or the imaginable connections of things, happen to have, on occasion, for your eyes and your intelligence, an existence of any intensity, your case, as a traveller, an observer, a reporter, is "bound," from the first, under the stirred impression, to loom for you in some distressful shape. These representative values and constructive connections, the whole of the latent vividness of things, not only remain, under expression, subject to no definite chemical test, no mathematical proof whatever, but almost turn their charming backs and toss their wilful heads at one's poor little array of terms and equivalents. There thus immediately rises for the lone visionary, betrayed and arrested in the very act of vision, that spectre of impotence which dogs the footsteps of perception, and whose presence is like some poison-drop in the silver cup. Baltimore put on for me, from the first glance, the form of the silver cup, filled with the mildest, sweetest decoction; but I had no sooner begun to taste of it than I began to taste also of the infused bitter. It had, in its way, during that first early hour or two of the summer evening, a perfect felicity: which meant, for the touched intelligence, that it was full of pleasantly playing reference and reflection, that it exhaled on the spot, as the word goes, an atmosphere; that it wore, to contemplation, in fine, a character as marked with mild accents as some faded old uniform is marked with tarnished buttons and braid—albeit these sources of interest were too closely of the texture to be snipped off, in the guise of patterns or relics, by any mere sharp shears of journalism.

I arrived late in the day, and the day had been lovely; I alighted

at a large, fresh, peaceful hostelry, imposingly modern yet quietly affable, and, having recognized the deep, soft general note, even from my windows, as that of a kind of mollified vivacity, I sought the streets with as many tacit questions as I judged they would tolerate or as the waning day would allow me to put. It took but that hour, as I strolled in the early eventide, to give me the sense of the predicament I have glanced at; that of finding myself committed to the view of Baltimore as quite insidiously "sympathetic," quite inordinately amiable—which amounted, in other words, to the momentous proposition that she was interesting—and still of wondering, by the same stroke, how I was to make any such statement plausible. Character is founded on elements and features, so many particular parts which conduce to an expression. So I walked about the dear little city looking for the particular parts—all with the singular effect of rather failing to find them, and with my impression of felicity at the same time persistently growing. The felicity was certainly not that of a mere blank; there must accordingly have been items and objects, signs and tokens, there must have been causes of so charming a consequence: there must have been the little numbers (not necessarily big, if only a tall enough column) for the careful sum on my slate. What happened then, remarkably, was that, while I mechanically so argued, my impression was fixing itself by a wild logic of its own, and that I was presently to see how it would, when once settled to a certain intensity, snap its fingers at warrants and documents. If it was a question of a slate, the slate was used, at school, I remembered, for more than one purpose; so that mine, by my walk's end, instead of a show of neat ciphering, exhibited simply a bold-drawn image—which had the merit, moreover, of not being in the least a caricature. The moral of this was precious—that of the fine impunity with which, if one but had sensibility, the ciphering could be neglected and in fact almost contemned: always, that is (and only), *with* one's finer wits about one. Without them one was at best, really, nowhere—even with "items" by the thousand; so that the place became, quite adorably, a lesson in the use of that resource. It would be "no good" to a journalist—for *he* is nowhere, ever, without his items; but it would be everything, always, to the mere restless analyst. He might by its aid stand against all comers; and this alike in pleasure and in pain, in the bruised or in the soothed

condition. That was the real way to work things out, and to feel it so brought home would by itself sufficiently crown this particular small pilgrimage.

II.

If my sensibility yielded so completely to Baltimore, however, I should add, this was no doubt partly because the air seemed from the first to breathe upon it a pledge of no bruises. I mounted, in the golden June light, the neatest, amplest, emptiest street vista, the builded side of a steepish hill, and, having come in due course to a spacious summit, laid out with monumental elegance and completely void, for the time, of the human footstep, I saw that to suffer, in any fibre, I should have positively, somewhere, to hurl myself upon the spears. Not a point protruded then or afterwards; and the cunning of the restless analyst is essentially such that, with friction long enough in abeyance to leave him a start, he is already astride of his happier thesis, seated firm, having "elected" to be undismountable, and riding it as hard as it will go. The absence of friction, on my monumental hill-top and in the prospects it overhung, constituted, I was to find, an absolute circus-ring for this exercise; and it is much to be able to say, while performing in the circus (even if but mainly to the public of one's own conscience) that one has never had the sense of a safer hour. The safety of Baltimore, I should indeed mention, consisted perhaps a little overmuch, during that first flush, in her apparently vacant condition: she affected me as a sort of perversely cheerful little city of the dead; and from the dead, naturally, comes no friction. Was she cheerful, that is, or was she only resigned and discreet?—with the manner of the good breeding that doesn't publicly prate of family troubles. I found myself handling, in imagination, these large quantities only because, as I suppose, it was impossible not to remember on that spot of what native generation one had come. It took no greater intensity of the South than Baltimore could easily give to figure again, however fadedly, and all as a ghostly presence, the huge shadow of the War, and to reproduce that particular blood-stained patch of it that, in the very first days, the now so irresponsible and absent community about me had flung across the path of the North. This one echo of old Time made the connections, for the instant, all vibrate, and the scene about me, somehow, as it stood, had to account for the great revolution. It was as if *that,*

for the restless analyst, had to be disposed of before anything else; whereby, precisely, didn't the amenity of his impression partly spring from the descent there, on the spot, in a quick white flash, of the most august of the Muses? It was History in person who hovered, just long enough for me to recognize her and to read, in her strange deep eyes, *her* intelligence at least of everything. It might have been there fairly as reassurance. "Yes, they have lived with *me,* and it has done them good, and we have buried together all their past—about which, wise creature as I am, I allow them of course all piety. But this—what you make out around us—is their real collective self, which I am delighted to commend to you. I have found Baltimore a charming patient." That was, in ten minutes, what it had come to; as if the brush of the sublime garment had by itself cleared the air. If there was a fine warm hush everywhere, it was indeed partly that of this historic peace.

But for the rest it only meant that the world was at such a season out of town. Houses were everywhere closed, and the neat perspectives, all domiciliary, and all, as I have hinted, tending mildly to a vague elegance, were the more neat and more elegant, though doubtless also the more mild and the more vague, for their being so inanimate. A certain vividness of high decency seemed in spite of it to possess them, and this suggestion of the real Southern glow, yet with no Southern looseness, was clearly something by itself—all special and local, and all, or almost all, expressed in repeated vistas of little brick-faced and protrusively door-stepped houses, which, overhung by tall, regular umbrage, suggested rows of quiet old ladies seated, with their toes tucked up on uniform footstools, under the shaded candlesticks of old-fashioned tea-parties. The little ladylike Squares, though below any tide-mark of fashion, were particularly frequent; in which case it was as if the virtuous dames had drawn together round a large green table, albeit to no more riotous end than that each should sit before her individual game of patience. One sounds inevitably the note of the "virtue"—so little, in general, can any picture of American town-appearances hang together without it. It amounts, everywhere, to something intenser than the implied absence of "vice"; it amounts to a sort of registered absence of the conception or the imagination of it, and still more of the provision for it; though, all the while, as one goes and comes, one

feels that no community can really be as purged of peccant humors as the typical American has for the most part found itself foredoomed to look. It has been caught in the mechanism of that consistency—to an effect of convenience, doubtless, much more than to any other; and has thus, in the whole vast connection, a relation to appearances that is all its own. The European scene, at a thousand points, looks all its sophistications straight out at us—or looks, in other words, at least as perverse as it practically is. The American, on the other hand, expressing physiognomically no sophistications at all—though plenty of quite common candors, crudities and vulgarities—makes one ask if the cash-register, the ice-cream freezer, the lightning elevator, the "boys' paper," and other such overflows, do truly represent the sum of its passions. Incontestably, at all events, this immensely ingenuous aspect counts, for any country and any scheme of life, as a great force, just as the appearance of the stale and the congested residing in the comparatively battered mask of experience counts as a weakness: to conceive which the mind's eye has only to fix a little the colossal American face grimacing with anything of a subtler consciousness. That image, if actually presented, would become, as we feel, appalling. The inexorable fate of the countenance in question may be so to learn to grimace in time, but though few processes are slow, in the United States, and few exhibitions not contagious, any such transition, assuredly, will not be rapid, any more than any such tendency will easily predominate.

All of which would have carried me far from the simple sweetness of Baltimore, were it not that, for the restless analyst, there is no such thing as an unrelated fact, no such thing as a break in the chain of relations. Many a perceived American aspect, for that matter, would by itself have little to give: the student of manners, in other words, to make it presentable—by which I understand to make it sufficiently interesting—must first discover connections for it and then borrow from these, if possible, the elements of a wardrobe. And though it should sound a little monstrous, moreover, one had somehow not been prepared for so delicate an effect of propriety; since there are cases too, indubitably, in which propriety can show for almost as coarse as anything else. It couldn't have been, either, that one had expected any positive air of license; but the fact was, I suppose, that, for a constitutional story-seeker, a certain still, small shock, a prompt

need of readjustment of view, was involved in one's finding the element of the bourgeois crop up, so inveterately, in latitudes generally associated, so far as one knew them elsewhere, with some perceptible sacrifice to the sway of the senses. I had already, at this date, as I have noted, dipped deep into our own uttermost South, and had there had to reckon with that first slight disconcertment awaiting the observer whose southern categories happen to have been wholly European. His simplest expression for the anomaly he meets is that he sees the citronic belt all incongruously Protestantized: that big word (for so small a bewilderment perhaps) sticks to him and worries him—almost as absurdly, I grant, as if he had expected Charleston and Savannah to betray the moral accent of Naples or Seville. He had not, assuredly, done this; but he had as little allowed, in imagination, for the hyperborean note. A South without church fronts and church interiors had been superficially as strange, in its way, as a Methodism of the subtropic night, a Methodism of the orange and the palm. Such were the treacheries of association; though what indeed would observation be, for interest, if it were not, just by these armed surprises, constantly touched with adventure? The beauty of Baltimore was, all this time, that one could feel it as potentially harmonizing; the citronic belt would not embrace here more Methodism than might consort with it, nor the Methodism pretend to cultivate with any success the hibiscus and the pomegranate.

That I could entertain so many incoherent ideas in half an hour was in any case a proof that I felt, for the occasion, left in possession; quite as the visitor as yet unintroduced may feel during some long preliminary wait in a drawing-room. He looks at the furniture, pictures, books; he studies in these objects the character of the house and of his hosts, and if there be some domestic treasure visibly more important and conspicuous than the others, it engages his attention as either with a fatal or an engaging force. The top of the central eminence, with its air of an ample plan and of sweeping the rest of the circle, figured the documentary parlor and my enjoyed license to touch and examine; so that when it was a question, in particular, of the monument to Washington, the high column, in the middle, with its surmounting figure and its spreading architectural base, this presence was, for all the world, like that of some vast and stately old-fashioned

clock, a decorative "piece," an heirloom from generations now respectably remote, occupying an inordinate space in proportion to the other conveniences. The ornamental, the "important" clock is apt to be in especial, at such a crisis, a telltale object; its range of testimony, of possible treachery, is immense, and cases are not unknown, I gather, in which it has put the doubting visitor to flight. The greater the felicity, thereby, for the overtopping Baltimore timepiece, which hung about in mild reassurance, promptly aware that it wasn't a bit vulgar, but, on the contrary, of a pleasant jejune academic pomp that suggested, to the fancy, some melancholy, some spectral, man-at-arms mounting guard at the angles, in due military form, over suspected treasures of Style. One could imagine, somehow, under the summer stars, the mystic vigil of these mild heroes; and one could above all catch again the interesting hint of the terms on which, in the United States, the consecration of time may be found operating. It has a trick there all of its own, thanks to which the effect of duration is produced very much as, before the footlights, the prestidigitator produces the effect of extracting a live fowl from a hat. This is a law under which, the material permitting, the decades count as centuries and the centuries as æons. The misfortune is that too often the material, futile and treacherous, doesn't permit. Yet the law is in the happiest cases none the less strikingly vindicated. There, for instance—to pursue undiscouraged my figure of the guest in the empty parlor—were the best houses, the older, the ampler, the more blandly quadrilateral; which in spite of their still faces met one's arrest, at their commodious corners and other places of vantage, with an unmistakable *manner*. The quiet assurance of a position in the world—the world, the only one, with which they were concerned—testified again, in an interesting way, to the simple source of their impressiveness, showing how almost any modern interval could have been long enough to make them nobly antique if such interval might only have been vulgar enough. The age of "brownstone" was to have found no difficulty in *that;* the prolongation of its rage for a quarter of a century amply sufficed to dignify every antecedent thing it had spared (as the survivors of reigns of Terror grow by mere survival distinguished); while, steeped in dishonor up to the eyebrows, that is up to its false cornices of painted and sanded wood and iron, it was never to enjoy, for itself, the advantage it elsewhere

conferred. Nothing has ever been vulgar enough to rehabilitate the odd ugliness, so distinct, yet after all so undemonstrable, of this luckless material: the way one shuddered, in particular, at the touch, on balustrade and elsewhere, of the sanded iron! It has been followed by other rages and other errors, but even the grace of the American time-measure can do nothing for it.

III.

It was of course the fact that the "values" here were all such, and such alone, as might be reflected from the social conditions and the state of manners, even if reflected, for the hour, almost into empty space—it was this that gave weight to each perceived appearance and permitted none to show as trivial enough to project me, in reaction or in inanition, upon the comparative obviousness of the "burnt district." There is almost always a burnt district to eke out the interest of an American city—it is the pride of the citizen and the resource of the visitor when all else fails; and I can scarce, I think, praise Baltimore so liberally as to note that this was the last of her beauties I was conscious of. She had lost by fire, a few months before, the greater part of her business quarter, which she was now rapidly and artfully calling back to existence; but the entertainment she offered me was guiltless, ever so gracefully and gallantly guiltless, as it struck me, of reference, even indirect, to the majesty either of ruin or of remedy. One was, on further acquaintance, thoroughly beguiled, but the burnt district had so little to do with it that the days came and went without my so much as discovering its whereabouts. Wonderful little Baltimore, in which, whether when perched on a noble eminence or passing from one seat of the humanities, one seat of hospitality, to another—a process mainly consisting indeed, as it seemed to me, of prompt drives through romantic parks and woodlands that were all suburban yet all Arcadian—I caught no glimpse of traffic, however mild, nor spied anything "tall" at the end of any vista. This was in itself really a benediction, since I had nowhere, from the first, been infatuated with tallness; I was infatuated only with the question of manners, in their largest sense—to the finer essence of which tallness had already defined itself to me as positively abhorrent. What occurred betimes, and ever so happily, was simply that the delicate blank of those first hours flushed into animation, and that with

this indeed the embroidery of the fine canvas turned thick and rich. It came back again, no doubt, in the inveterate way, to the University presence, and to the eagerness with which, on the American scene—as I tire not, you see, of repeating—the visiting spirit, on such occasions, throws itself straight into sanctuary. It breaks in at any cost, this distracted appetite, and, recomposing the elements to their greater distinction, if need be, and with a high imaginative hand, makes of the combination obtained the only firm standpoint for the rest of the view. It has even in this connection an occasional sharp chill; air-borne rumors reach it of perversities and treacheries, conspiracies possibly hatching in the very bosom of the temple and against its very faith. One hears of the University idea threatened in more than one of the great institutions—reduced to some pettifogging conception of a short brisk term and a simplified culture; a lively, thrifty training for "business competition." This is a blow to the collective fond fancies set humming, at once, in almost any scholastic shade—under the effect of which one can but give one's own scant scholar's hood, while one winces, a further protesting pull over abashed brows. It would have been a question, very much, of what I call breaking in (into the Johns Hopkins) at this moment, had I not here been indulged, in all liberality, with an impression the more charming, in a manner, for the fact of halls and courts brooding in vacation stillness. Perversely adorable always—and I scarce know why—the late afternoon light in deserted haunts of study; with the secret of supreme dignity lurking, above all, in high, dusky, wainscoted chambers where the sound of one's footfall lingers, to one's pleasure, like a caress, and where portraits of the appurtenant worthies, the heroes and patrons, grow vague in the twilight. It is a tribute to the forces of idealism lurking again and again, over the country, in the amenity of the general Collegiate appearance, that the last thing these conditions overtly suggest, or seem to accept as their imputed virtue, is this precipitation of the young intelligence into the mere vociferous Market.

I scarce know why, however, I should have appeared, even by waving it away, to make room at our banquet for the possible skeleton of the false, the barbarizing, note; since the natural pitch of Baltimore, the pictorial, so to speak, as well as the social, struck me, once a certain contact established, as that of disinterested

sensibility, the passion of which her University is the highest and clearest example. There was on the splendid Sunday, in particular, a warm, soft fusion of aspects — a *con*fusion, in fact, while I now gather it in—which seems to defy, though all unconsciously, the sharper edge of discrimination and to offer itself, insistently, as a general wash of brave Southern shade, the play of a liquid brush of which the North knows nothing. The episodes melt together, yet they also, under a little pressure, come happily apart, and over the large sun-chequered picture the generous boughs hang heavy. Admirable I found them, the Maryland boughs, and so immediately disposed about the fortunate town, by parkside and lonely lane, by trackless hillside and tangled copse, that the depth of rural effect becomes at once bewildering. You wonder at the absent transitions, you look in vain for the shabby fringes—or at least, under my spell, I did; you have never seen, on the lap of nature, so large a burden so neatly accommodated. Baltimore sits there as some quite robust but almost unnaturally good child might sit on the green apron of its nurse, with no concomitant crease or crumple, no uncontrollable "mess," by the nursery term, to betray its temper. It was with something like that figure before me that I kept communing, as I say, with the bland presence. Even a morning hour or two at the great University Hospital — for one's experience of the higher tone, one's irrepressible pursuit of charm, in America, has, to its great enrichment, these odd sequences—even that beginning of the day did nothing to obtrude the ugly or to overemphasize the real; it simply contributed, under some perversion that I can neither explain nor defend, to the general grace of the picture. Why should the great clear Hospital, with its endless chambers of woe, its whole air as of *most* directly and advisedly facing, as the hospitals of the world go, the question of the immensities of pain—why should such an impression actually have turned, under the spell, to fine poetry, to a mere shining vision of the conditions, the high beauty, of applied science? The conditions, positively, as I think of them after the interval, make the poetry—the large art, above all, by which, in a place bristling with its terrible tale, everything was made to seem fair, and fairest even while it most intimately concurred in the work. In short if the Hospital was fundamentally Universitarian—as of the domain of the great Medical Faculty—so it partook for me, in its own way,

of the University glamour, and so the tempered morning, and the shaded splendor, and the passive rows, the grim human alignments that became, in their cool vistas, delicate "symphonies in white," and, more even than anything else, the pair of gallant young Doctors who ruled, for me, so gently, the whole still concert, abide with me, collectively, as agents of the higher tone.

No example could speak more of that enlargement of function, for constituting some picture of life, that many an American element or object, many an institution, has to be felt as practising —usually with high success. It comes back, one notes for the thousandth time, to that redistribution and reconsecration of values, of representative weight, which it is *the* interesting thing, over the land, to see take effect—to see in especial take all the effect of which it is capable. There are a thousand "European" values that are absent, and, whether as a consequence or not of that, there are innumerable felt solutions of the social continuity. The instinct of missing—by which I mean not at all either the consciousness or the confession of lacking—keeps up, however, its own activity; for the theory at least of the native spirit is to consent wittingly to no privation. It has a genius, the native spirit, for desiring things of the existence and even of the possibility of which it is actually unaware, and it views the totality of nature and the general life of man, I think, as more than anything else commissioned and privileged to wait on these awakenings. Thus new values arise as expansion proceeds; the marked character of which, for comparative sociology, is that they are not at all as other values. What they "count" for is the particular required American quantity; and we see again and again how large a quantity symbol and figure have to represent. The interesting thing is that, on the spot, the representation does practically cover the ground: it covers elements that in communities employing a different scale require for their expression (and perhaps sometimes to an effect of waste) a much greater number of terms. Hence the constant impression of elasticity, and that of those pressures of necessity under which value and virtue, character and quantity, greatness and glory even, to a considerable extent, are imputed and projected. There has to be a facility for the working of any social form—facility of comparison and selection in some communities, facility of rapid conversion in others. That is where the American material is elastic, where it affects

one in the manner of some huge india-rubber cloth fashioned for "field" use and warranted to bear inordinate stretching.

One becomes aware thus wherever one turns, both of the tension and of the resistance; everything and every one, all objects and elements, all systems, arrangements, institutions, functions, persons, reputations, give the sense of their pulling hard at the india-rubber: almost always, wonderfully, without breaking it off, yet never quite with the effect of causing it to lie thick. The matter of interest, however, is just this fact that its thinness should so generally—in some cases, to all intents and purposes, so richly—suffice; suffice, that is, for producing, unaided, impressions of a sort that make their way to us in Europe through superimposed densities, a thousand thicknesses of tradition. Which is what one means, again, by the differing "values"; the thinness doing perforce, on the one side, much of the work done by the thickness on the other: the work, in particular, of the appeal to the fond observer. He is by his very nature committed everywhere to his impression—which means essentially, I think, that he is foredoomed, in one place as in another, to "put in" a certain quantity of emotion and reflection. The turn his sensibility takes depends of course on what is before him; but when is it ever not in some manner exposed and alert? If it be anything really of a touchstone it is more disposed, I hold, to easy bargains than to hard ones; it only wants to be *somehow* interested, and is not without the knowledge that an emotion is after all, at the best or the worst, but an emotion. All of which is a voluminous commentary, I admit, on the modest text that I perhaps made the University Hospital stand for too many things. That establishes at all events my contention—that the living fact, in the United States, *will* stand, other facts not preventing, for almost anything you may ask of it. Other facts, at Baltimore, didn't prevent—there being none, outside the University circle, of any perceptibly public, any majestic or impressive or competitive, order. So it was as if this particular experience had been (as the visitation of cities goes) that of *all* present art and organization, that of all antiquity, history, piety, sociability, that of the rich real, and the rich romantic, in fine, at a stroke. Had there been more to see and to feel I should possibly have seen and felt more; yet what was absent, with this sense of feeling and seeing so much?

IV.

There *were* other facts, in abundance, I hasten to add; only they were not, as I say, competitive, not of the public or majestic order—so that they the less imposed, for appreciation, any rearrangement of values. They were a matter still of the famous, the felicitous, Sunday — into which as into an armful of the biggest and bravest June roses I seemed to find my perceptions cluster. Foremost among these, meanwhile, was that of the plentiful presence, freshly recognized, of absolute values too—which offer themselves, in the midst of the others, with a sharpness of their own, and which owe nothing, for interest, to any question of the general scale. The Country Club, for instance, as I had already had occasion to note, is everywhere a clear American felicity; a *complete* product of the social soil and air which alone have made it possible, and wearing, whenever met, that assured face of the full-blown flower and the proved proposition. These institutions speak so of American life as a success that they affected me at moments as crying aloud to be commemorated—since it is on American life only that they are founded, and since they render it, to my mind, the good office of making it keep all its graces and of having caused it to shed, by the same stroke, the elements that are contrary to these. Nothing is more suggestive than to recognize each time, on the premises, the thing that "wouldn't do in Europe"—for a judgment of the reasons of its doing so well in the one hemisphere and so ill in the other promptly becomes illuminating. The illumination is one at which, with more space, I should have liked to light here a candle or two —partaking, indeed, by that character of a like baffled virtue in many another group of social phenomena. The Country Club testifies, in short, and gives its evidence, from the box, with the inimitable, invaluable accent of American authority. It becomes, for the restless analyst, one of the great garden-lamps in which the flame of Democracy burns whitest and steadiest and most floods the subject; taking its place thus on the positive side of a line which has its other side overscored with negatives. I may seem too much to brood upon it, but the interest of the American scene being, beyond any other, the show, on so immense a scale, of what Democracy, pushing and breaking the ice like an Arctic explorer, is making of things, any scrap that contributes to it wears a part of its dignity. To have been beforehand with the

experiments, with several rather risky ones at least, and to have got on with these so beautifully while other rueful nations prowl, in the dusk, inquisitive but apprehensive, round the red windows of the laboratory, peeping, for the last news, between each other's shoulders—all this is, for the democratic force, to have stolen a march, over no little of the ground, and to have gained time on such a scale as perhaps to make the belated of the earth, the critical group at the windows, still live to think of themselves as having too much wasted it.

There had been one—I mean a blest Country Club—in the neighborhood of Boston (where indeed I believe there were a dozen, at least as exemplary, out of my range); there had been another, quite marvellous, on the Hudson—one of a numerous array, probably, within an hour's run of New York; there had been a supreme specimen, supreme for a documentary worth, even at Charleston (I reserve to myself to explain in due course, and in such an exquisite sense, my "even"). This had made for me, if you will, a short list, but it had made a long admonition, to which the embowered institution near Baltimore was to add a wonderful emphasis. An admonition of what? it will meanwhile be asked: to which the answer may perhaps, for the moment, not be more precipitate than by one's saying that with any feeling for American life you soon enough see. You see its most complete attestation of its believing in itself unlimitedly, and also of its being right about itself at more points than it is wrong. You see it apply its general theory of its nature and strength—much of this doubtless quite an unconscious one—with a completeness and a consistency that will strike you also (or that ought to) as constituting an unconscious heroism. You will see it accept in detail, with a sublime serenity, certain large social consequences—the consequences of the straight application, in the most delicate conditions, of the prime democratic idea. As this idea is that of an universal eligibility, so you see it, under the application, beautifully resist the strain. So you see, in a word, everything staked on the conception of the young Family as a clear social unit—which, when all is said and done, remains round about you, the ubiquitous fact. The conception of the Family is, goodness knows, "European" enough; but the difference resides in its working on one side of the world in the vertical and on the other in the horizontal sense. If its identity in

Europe, that is, resides more especially in its perpendicular, its backward and forward extension, its ascent and descent of the long ladder of time, so it develops in the United States mainly by its lateral spread, as one may say; expressing itself thus rather by number than by name, and yet taking itself for granted, when one comes to compare, with an intensity to which mere virtue of name elsewhere scarce helps it. American manners, as they stand, register therefore the apotheosis of the Family—a truth for which they have by no means received due credit; and it is in the light of Country Clubs that all this becomes vivid. These organizations accept the Family as the social unit—accept its extension, its *whole* extension, through social space, and accept it as many times over as the question comes up: which is what one means by their sublime and successful consistency. No, if I may still insist, nothing anywhere accepts anything as the American Country Clubs accept these whole extensions.

That is why I speak of it as accepting the universal eligibility. With no palpable result does the democratic idea, in the States, more bristle than with the view that the younger are "as good" as the elder: family life is in fact, as from child to parent, from sister to brother, from wife to husband, from employed to employer, the eminent field of the democratic demonstration. This then is the unit that, with its latent multiplications, the Country Club takes over—and it is easy to see how such units must multiply. This is the material to which it addresses, with such effect, the secret of its power. I may of course be asked what I mean by an eligibility that is "universal"; but it seems needless to remark that even the most inclusive social scheme must in a large community always stop somewhere. Distinctly diverting, often, to Americans, the bewilderment of the European mind on the subject of "differences" and of the practicability of precautions for maintaining these; so beset is that mind, to the American view, with this theory, this habit or need of precautions, and so disposed apparently to fear, in its anxiety, that without the precautions the differences, dreadful thought! may cease. The American theory is, I think, but vague, and the inevitable consciousness of differences reduced to a matter of practice—a matter which, on the whole, very much takes care of itself. Glimpses and revelations come to it, across the sea, on the great wave of modern publicity—images of a social order in which

the precautions, as from above to below, are more striking than the differences and thereby out of proportion to them: an appearance that reads a lesson, of a sort, as to leaving precautions alone. It is true, at any rate, that no application of the aristocratic, none of the democratic, idea is ever practically complete; discriminations are produced by the mere working of the machine, and they so engage alike almost every one's interest, meet alike almost every one's convenience. Nature and industry keep producing differences as fast as Constitutions keep proclaiming equality, and there are always, at the best, in any really liberal scheme or human view, more conscious inaptitudes to convince of their privilege than conscious possibilities to convince of their limits. All of which reflections, however, I agree, would probably have remained a little dim, even for the restless analyst, had not the most shining of his examples bathed the subject, to his eyes, in radiance. This could only be, as I have intimated, that of the bright institution on the Hudson, as half an hour's vision of it, one splendid Sunday of the Maytime, put it before me—all in terms so eloquent that I would fain have translated them on the spot.

For there, to every appearance, was the high perfection of the type—the ample, spreading, galleried house, hanging over the great river, with its beautiful largeness of provision for associated pleasures. The American note was there—in the intensity and continuity of the association, and the interest of the case was in its thus enjoying, for the effect, all the advantages that experience, chastening experience, and taste, "real" taste, could heap upon it. Somewhere in one's mind, doubtless, lurked the apprehension that such a "proposition" might, in that emphatic form, have betrayed a thousand flaws—whereas all one *could* say face to face with it, treading its great verandas and conversation-rooms, its halls of refreshment, repose and exercise, its kitchens and its courts and its baths and its gardens, its wondrous inside and outside palæstra, was that it positively revealed new forms of felicity. It was thus a new and original thing—rare phenomenon!—and actually an "important" one; for what did it represent (all discriminations made and recognized) but the active Family, as a final social fact, or in other words the sovereign People, as a pervasive and penetrative mass, "doing" themselves on unprecedented lines? They had invoked, certainly, high and

congruous countenance; but vain I thought the objection made when I exclaimed to a friend on these marvels. "It depends upon whom I call the People? Of course it depends: so I call them, exactly, the groups and figures we see, here before us, enjoying, and enjoying both so expertly and so discreetly, these conveniences and luxuries. That's their interest—that they *are* the People; for what interest, under the sun, would they have if they weren't? They are the people 'arrived,' and, what is more, disembarked: that's all the difference. It seems a difference because elsewhere (in Europe, say again), though we see them begin, at the very most, to arrive, socially, we yet practically see them still on the ship—we have never yet seen them disembark thus *en masse.* This is the effect they have when, all impediments and objections on the dock removed, they do *that.*" And later on, at the afternoon's end, on the platform of the large agreeable riverside station which spread there, close at hand, as the appanage of the club itself, I could but call attention to the manner in which every impression reinforced my moral. The Families, the parties, the groups and couples (the element of the Individual, as distinguished from that of the Family, being remarkably absent) had gathered in the soft eventide for the return to New York, and it was impossible not to read each sign of the show in the vivid "popular" light. Only one did so—and this was the great point—with a positive uplifting of the spirit. Everything hung together and every one was charming. It was my explanatory word therefore to my companion. "That's what the People *are* when they've disembarked."

Having said so much—and with the sense, strange as it may appear, that there would still be much to say—I must add that I suddenly seem to see consternation in the charming face of the establishment, deep in the Baltimore countryside, my impression of which was to lay a train for those reflections: so that with a conscience less clear I might take the image as a warning against the vice of reading too much meaning into simple intentions. Therefore let me admit that the conscious purpose of this house of hospitality didn't look beyond the immediate effect of luncheon or dinner on one of its deep southern verandas, with great trees, close at hand, flinging their shade, with the old garden of the old country home that the Club had inherited forming one prospect, and with a deep woodland valley, stream-haunted if I am not

mistaken, giving breadth of style to another. The Maryland boughs, for that matter, creating in the upper air great classic serenities of shade, give breadth of style; and the restless analyst, all grateful, and truly for the nonce at rest, could but ruefully note how little they had borrowed from any Northern, and least of all from any New England, model their almost academic grace. They might have borrowed it straight from far-away Claudes and Turners; yet one made no point of that either—their interest was so sufficiently their own. Distances of view have often in the North the large elegance, but nearnesses almost never; these are at their worst constitutionally coarse and at their best merely well meaning. I was to find food, all day, for that observation; I was to remain under a charm of which breadth of style was the key. Earth and air, between them, had taken it in hand—so that one was always moving, somehow, under arches that were "triumphal" or sitting in bowers that made one think of temples. It was not that man, or that art, had done much—though indeed they had incurred no shame and had even been capable of a masterpiece, seen in the waning light, of which I shall presently speak. It was the diffused, mitigated glow, the happy medium itself that continued to be meanwhile half the picture. I wandered through it from one impression to another, and I keep, with intensity, that of the admirable outlying Park, treasure of the town, through which I had already three or four times driven, but the holiday life of which, on the warm Sunday night, humming, languidly, under the stars, as with spent voices of the homeward-bound, attested more than ever its valuable function.

That must have been, in the whole pleasant incoherence, on my way back from the sweet old Carroll house, climax of an afternoon drive, yet before another, an ultimate visit, which was the climax of everything. I have sufficiently noted, already, the charming law under which, in the States, any approach to really ripe architectural charm—for the real ripeness is indispensable—enjoys advantages, those of mystery and sanctity, that are achieved in Europe but on greatly harder terms. The observed practice of this art, at times singularly subtle, is in fact half the reward of one's attention, puzzled though the latter may none the less be to see how the trick is played. So much at any rate one remembers; yet where, after all, would the sweet old Carroll

house, nestling under its wood in the late June afternoon, and with something vaguely haunted in its lonely refinement, not have made an insidious appeal? There are sweet old Carroll houses, I believe, on several other sites—the luckiest form perhaps in which a flourishing family may have been moved to write its annals. The intimation of "annals" hangs about the place, and again we try to capture, under the charming pillared portico, before the mild red brick and the pale pediment and facings, in the series of high chambers, quite instinct with style (small far-off cousins of such "apartments," say, as those of Kensington Palace, though they cover, bungalow fashion, scarce more than one floor), some lingering, living accent of such a profession of history. We capture verily, I think, nothing; we merely project a little, from room to room and from one mild aspect of the void to another, our old habit of suppositions. Bred of other historic contacts, it instinctively puts forth feelers; but the feelers drop, after a little, like hands that meet nothing; our suppositions themselves, as I have called them, and which but return to us like toy ships that won't sail, are all they find tangible. There is satisfaction, of a sort, however, even in such arrested questions, when, as before this delicate, faintly resonant shell, each other element also helping, they have been vividly enough suggested. Later on, for the real crown of my day, no wonderments were checked and no satisfactions imperfect. Attained, for the high finish of the evening, by another plunge, behind vaguely playing carriage-lamps, into the bosky, odorous, quite ridiculously romantic suburban night, this was the case of an ancient home without lapses or breaks, where the past and the present were in friendliest fusion, so that the waiting future, evidently, slumbered with confidence; and where, above the easy open-air "Southern" hospitality, an impression now of shafts of mild candle-light across overlaced outer galleries and of throbs of nature's voice in the dark vaster circle, the Maryland boughs, at their best, presided in the unforgettable grand manner.

HENRY JAMES.

THE LAW OF HEREDITY.

BY LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.

It would prove, no doubt, a most difficult task, if it were, indeed, in the end possible, to decide—without a detailed analysis of their fundamental laws and the practical advantages they afford to mankind in general—which of all the sciences we are so far acquainted with is the most important. But, on the other hand, so much can be said with certainty that it does not require many arguments to show that the science which deals with the laws of heredity ranks amongst the very foremost branches of scientific doctrines. Put briefly, its claims to general and widespread recognition, on the part both of the lay public and of scientists, do not rest so much upon the facts concerning it which have already been brought to light, as upon the vast field of human well-being which it so intimately concerns. For, taking it as a whole, the science of heredity has to deal, not only with the transmission from parent to offspring of good or bad qualities and characteristics, as the case may be, but also with the whole chain of innumerable bodily and mental affections.

As a matter of fact, it is well to point out at the outset that, despite the great progress which, during the last one or two decades, has been made in this direction, it cannot yet be said that the final verdict on the main points at issue has been pronounced, and still less can it be said that all the biologists and scientific workers in this particular field of research have arrived at a clear and definite understanding concerning some vital questions in connection with that science. Moreover, the difficulties we have to contend with here become all the more obvious and remarkable if the highly important fact is duly taken into consideration, that our present knowledge regarding the very earliest stages of embryonic development is, in its principal points, de-

rived from observation in the animal and vegetable kingdom, though, on the other hand, it is safe to assume that the same processes take place in the human kind. However, some new and very important facts have come to light, and this especially during quite recent years, which will be illustrated and elucidated —as far as space permits—in the description that follows.

Of course, I am concerned here with the matter in question in its scientific aspect, that is to say, with heredity as a science only, and, therefore, leave out of consideration all the other allied subjects, such as genealogy and the like. What heredity, from the point of view of general science, really is may be briefly defined as the transmission of bodily or mental qualities or defects from parent to child or from one generation to another, though, so far as the strictly biological point of view is concerned, another statement is required—namely, that only those characteristics can properly be regarded as inherited which were contained in the original germ-plasm, paternal or maternal.

From the historic point of view it is interesting to note that this most important subject, as is indeed not unnatural, has commanded the attention and stimulated the thoughts of all kinds of thinkers and philosophers in all ages. For the facts that man belongs to a definite species, that races cling with the greatest tenacity to what are called racial traits, that individual shades of difference are so innumerable that amongst vast numbers of people no two beings are practically alike, and that families have certain definite and pronounced characteristics peculiar to themselves which can be traced through generations and generations past,—these facts demand explanation.

As regards the transmission of facial characteristics, it may not be out of place to mention that this particular branch of the science of heredity has, of late years, been studied, with a conspicuous amount of success, in connection with certain Royal Houses, since the family records, extending, in most instances, over centuries, are usually well preserved. Moreover, the work of the historian can in such cases be easily verified or modified, by reference to paintings and other reproductions of an illustrative royal character. Put briefly, from the results of this investigation, which has been carried out by various workers, it would appear that the transmission of facial traits is subordinate to a definite law—that is to say, that ancestral facial expression

and appearance are more often than not transmitted through the female members of a family, who generally do not exhibit the same characteristics, to the male offspring, and that the younger generations show, as a rule, all the facial conditions and signs which were present in a remote ancestor.

Further, as regards the inheritance of disease in general, the fact that disease is transmitted from generation to generation—there is some reference to this matter in Exodus: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations"—must have impressed itself even upon those who lived in times when scientific observation and the laws to be drawn from its interpretation were very different from what they are in our present age of an advanced state of applied science. And so we have it that heredity has been studied more or less closely from, one may venture to say, prehistoric time.

There is an old saying that there is nothing new under the sun, and its truth is well illustrated by the theories which have been advanced, or indeed in some cases constructed, as it were, to explain the mechanism of heredity. When we take up the writings of one of the ancient scientists, Hippocrates, for instance, and study his views on subjects related to the science in question, and then turn, say, to Darwin, "the Aristotle of our day," as Francis Galton, in his famous treatise on Hereditary Genius, calls him, we find that Hippocrates in the main came to conclusions very similar to those which are embodied in Darwin's works. In his wonderful and admirable book on "The Air and the Water," Hippocrates relates the natural history of a certain tribe, the members of which were distinguished from other allied tribes by many striking external attributes, and notably by their long heads, and he offers, for the universal presence of this interesting feature amongst them, the following explanation—briefly stated. These people considered a "long head" especially beautiful; indeed, "they regarded it as an ornament," and, consequently, they moulded in this fashion the skulls of their children in the first months of life, when the bones are still soft and yield to pressure, and thus succeeded in producing the desired shape of the head. This practice was continued for some generations, when it was finally abandoned "on account of the children coming to the world shaped in this fashion." The theory propounded by this Grecian philosopher, who lived more than two

thousand years ago, concerning the transmission of *acquired* qualities, corresponds—in many details, one is inclined to say—to the Darwinian view, but with the difference, which, of course, scarcely requires to be pointed out, that Darwin, being able to make use of the great mass of scientific knowledge which has been gathered together throughout the centuries, and particularly in modern times, found but little difficulty in substantiating his arguments; whereas, on the other hand, Hippocrates had but little to support him, and he could not do much more than offer suggestions of a purely hypothetical character, as it were.

Speaking broadly, therefore, there is no getting away from the fact that what we know of heredity is not altogether a modern acquisition, that is, if all the necessary points are taken into due consideration. Again, it has been known, indeed, for a very long time, that hereditary traits are acquired about equally from the father and the mother, though it is only comparatively recently that the actual explanation of this has been forthcoming—that is, by the discovery of the rôle played by the chromosomes—certain bodies, which, as will be seen later on, appear in the course of division of the nucleus—in the productive cells, as well as in the first stage of embryonic development.

The day has not yet come for scientists to be agreed as regards all the essential features of heredity. As a matter of fact, the literature on the subject shows that marked differences of opinion prevail on points of great importance, this being to a very considerable extent due (1) to the fact that heredity was, and still is, for that matter, often confounded with several other subjects—such as, for instance, with the numerous forms of congenital and acquired properties—and partly also (2) to the misleading and quite unreliable results which have been obtained in studying the laws of transmissibility as they are manifest amongst the smallest animalculæ—that is, amongst the single-celled organisms which multiply by the process of the so-called "doubling division" only.

Another fact that has led to considerable confusion is that certain characteristics which occur in peoples and families who are exposed to the same climatic influences and the same modes of life in general have been supposed to be of an hereditary character. There is, for example, that disease which is fairly common in Alpine regions, struma. This pathological condition has been

supposed to be hereditary in character, but the fact is—and there are now few who would be inclined to argue this point—that it is wholly an effect of the climate, and of other certain conditions of a more or less terrestrial nature, to which parent and offspring are exposed alike.

Moreover, a great difficulty which faces those who study the subject is the uncertainty as to which is the work of original investigators and which is that of the critics. The difference, of course, between an investigator and a critic is clear; the former gives to the world nothing but the results of his own independent inquiries, the latter contents himself with criticising and analyzing what others have discovered. As the literature on the subject has increased—and it has done so very rapidly—the process of sifting the original matter from the critical has become more and more difficult, and is now more difficult than is indeed the case in any other branch of science.

For instance, during the last three or five years, a great number of books dealing with this very department of science have been published, yet it cannot be said that any of them has to any considerable extent added to the previous sum of knowledge regarding this vastly important subject. In reading such treatises, one cannot help being over and over again reminded of what Bismarck said to a foreign delegate to the famous International Conference in Berlin, who began, in a somewhat professional and very elaborate manner, to enlarge upon certain points which had already been considered as settled. "Sir," remarked the Iron Chancellor in his usual abrupt way, "you must excuse me for interrupting so much erudition, but I believe I have heard all this before."

As will be gathered from what has been said, no abstract science presents so many complex problems for solution as that which refers to the subject of heredity. On one point, however, there is so far a consensus of opinion—namely, that the offspring inherits from its parents inborn characteristics, bodily and mental, in almost equal proportions. As a matter of fact, this point can no longer be disputed. For, as I have already mentioned, the influence of the chromosomes—which make their appearance in the process of nuclear division, and owing to their physiological property of attracting certain stains can be discerned after treatment by means of some well-known reagents—in regard to hered-

itary transmission has been studied in its minutest details, and, as it would seem, the whole question has thus been placed beyond any further doubt. But, to cut a long story short, it may be briefly pointed out here that the very important question requiring elucidation, and which indeed is at present occupying the attention of the biologist, to the exclusion of all other considerations, is as to whether *acquired* peculiarities can be transmitted—that is, whether some mental quality or defect which a parent has acquired can be inherited by the offspring. Two of the greatest of scientists, in so far as this particular branch of science is concerned—Darwin and Weismann — differ widely on this point. According to Darwin and his school, the question is easy to answer, and this in the affirmative. For Darwin's famous theory of pangenesis advances, briefly stated, the view that very minute particles, which are named "gemmules" and which are believed to be derived from all the cells of the body, are lodged, as it were, in the reproductive cells, where they multiply by what is known as the process of fission, and where at some later stage they develop into the very same cells from which they originated, thus retaining all the existing parental properties, *inborn* and *acquired*. But, on the other hand, Weismann and his followers absolutely repudiate this theory, and maintain that, in the general act of reproduction, some "germ-plasm" is spontaneously separated or given off from the parent cell, and thus retained by the offspring. In the latter it remains—one has, probably, to imagine as an "image-in-little" of the adult, as was advocated by the old school of biologists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—until it is passed on to the second generation, thence to the third, and so on. This constitutes what Weismann and his school term "the continuity of the germ-plasm," and it is held to explain, from the purely biological point of view, first, the perpetuation of *inborn* ancestral peculiarities, and, secondly, the *non-transmissibility of acquired* traits.

Again, as regards the practical side of the whole question, by far the most important point concerning heredity is, of course, the extent to which diseases are transmitted. The question which bears upon traits of character, and to which reference has just been made, is, no doubt, highly important also, but not so much so as that of disease. For, after all, character, as is well known, can be modified by environment and educational influence. As

regards the transmission of disease, there are the same two opposing views—denial and affirmation. Speaking generally, the theory which denies that disease can be directly hereditary would seem, in view of the recent interesting results which have been obtained from studying the question by way of pathological research, to be correct. For how is it to be understood that disease is directly transmitted from parent to offspring? To understand it, we should have to assume that the reproductive cells are affected with the particular disease, whatever it may be. But that is impossible. For there is the fundamental law in biology which is to the effect that, if once a cell is diseased, it no longer has the power to develop. Of course, there is another possibility, namely, that, though the reproductive cell is not in itself diseased, it is the receptacle, as it may be called, of a germ capable of producing a certain infection, much, say, in the same way as a capsule is the receptacle of some poisonous substance. But a disease transmitted in such a way—and which is now known amongst pathologists as "germinal infection"—would not be inherited in the strict sense of the word, for in discussing the possibility of an hereditarily acquired affection it is always understood that it forms part of the cell itself.

This general consideration is supported by many observations. In the first instance, supposing we accept the theory according to which, as we have seen, acquired bodily defects, whether of an external or internal character, are transmissible, we should expect to find, to mention a particularly well-known and striking case, that amongst Oriental nations that had long practised circumcision children would come to be born without a prepuce. But this is not so. It is true that a few such cases have been observed and described in medical literature, but they are purely abnormal and form just the exception which confirms the general rule. For, according to a quite competent observer, who lately published some interesting statistics bearing upon the subject, it would appear that similar cases occur just as often amongst nations that do not practise this custom. So much, then, as regards the case of transmission of external bodily defects. Then, also, if the spleen is, say, artificially removed, by means of one of the operations which have been invented for such a purpose, one would naturally expect that it would be either absent or degenerated to a considerable extent in the offspring. Numerous experi-

ments, however, which have recently been carried out by various observers with the same object in view, have elicited the interesting fact that no such result occurs. Those who favor the theory of the transmission of acquired defects, say, of an external character, endeavor to substantiate the view by instancing the South-American hornless cattle and the Manx tailless cats, which for generations have reproduced these characteristics. But they have failed to prove that they are not cases of atavism. Weismann, for instance, experimented with hundreds of white mice whose tails he had cut off, but in no single case was a tailless mouse born. In connection with this, it is interesting to note that similar experiments have lately been made by other—mainly French—observers, which were accompanied by the same negative result. Further, the advocates of the theory that acquired defects are transmitted also bring forward, by way of supporting their view, the contention that short-sightedness is inherited, and that the increased sense of smell which, as has recently been pointed out by a number of leading ophthalmologists, more often than not accompanies short-sightedness, is likewise derived by the offspring from the parent. But on neither of these points has it ever been demonstrated that it is not due to the conditions to which parent and child are alike exposed. In the animal kingdom, for instance, we can, of course, differentiate two quite distinct types of vision, some animals being far-sighted by nature, others short-sighted. The frog, for example, when out of water, can only see at a distance of about two or three inches, but this is quite far enough for his purpose of catching flies. The human being is naturally long-sighted. Thousands of aboriginals have been examined by various investigators, not so very long ago, and in not a single case has short-sightedness been discovered. The natural inference is that short-sightedness is acquired through modern conditions of life; and, as parents and offspring are exposed to these same conditions, the defect is much more likely to be the result of identity of environment and condition than of hereditary influence.

Finally, from the vast number of important facts which have been observed, and sufficiently studied and elucidated during recent years, one is justified in drawing the following conclusions:

1. Diseases, as such, whether inborn or acquired, are *never* transmitted; that, however, in the case of inborn affections, the

predisposition to the malady—but not the malady itself—is transmitted from parent to offspring. But the practical-minded person is very apt to ask what difference there is between the transmissibility of predisposition and the transmissibility of the disease itself, should the latter eventually develop in the offspring. The importance of this question can be shown without difficulty. In the case of tuberculosis, which until quite recently was genally regarded as an inherited disease, the latest scientific investigations have proved beyond doubt that it is not the germ itself that is inherited, but the *predisposition* to the disease. The importance of this discovery must be obvious, for, when there is predisposition only, there is the possibility of every care being taken to avoid all the injurious elements which might favor or give rise to the development of the disease. The children, therefore, of consumptive parents have thus a very good chance of remaining free from any ill effects. Tuberculosis is so widely spread and terrible a scourge as to suggest that it must in itself be hereditary, and it is, therefore, a long step in the right direction to learn that this is not actually the case, for it helps greatly to a better understanding of the means to be taken to suppress it.

2. *Acquired* external defects or mutilations of any kind are, as a rule, *not transmitted.*

3. As regards *acquired* pathological disarrangements of *internal* organs, there is some probability—judging at least from the results which have recently been obtained from certain experiments and operations on the nervous system—of their being transmitted from parent to offspring, but under quite definite and special circumstances, that is to say, if these internal lesions have caused the parent great suffering and called for much endurance.

LOUIS ELKIND.

WALT WHITMAN.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

TALKING of Whitman, Symonds said, is like talking of the Cosmos. Indeed, to talk of any very great man is something like exploring the universe; and, when one has done, the best one can hope is to have considered one's own point of view, to have found some ground for the faith that is in one and to have given account of one's little personal acquisitions upon the journey through a bigger consciousness.

Whatever one may feel of Whitman—and it is interesting to note that very few people who know him at all feel indifferently—one cannot but see that he fares better in the hands of the great than in the hands of the average man and that the profounder the mind that comes to him the greater the appreciation given. The instant recognition which Whitman won from men like Emerson, Swinburne (despite his recanting), Edmund Gosse, John Addington Symonds, John Burroughs, William Michael Rossetti, Tennyson, Dante Rossetti, William Bell Scott, Frederic Myers, and the exquisitely sensitive Edward Carpenter, must count for something in weighing the personality and power of the man, no less than his great attraction for children, for women like Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Berenson, Mrs. Burroughs, and for the so-called plain man and the savage. There is a pretty tale of how Whitman, when he was out West, visited a lot of captive Indians in the company of a number of well-known politicians, government officials and editors. The distinguished guests were duly announced and their offices explained to the Indians, who remained perfectly impassive and stolid. Finally, at the end of the line, slouched Whitman, then too little known to be announced or introduced. The Indian chief looked him steadily in the eye for a moment and then advanced, extending his hand, and said "How!"

while all the other Indians followed suit, surrounding him, shaking his hand and offering him their single word of English greeting, "How!" President Lincoln, standing at the window of the White House one day, saw Whitman sauntering by, and commented, "Well, *he* looks like a *man*"; while Emerson is said to have handed the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" to O'Connor with the words, "Americans abroad may now come home, for unto us a man is born!" This impression of force and virility, of power to cope with life for himself and for others, is a definite factor in Whitman's personality. He seems in his life in the hospital during war times to have been positively health-giving in himself, and his assertions of this power tally with the doctrines of the varying new cults that rely upon the power of mind over matter. "I can testify," he wrote at that time, "that friendship has literally cured a fever, and the medicine of daily affection a bad wound."

Whitman did not go to the war. His brother George was one of the first to enlist; and it is once more a fact bearing upon his own personality that he seems never to have considered the question as to whether or not he would be justified in bearing arms for his country. His whole feeling about life forbade killing or quarrelling on any terms, for any cause. Perhaps upon no other American did the war make so profound an impression:

> "My book and the war are one,
> Merged in its spirit, I and mine—as the contest hinged on thee.
> As a wheel on its axis turns, this Book, unwitting to itself
> Around the idea of thee."

But his part in it he seems from the beginning to have conceived as that of helper, consoler and healer, and never that of the fighter. His one phrase of reproach against the South was cut out of the later editions of his poems; and he maintained, except for his enthusiastic love for Lincoln, the attitude of the non-partisan observer.

> "We walk among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers nor anything that is asserted;
> We hear the bawling and din—we are reached at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
> . . . . . .
> Yet we walk unheld, free."

This refusal to take sides falls together, of course, with his refusal in later life to take any part in discussions or to read any polemical literature. Any books dealing with the discussions of science and religion he rejected, apparently always realizing the unity at the apex of diversities. As science was the analysis of reality through knowledge, so religion was its synthesis again through love, and he refused to set himself on one side or the other.

His health, vigor, and peacefulness were no more a part of his personality than his feeling for democracy, for the equality, even the unity, of all races and peoples. It is more difficult to do away with distinctions than one thinks. One can realize that it is the only fine and real way to do so; and, seen from a great enough height, the ridiculousness of the stress we lay upon our little differences is of course evident. To the supreme creative and upholding force one can easily see that our little variations in worldly conditions, in tastes, in intelligence, must seem infinitely smaller than to us the microscopic differences in the size of wasps' waists would be, and as absurd a matter for pluming oneself upon; and yet the whole of human civilization has been built up upon these differences between man and man. Whitman's vision carried at once beyond any such small matter. He uttered the word *en masse,* realizing that humanity was in reality one and a totality, and that no man can reach very much higher than the whole to which he belongs, any more than a chain can be stronger than its weakest link. To every man who should be drawn to him he desires to assert two things — that the possibilities of growth and goodness are infinite, and that evil is not fatal. To every one, however weak and repulsive and thwarted—and his list of such is, as all his lists are, singularly complete and inclusive—he brings the message that life is "immense in passion, pulse and power, cheerful and for freest action formed." There is a profound sacredness, he wishes to assert, in every human experience, since to bring it to the birth, the globe lay preparing quintillions of years without one plant or animal.

> **"And I will show that there is no imperfection in the present and can be none in the future;**
> **And I will show that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results—and I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death."**

Any man bearing within him habitually any such large measure of health and hope can easily be understood to have healing powers, and we can realize how the thought should result in that "almost irrepressible joyousness" which, one of his friends records, "shone from his face and seemed to pervade his whole body." He has the force and consoling power of being sure of himself.

"And I know I am solid and sound,
To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow;
And all are written to me, and I must find out what the writing means."

There is, indeed, a very effective force to be built on and of this sensation that the universe and the eternal processes are all right, and that the only difficulty is to be alive enough to understand and to cope with them. Seen from the outside, the events of Whitman's life were certainly not what one could label flamboyantly successful; but his sense of life, his conviction of the rightness and success of the part he was playing, is, I suppose, the most assured ever recorded in other than sacred literatures. Browning had somewhat the same feeling and somewhat the same sort of health-giving personality; but, in his case, the antagonism aroused was much weaker and the assurance much less strong, as any one may see who studies *La Saisiaz,* Christmas Eve and Easter Day. His verdict was that sorrow preponderated in life, unless this life proved to be the threshold of real life, the pupil's place, the beginning of experience. If one compare this with Whitman, one finds it to be the difference between questioning and asserting, between seeking and finding. Whether Whitman was justified or not is far too wide a question to answer, but what he says is:

"I know I am august;
I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood;
. . . . . .
I exist as I am—that is enough;
If no other in the world be aware, I sit content;
And if each and all be aware, I sit content.
One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself;
And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years,
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait."

In the mean time he lived and believed firmly in himself, and his mission and his life were ruled by love and faith; intense love of the world and of man permeates every leaf of his book, unshakable faith, too, in humanity—in man and, taken separately, in men. Aggressively he asserts it:

"Through me many long dumb voices;
Voices of interminable generations of slaves;
Voices of prostitutes and of deformed persons;
Voices of the diseased and the despairing, and of thieves and dwarfs;
Voices of the cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of the threads that connect the stars—

. . . . . .

And of the rights of them others are down upon,
Of the trivial flat, foolish, despised, etc.

. . . . . .

I embody all presences outlawed or suffering,
See myself in prison shaped like another man,
And feel the dull unintermittal pain."

This feeling of being united to all the evil as well as all the good, this indignant assertion,

"Who degrades another, degrades me."
"The weakest and shallowest is deathless in me;'

this sense given to so few mortals, that the soul is not only the little bit of consciousness that filters through the defective and trifling organism of one's own brain, but is all consciousness and all life, rising ecstatic through all the universe and sweeping with the true gravitation, speeding through space—speeding through heaven and the stars:

"Speeding amid the seven satellites, and the broad ring and the diameter of eighty thousand miles.
Speeding with tailed meteors—throwing fireballs like the rest,

. . . . . .

Storming, enjoying, planning, loving, cautioning,
Backing and filling, appearing and disappearing,
I tread day and night such roads,"

is the sense to be taken mainly into account when we attempt to sum up Whitman's personality.

"I am not contained between my hat and my boots," he says colloquially, lest propounding the same truth more transcendent-

ly some plain, holy man may miss his meaning, or fancy him to be uttering a philosopher's truth, some distant thing for scholars to know. He said it so that it might carry conviction to all who, running, should read. To the commonest day-laborer, digging the road, to his pets, the 'bus-drivers and the firemen, he addresses it: you, too, you are not contained between your hat and your boots. Invisible, unseen threads, like spider's filaments, like the invisible ether connecting stars, these weave out from you and mesh themselves into the infinite web of the Cosmos. You are continually sending out thoughts that journey through endless intricacies of immeasurable consciousness, you are drawing in and breathing forth again immortal soul-stuff, and there, digging the ditch, apparently bending over between your hat and your boots, is the *you* of unutterable, unending significance, there is the concentrated point of all that you see and think, all that you dimly conceive and dream, all that you are to become; for, when you reach and stand upon what is now but your distant vista, there will be new horizons stretching beyond toward which you may journey, new sites, beyond and beyond and ever beyond that. For, in due time, accomplishment journeys after conception, and no man need be fretted and worried lest out of the root of his being no growth spring up. In every man, the seed of the divine is sown and there is infinite possibility of flower and fruit; what seems stunted and sterile is but that which waits upon time for fruition. The universe is good, and its rhythmic swing is part of the goodness; and, as it balances between light and shade, success and failure, night and day, joy and sorrow, hope and frustration, it is bearing more and more into life and consciousness. Only, no point is final; there is no graspable goal; knocked down, we must rise up the stronger to the fight; as a horse, when he has run, runs again, as a man who has accomplished sets himself a larger task. This, or something like this, is the mood which Whitman induces, helping each man to liberate himself from his personal fate and to identify himself with the whole of life, with the prisoner and the president equally, transforming all events into the power to wait grandly upon eternal issues.

It is easy, in a general way, to admit the value and the worth of such a doctrine; but the difficulty arises when we try to apply it to specific cases. Generations of training and hardening into the habit of selection have made life almost wholly a matter

of choice; the whole plane upon which our heritage has landed us is one of discrimination between better and worse, beautiful and ugly. But Whitman eliminates comparison. Art draws lines; mysticism industriously wipes them out. Whitman breaks bounds, erases outlines and throws up formless masses of earth-works, which, perhaps, a later generation will once more outline into a larger, a more inclusive beauty than we have yet known. His personal task was not that of the finisher, the polisher. He created masses from which a form but vaguely emerges, half embodied and half melted into the formless chaos behind. Like one infinitely greater than he, he rejected only scribes and Pharisees. "Conformity," he says, "goes to the fourth-remove." It is interesting to note, in passing, that the one unpardonable sin in Whitman's eyes is the same and only sin which Shelley and Browning could not pardon, and that it is, likewise, the one unassailable virtue of average man, namely, conventionality, living by rote, by imitation, by fear of disapproval, instead of by the light of the soul and the inspiration of the inner voice. "Be wicked," Whitman writes, "rather than virtuous out of conformity or fear," and this, perhaps, throws light upon the parable of the prodigal son.

Together with his refusal of distinctions goes his glorification of the present moment. He turned his back upon the romantic, the studied, the far-fetched, to shed new glamour over the nearest, easiest, meanest, and to show their inherent and abiding divinity. Not far-away times, not chivalric adventure—the fighting of dragons and the winning of fair ladies—were to him more important, beautiful, joyous, than the passing faces in the street, the shifting aspects of sea and sky. Not carnage, and killing and war were to him more exciting than night and peace. No European Cathedral contained more of God's grandeur and eternity than the Brooklyn ferry. He shifted all qualities from the perceived to the perceiver. It is true that the more dead we are the more stimulation we require to help us perceive beauty and grandeur, and the more alive we are the more significance we have power to project into daily sights and sounds. Whitman himself was so keenly alive that the flood of glory seems never to have run shallow for him. Personally, his tastes were of the simplest; he enjoyed a game of twenty questions with children, a day under a tree with a book, a ferry ride or a car ride or a walk alone by

night. Out of a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, he managed to feel very prosperous himself and to give his mother an allowance.

He said of himself that he was most fully himself in loving his comrades and in singing his songs. That the whole of himself was never included in the casual and the temporal, was a most insistent sense with him, and one that pervades all his poems:

"Trippers and askers surround me;
People I meet—the effect upon me of my early life, or the world and city I live in, or the nation,
The latest dates, discoveries, inventions, societies, authors, old and new,
My dinner, dress, associates, looks, compliments, dues,
. . . . . .
Battles, the horrors of fratricidal war, the fever of doubtfulness, the fitful events,
These come to me days and nights and go from me again,
But they are not the ME, myself.

"Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am;
Stands amused, complacent, compassionating, idle, unitary;
Looks down, is erect, or bends an arm on an impalpable, certain rest,
Looking with side-curved head, curious what will come next,
Both in and out of the game, and watching and wondering at it."

And again:

"Aware now amid all that blab whose echoes recoil upon me, I have not once had the least idea who or what I am,
But that before all my arrogant poems the real ME stands yet untouched, untold, altogether unreached,
Withdrawn, far, mocking me with mock-congratulatory signs and bows,
With peals of distant, ironical laughter at everything I have written,
Pointing in silence to these songs and then to the sand beneath."

This haunting sense, ever present with him, of the hidden reality behind appearances, is perhaps what gives the strange appearance of intimacy to his eyes. Of all the published portraits there are two which seem to give something of the personality of the man. One is the picture he himself preferred, taken when he was sixty-two, sitting in a rustic chair, turned in profile; on his finger, held out before him, a butterfly has alighted; his other hand is thrust in his pocket, an habitual attitude, if one may generalize from the pictures. The general impression is of re-

pose and patience, of one considering profound matters at ease,— "as of a man preoccupied with his own soul." The other significant picture is a photograph of the head only, taken at the age of thirty-five. He has no tie on, a shirt open at the neck, showing the button of the undershirt. Eyes and mouth are the significant features. The eyes are gentle but searching, insistent, almost repellently intimate. The mouth is large, loose, sensual; and, though it shows tolerance and generosity, the expression is, at first, repellent. The face seems to rob us of all our reserves; it is so canny, so knowing that it almost suggests hypocrisy. Once one analyzes this impression, one understands that it is not that he wilfully hides or disguises himself, but that so profound a consciousness is, by the nature of it, a mystery to the lesser mind and that the fault lies in us, not in him. Our revolt is that we cannot know him, and yet he, looking out, knows us better than we dare know ourselves. Burroughs says that, when Whitman was past sixty, he had doubtless "the finest head this age or country has seen. . . . The lines were so simple, so free, so strong. High-arching brows; straight, clear-cut nose; heavy-lidded, blue eyes; forehead not thrust out and emphasized, but a vital part of a symmetrical, dome-shaped head; ear large and the most delicately carved I have ever seen." It is a pity that this ear is covered by hair and beard in all the photographs, and that the head, in many of them, is covered by a hat. In the picture taken at the age of fifty, the shape of the forehead shows as the high and somewhat narrow forehead of the idealist, so different from the broad, full forehead of the artist, and the insistent knowingness of the eyes comes out strongly, too, in this picture.

Turning from his personality to his work, it is as difficult as ever to sum up or to say anything conclusive. There are pages when he seems to be monotonously enumerating things or cognitions; pages, too, when he is presenting ideas as vast and as incomprehensible as the universe. There are pages where we feel that the light he is flooding over existence is almost too glaring and dazzling to bear, and parts that are vague and obscure as a dream, and we grapple in vain to find out what he is driving at. Without one thing, he warns you, it is useless to try to read him, but he does not tell you what the one thing is. You may guess at it many times and not hit it; your novitiate, he warns you, must be long and exhausting, the whole past theory of your life

and all conformity to the lives around you must be abandoned. His poems, like all great forces, are as like to do evil as good, and his meaning is not to be come at by study. He will not emerge for you in company, or in a house and least of all in a library. It is just possible that alone upon a high hill, or sailing at sea, or on a quiet island or by merely carrying the book thrust in your clothing as you walk, its mystical meaning may penetrate you.

If one compare Whitman with another contemporary genius, like him mystical and immense, with Robert Browning, it seems that Browning offers a world and Whitman a universe. Browning gives us types, kings, bishops, priests, lovers, actors, painters, sculptors, musicians, charlatans, mediums, popes, lawyers, judges, young women, girls, wives, worldly women, duchesses, saintly women, wicked women; but Whitman goes further: he does not stop to describe his multitudes or to set them into self-describing actions; he merely enumerates them; he hands you the catalogue, the surge of the great human procession as it passes, and trusts you to do the rest. The Yankee, the Southern planter, the Kentuckian, a boatman, a Hoosier, a Badger, Buckeye, a Canadian, a man from Vermont or from Maine, a Texan ranchman, a raftsman, a learner, a teacher, a farmer, a mechanic, an artist, gentleman, sailor, Quaker, prisoner, fancyman, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest, men, men, men of every hue, trade, rank, caste and religion, from Africa, Europe, Asia, and the New World, he posits and states them, only to gather them together and show their underlying unity, their one breathing body, their similar course, being born, going round and round, passing and coming again, developing from the quahaug in its callous shell to the genius, thin-skinned and alive at every pore to every wafted breeze.

Like Browning, he was born a poet; one who had a word to say to the world and was determined, despite all opposition, to get it said. Like Browning, it was many years before he won any way at all; and, unlike Browning, he died before any sort of general appreciation was offered him. But he himself asserted that the test of his poems could not be set for some hundred years. He felt a supreme and righteous contempt for the trade of writing, *as* a trade, and for the men "who write all over the surface of the earth and never dig a foot in the ground—just everlastingly write." His own power of suggestion is very great. Without description, without indirect forms, such as parable and

narrative, classical or historical allusion, he draws the reader into his atmosphere and spreads his feeling of good comradeship, faith, trust, and cheer about him. The very obscurity of some of his lines seems to lend them thought-suggesting power. They give you no rest any more than the horizon-line which shifts as you move toward it, ever escaping you. Perhaps the difficulty arises from the fact that of ultimate truth there is, and can be, no statement. One uses some tiny symbol, like the word "immortality," to stand for a truth which no man can ever dream of in its actuality. There are statements, like those contained in the opening chapter of St. John, deep enough to drown all our meanings in.

Shelley and Browning both give us intimations of prenatal existence and of future incarnations; but the theory of the immortality and unity of the soul is never absent from Whitman; it is his constant iteration:

"O, living always, always dying,
O, the burials of me, past and present,
O me, while I stride ahead, material, visible, imperious as ever,
O me, what I was for years, now dead (I lament not, I am content),
O, to disengage myself from those corpses of me, which I turn and look at, where I cast them,
To pass on (O, living, always living!), and leave the corpses behind!"

His sense of eternity is never broken in upon; and, with his unparalleled ability to project himself into all life, and identify himself with all conceptions, comes his unbending power to trust the vast, ungraspable issues of eternity.

Swinburne, in his Whitmania essay, regrets Whitman's lack of education, using education presumably in the sense of a sophisticated intimacy with worldly distinctions,—the kind of education which is pumped into a man by tutors, university lectures, books and travel—in fact, an elaborated initiation into mediocre opinions. As a matter of fact, Whitman was quite as well read, if not as much read, as Swinburne. He was thoroughly versed in the great books of original and primal force, and had a profound education of the kind that is dug out of oneself. The faith that all human knowledge and experience are contained in the soul some place, if we but dig deep enough to get them, hold still enough and ponder long enough to catch and haul them to the surface of consciousness, was a faith which Whitman shared with all seers, prophets, and men of first rank, original genius. How

much of their achievement would Tolstoy and Ibsen, Browning and Wordsworth, presumably ascribe to schools and university education? And what would Isaiah and Jeremiah have thought of giving years to the study of theological dispute? Mr. Swinburne knows as well as any one that no great man is excusable who does other than search his soul for his truth and present it again in his own personal form. It was all of a piece with Whitman's democracy to use the rough unmeasured form he chose. He eschewed distinctions, he despised scholarship, he rejected authority, he never quoted and never imitated. Dante quoted Virgil, Tennyson quoted Dante, Shakespeare quoted everybody, and everybody since has quoted Shakespeare; but Whitman quoted no one. Mr. Swinburne is a poet, and so great a poet that it is pathetic to think he sometimes mistook himself for so small a thing as a mere critic. Never in his prose is he capable of speaking from the whole and the unified consciousness. Some little partial, hysterical fit of anger, indignation, denial, raillery or admiration seizes him and spouts out a torrent of words from him, words that fit only into judgments and records when they swing in his long, majestic, rhythmic, measured lines, so intricately rhymed. With such wonderful facility do words jut out at his least idea that it is difficult to fancy what sort of fantastic play they would have had with him but for his inborn metrical genius. Mr. Swinburne accuses Whitman of trying to be a thinker and yet unable to think, a singer and unable to sing. One can easily fancy that some of Whitman's enthusiastic admirers, comparing him with Shakespeare and Shelley, to the detriment of the latter, should have aroused Swinburne's vehement ire. It is quite true that Whitman habitually delves below the upper surface of logical reason for his thought, and also true that in his work he eliminates all process and presents only conclusions. He had about him nothing at all of the artist and the craftsman; perhaps he had fewer talents than any great poet ever known. He presents not a pretty combination of abilities, a gift for rhyme, a keen visual sense, a delicate sensitiveness to verbal cadences; he presents Whitman, a robust whole indivisible as atmosphere; he is not of the make-up of a scholar or an analyst; he is of the make-up of a prophet and seer. He never argues or coaxes. He flings a truth down like a bomb in front of you, careless whether it explode and annihilate you or not. Like the prophet Isaiah

he exhorts, he predicts, he announces visions and communications; he claims supernal powers of vision and knowledge of truth, but he refuses to reason with you or give you logical evidence. He *knew* that the whole solution of life lay in love, and that to love God with all your might and your neighbor as yourself was the first and bravest end of man. He *knew* himself divine, and that all were divine and worthy equally of respect and honor; he knew the universe instinct with life and vitality and divinity, and the very clay clods beneath our feet as latent, possible man. With St. Francis he shared the ecstatic love of animals, breezes, trees, and it is upon this whole-hearted desire for human brotherhood, this unlimited, unbounded belief in love and pardon and infinite growth, that he based, as did Shelley before him, his claim to brotherhood with "Him Crucified."

"My spirit to yours, dear brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy, O my comrade, to salute you and to salute those who are with you, before and since, and those to come after,
That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession

. . . . . .

Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are."

As to his music, it is certainly more irregular, more broken by prolonged strange successions of dissonances and difficult solutions, more unmeasured and difficult of analysis than that of any preceding English poet. Indeed, it comes nearer to having the swing and grandeur of certain psalms, the fortieth chapter of Isaiah and Deborah's Song of Triumph in the King James version of the Bible than the measure of any English poem. It is not to be overlooked that the difference between Whitman's music and that of our earlier, more lyrical poets is in the same line of progression that modern music has moved. That whereas Milton produces splendid organ music with lyric intermezzos, and Swinburne has at command a whole orchestra playing the various instruments separately, teaching the flute the very note of the nightingale, or getting from the violin the weird, sad cry of the sea-mew, or leading the whole orchestra in superb and final choruses, Whitman gives the human voice alone, in irregular,

prolonged recitative, only here and there introducing a little singing melody as in "Tears, tears, tears," "Come, lovely and soothing Death," and occasionally mere slangy colloquial talk of the street. On this matter of slang and common speech there are two things to be said. Doubtless, the grave-digger's colloquy in "Hamlet" and the porter's interlude in "Macbeth," and other episodical interruptions of a like nature, now so integral a part of the Shakespearian plays to us, were at the time but the appeal direct to the populace, the common jest and colloquialism of the street offered to bring the people into closer touch. There is something a little shocking in the familiarity, the lack of reserve and dignity in such lines as—

> "I tucked my trowser-ends in my boots and went and had a good time,
> You should have been with us that day over the chowder-kettle."

One can only reflect that Whitman wrote for posterity and for the ages. Language grows in dignity and in significance and power by distance. Compare the sense of strangeness and power with which a foreign language or an archaism touches us and the insignificance of common familiar talk. "Be not afraid, it is I," lost all its serength when the little child, eager only for substance, translated it into "Don't be scared, it's me coming." Take that fine old passage from the Suttas:

> "Like a lion not startled at noises,
> Like the wind not caught in a net,
> Like the lotus not stained by the water,
> Let me wander alone like a rhinoceros,"

and practically all its beauty consists in its alien atmosphere, in its suggestion of strange, far-away sights and sounds. So perhaps what comes upon us to-day, in Whitman, with the shock of the commonplace may some day be as dignified in its strangeness and beauty as the lines:

> "Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story."

Two other points which Mr. Swinburne holds against Whitman are that he is a rhetorician; that he offers us mere words and that he shows no chivalry toward women. Now, rhetoric is the

love of high-sounding, fire-new words merely for the words' sake; but this is no accusation to bring against Whitman, who believed himself a prophet with a message as fervently as ever Isaiah or Jeremiah did. He was noticeably oblivious of the sound and texture of words, as well as negligent of their associational value. Whatever words conveyed his meaning most plainly, swiftly, precisely, familiarly, those words he used. His speech was forthright and plain, addressed to the common man, to the ditch-digger as no less important than the Hebrew scholar.

As to the lack of chivalric sentiment toward woman, that must simply be handed over to each individual woman to decide whether she is more honored as Venus, Iseult, Dolores, Félise, the raven-locked woman in the "Triumph of Time," or in Whitman's insistent mention of her as the race-mother, the equal of man, out of whom all creation is unfolded. But it becomes Mr. Swinburne less than any other English poet to make this accusation.

And now here one must glance at that peculiarity which cost Whitman much support, many friends and final recognition, his stubborn refusal to accept the conventional reserves. This mistake cost him Emerson's support; it is the flaw which robs him of many readers. In this connection, we must remember Whitman's theory of the glorification of creation and of creative force. There are no so-called love-poems in his work, there is much glorification of fatherhood and motherhood, and as deep calleth unto deep so his soul responds to the idea of thought and emotion taking upon themselves flesh and form and becoming visible and active in the material world. Woman was to him the great keeper of the race, and the helpmate of man. His love for his own mother he records as the chief affection of his life, and, after that, friendship or, as he preferred to call it, love of comrades.

Again, it is well to call to mind that it is the clean elemental consciousness, it is innocence and purity that most easily invest all processes with holiness and dignity, and possibly as men grow more and more to this altitude will the offence of this part of Whitman's writing become a negligible factor.

Throughout his life he practised faith, hope and charity. His whole object was to live and not to die, and to help other men to live and not to die, but to earn for the body and the mind what adheres and goes forward and is never dropped by death.

There remains one more element in Whitman to remark and one repeatedly brought to mind in three recent books of biography,* namely, the ascription to Whitman by his friends of almost supernal powers, and their unabashed comparison of him with the greatest masters of living. If we are to accept the statement of Mr. Binns and Mr. Carpenter, Whitman's early life was certainly not devoid of reproach. However completely he may have turned from that part of his life afterward, it would seem legitimately to divorce him from the assumption of the highest holiness. His way of feeling life and humanity was large, patient, far-seeing and loving, but his method was definitely to descend into the midst of natural life and spread cheer and good-will. There is another method, which is, living above the general level of righteousness, gradually to exalt that level. This seems to have been the method of such masters of living as St. Francis and Buddha and, above all, of the Supreme Human Pattern.

The note of the Christian Gospel, the note of self-surrender and renunciation, is certainly not sounded in its entirety in Whitman; and yet, disguised, it is there. That note of selflessness which is unworldliness and unconventionality, which refuses to preen itself with belongings and material things, that kind of renunciation which holds its whole life lightly on the hand for any man to take, that free and universal gift of the best of one's personality to whomsoever will partake, these Whitman most certainly had. The complete overcoming of fear and desire, the unafraid acceptance of death, are all forms of asceticism, for asceticism merely means choking out the lower that the higher may live; letting the small and partial self die to make room for the better and bigger self to thrive in the joyful assurance that wherever the little, the casual, the temporal fade, the purposeful and the eternal are conceived and grow. But not his unworldliness, his bigness, his extraordinary prophetical power, his cosmic consciousness, undeniable as these are, justify the claims made for him by his enthusiastic friends, that he stands on the pinnacle with the supreme Masters of Life.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

* "Walt Whitman," Henry Bryan Binns. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906. "Days with Walt Whitman," Edward Carpenter. The Macmillan Co., 1906. "With Walt Whitman in Camden," Horace Traubel. Small, Maynard & Co., 1906.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG: BERLIN: WASHINGTON.

LONDON, *July, 1906.*

THE terrible accident that, in the early hours of July 1st, wrecked the boat express from Plymouth and caused the death of over twenty American passengers made, I need hardly say, a deep impression upon England. Until the official inquiry has been held, it is, of course, premature to guess how and why it happened, but popular and non-expert opinion inclines to ascribe it to the fatal combination of too high a speed with too light a load. Accidents of such magnitude, or indeed of any magnitude at all, are, happily, exceedingly rare in England, where the safety of those who work on the railroads and of those who travel by them has been provided for in a thousand stringent and microscopic regulations, and by the enforced use of every apparatus and device that can minimize danger. But when accidents happen, public opinion is at once aroused, insists upon all the facts coming to light, and unflinchingly supports the Board of Trade in whatever reforms officialdom may demand.

American railway men, who have talked of Mr. Roosevelt's Rate Bill as an unwarrantable interference with private enterprise, must often thank their stars that they do not live in England. Here the Board of Trade has almost plenary power of compelling a railway to adopt any system or appliance that promises to add to the security of railway employees or of the travelling public. Under its statutory authority to make proper regulations "for removing the dangers and risks incidental to railway service," there is scarcely any detail of railway management and working that lies beyond its scope. The railway directors have sense enough not to fight the Board of Trade. As much as possible, they work in harmony with it. Before any

regulation is issued, the railways are fully heard, and the new rule, in nine cases out of ten, represents an agreement between the company and the Government. There is attached to the Board of Trade what is known as an "Accidents Branch," composed of four Royal Engineers as inspectors, and two practical railroad men as their assistants. Whenever an accident occurs, a full report of it has to be furnished to the Government by the railways themselves. This regulation must be complied with whether there have been any casualties or not. When an accident is serious—and in England almost every accident is held by public opinion to be serious—the Government inspectors visit the scene, hold a public inquiry, examine witnesses and report to the Board of Trade. Their recommendations are all but invariably adopted and new rules and regulations, based upon them, are issued at once, and not only issued but enforced.

I happened to find myself at a small country station in Surrey a day or two before the Salisbury catastrophe. Many trains passed through it in the course of the day, but few stopped—not, I think, more than one an hour. Yet at this little village station, where a hundred passengers a day would be considered a heavy traffic, I found every possible provision for the public safety. On either side of the double track ran platforms, solid, asphalted, each a hundred and twenty yards long. An overhead bridge connected them. If you tried to cross the rails by the simple American expedient of stepping over them, you were peremptorily ordered back by the station-master, a faultless official in blue coat with gold buttons. All the appointments of the booking-office and waiting-rooms were sufficient and substantial. There was no approach to the tracks except through the station, and the only approaches to the station consisted of the main road and a rural by-path that was fenced for eternity. So far as the eye could reach, a man could have got on to the rails only by an act of deliberate and troublesome trespass. He would have had to climb to do it. A little beyond one end of the platforms was a grade crossing, protected by a double set of heavily barred gates. The gates were worked by lever from the signal-box, and the levers could only be moved when the track signals were properly adjusted. So far as human precautions could prevent it, no accident could possibly happen at such a place. And not only, I may add, had everything been done to insure safety, but the station

and all its surroundings, in the quiet and fragrance of that June evening, seemed like a miniature paradise. The booking-office and waiting-rooms were covered with flowering creepers and along the entire length of both platforms rose-bushes and carnations, irises and geraniums, had been planted out in rich orderliness.

In everything except its beauty that little station was typical of the whole railroad system of England. The preventives against accident I found operative there are in force over every mile of every railroad throughout the entire kingdom; and that the English railroads are worked with an absolute minimum of risk to passengers and employees and to the public at large is, I think, unquestionable. By the use of the block system on all double-track roads, and of the electric "staff," or ticket system, on all single-track roads, by protecting with automatic interlocking gates and signals the comparatively few level crossings that still exist, by thoroughly guarding the tracks by hedges, walls and fences and imposing heavy fines upon trespassers, by providing ample facilities for overhead or underground crossings from platform to platform, and by maintaining a Government department authorized not only to investigate all accidents, but to suggest and enforce measures to safeguard against their recurrence, the English railroads have probably become the safest in the world. I say "probably," because I have no recent statistics of accidents on the Continental lines. Compared, however, with the workings of the American railroad system, Great Britain makes a remarkable showing. Mr. J. D. Whelpley, who recently investigated the subject, writes that, "with a train mileage less than half that of the American roads, the English roads in 1903 hauled twice as many passengers, conducted their business on one-tenth the trackage, and in doing so killed but one-tenth as many people and injured less than one-tenth as many. If the fatalities occurring in England be classified, and those due solely to train movement be compared with the fatalities incurred on American roads from similar causes, the results will show tremendously to the advantage of English operation." In 1903, some 10,000 people were killed and 75,000 injured through the workings of American railroads; while in England 1,159 were killed and 6,785 were injured. More than one-half of the deaths on the English lines were caused by the carelessness of individual passengers, and over 150 were suicides. In the same year, there were 6,167 collisions

and 4,476 derailments in the United States, and 111 collisions and 80 derailments in the United Kingdom. Considering that the density of English traffic is six to one greater than that of American traffic, and that the English roads have to operate within an area little larger than the State of New York, their comparative immunity from accidents is all the more wonderful.

Thirty years ago, it was the usual thing for Europe, and especially for England, to be pessimistic as to the future of the United States. No prediction was more common than that there was bound to be a "big smash-up" in America sooner or later. The foreboding was based in the main on the observation of political facts—such facts, for instance, as are embodied in the problem of the continued existence and activities of Tammany Hall. Mr. Bryce's book on the American Commonwealth with its curious mingling of optimism and Godkinism did much to turn opinion in a more hopeful direction, and the feeling of despondency with which the outside world watched American developments gradually died away. But it is now reviving in all, and more than all, its old force; and it differs from the pessimism of the seventies in being based on a review of economic as well as political conditions. The "literature of exposure" has found readers outside the American Continent, and the effect of its successive sensations on the public mind of Great Britain can scarcely be overrated. From one end of the country to the other you will not find any one doubting that American commercial morality is rotten, and that the United States, while a democracy in name, is governed in reality by a shameless and corrupting plutocracy. It is felt that a dehumanized wage-system, a tyrannizing and unscrupulous capitalism and a blind popular unrest are driving the country to the very edge of a great convulsion. I may note, in this connection, that the article by "X," in the June number of this REVIEW, entitled "An Appeal to our Millionaires," has been seized upon as highly significant of the crisis through which America appears to be passing.

But these sentiments and these fears did not in any way prevent Englishmen from joining, as usual, with Americans in the celebration of Independence Day, a festival that has now taken permanent rank in the national calendar. The callers at the American Embassy on July 4th comprised this year, as last year and as always, some of the most distinguished names in English

public life; and the English speakers at the banquet in the evening gave familiar and sincere expression to the desire, which on this side of the Atlantic is unanimous, that England and the United States, while politically separate, should continue to be one in sympathies and interests. To a reflective mind, there is something that speaks well for the British character in this national eagerness to participate in the commemoration of the birthday of American independence. It is true that a hundred and thirty years have passed since the day that marked the greatest disaster in English history; but the ready and handsome manner in which Englishmen of the highest position and authority do yearly penance for their ancestors' share in provoking the American Revolution is none the less a rare and ingratiating trait. When you get down to the bottom of the case, there can be no doubt that Englishmen as a whole, in spite of this scandal and of that, are proud of America, and that many of them think that Britain's chief title to a foremost place in the roll of history may ultimately prove to be the chance or design that led to her colonization of America and to the endowment of her giant offspring with English laws, the English language, and the English type of civilization.

British politics during the past month have been almost absorbed by the Education Bill—a measure that, starting out by being a sectarian answer to a sectarian attack, has now been developed by amendments and concessions into something like a national and permanent settlement of the "religious difficulty." But by all odds the most interesting political event of the month was the great demonstration that took place in Birmingham, on July 7th and 9th, in honor of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday. It was a wholly non-partisan tribute of affection and admiration by the people of Birmingham and of the surrounding districts to their great fellow citizen; and it was a tribute that not even his most convinced opponent grudged him in the least. There have been few things in the history of modern English politics more curious or more honorable than the way in which Mr. Chamberlain, through all the vagaries of his career, has stuck to Birmingham and the way in which Birmingham has stuck to Mr. Chamberlain. So far as I can recall at this moment, he is the only British statesman of first rank who is absolutely identified with a town. Politically, no one ever thinks of Mr. Chamber-

lain without also thinking of Birmingham, or of Birmingham without also thinking of Mr. Chamberlain. Most of the men who reach Cabinet rank in England spring from the aristocracy and its offshoots, the great landowning and county families; and among the remainder it is quite exceptional to find a Minister who has kept up his connection with his old city. The town magnate's usual way of showing that he is a magnate is to cut his connection with the city, to get clear of the surroundings in which he has spent his working life, to go into the country and become a county, instead of merely a suburban, grandee. This is especially likely to be the case if he interests himself in politics, for the atmosphere on the upper levels of English politics is still palpably territorial. Mr. Chamberlain has either never felt this temptation or has been able to resist it. His home is still in Birmingham; in London he has merely a house; and he has never had, and never will have, a country place. His private interests centre absolutely in the town where he settled as a boy of eighteen. There most of his relatives live, and there he goes at once to relieve the strain of London and Parliamentary life. It is thirty years since he held any municipal office; yet, in all that time, there has been no movement of local importance to which he has not contributed his invaluable energy and guidance. Whatever it may be, a new public park, an art gallery, or a university, Mr. Chamberlain is ready on the instant to throw himself into it as though outside interests were non-existent. He has contrived, in short, to be at once a great local and a great national force; and for this alone Birmingham does well to honor him. He began his public life with an intense desire to create and develop a feeling of civic patriotism in the people of his adopted locality. He preached, and if the phrase may be pardoned, he practised, a pride in Birmingham such as the Greeks in classical times and the Italians of the Middle Ages felt in their cities. He held up the ideal of a self-sufficing town, with stately public institutions and a dignified and efficient public life, not dependent upon London or Oxford for picture-galleries, museums, libraries or a university, but in all things complete in itself. In the faith of that ideal he has never ceased to toil, and it received a magnificent vindication when Birmingham gave itself up for the best of two days to honoring the man who had forced it to be proud of itself. On that part of Mr. Chamberlain's record, at any rate, there is not a flaw.

ST. PETERSBURG, *July, 1906.*

RUSSIA might yet, perhaps, be saved from the most gruesome aspects of a sanguinary revolution, if there were one powerful, strong-willed man among the confidential advisers of the Tsar. For there are numerous sections of the population whose views are still reasonable and whose conduct is perfectly normal. And there are several social and political institutions yet intact, whose functions might readily be adjusted to the new demands and whose working might be rendered superlatively beneficent. The finances, too, are in a much better state than those of Italy, Austria or even Germany would have been, had they undergone ordeals like the war with Japan and the Russian general strikes. The tone of the village communities is hale and vigorous. The machinery of the intermediate and higher education is efficient, if only it were working. The majority of law-judges are generally men of honor and spirit, who would scorn to do an unrighteous deed or connive at an injustice which they could remedy. In a word, the Tsardom is like an engine taken to pieces. All or nearly all the parts are there; and, though some be spoiled or useless, others might more or less easily be substituted for them. But there must first come forward an engineer to put the parts together; and, until he has appeared, the engine is no better than a heap of scrap iron.

Unfortunately, there is no strong man near the Russian monarch, not even a daring and resolute one. General Trepoff, who is become a sort of hidden Grand Vizier, is the nearest approach to a Cæsar or Napoleon. His best quality is personal intrepidity, but he is devoid of statesmanlike sagacity and foresight. His police measures for the personal safety of the Tsar are admitted to be effectual and his intentions are avowedly good; but his political horizon is scarcely broader than a gypsy's, while his notion of political tactics is as crude as that of a cowboy. Yet Trepoff is the wirepuller of the Imperial Court and of a large section of the Russian Empire. It is he who has the ear of Nicholas, the last of Russia's Autocrats, and he judges, cannot but judge, the significance of every event, the seasonableness of every measure, the effect of each modification of policy, according to its relation to the one aim and object of his life—the Tsar's personal safety.

The Court party, of which the General is at present the soul,

and, unhappily, one must add, the brains as well, has been playing its cards most unskilfully. To begin with, the policy of the Crown being what it is, there ought never to have been an electoral law so liberal as that in acordance with which the country chose its delegates. But, once the law was issued, the friends of the monarch were bound in self-defence to take a leaf from the book of other governments, to found a political party and to influence the elections. Count Witté, however, refused categorically to meddle with the electorate. That he was asked and repeatedly asked to bring pressure to bear upon the voters I know; but he was deaf to arguments. Again, the elections over, and the relative strength of the parties once ascertained, it would probably have been politic to leave the creator of the Duma free to deal with his creation. Count Witté was willing to remain in office and form a homogeneous cabinet, if he had received the needful powers. But the Emperor would not listen to such a suggestion. He was resolved all along to dismiss the first premier as soon as might be, and to inaugurate what one may aptly term the "Pound-of-flesh" policy. What he had promised he would give, fully, unstintingly, but not an iota more.

To the impartial outsider who has no axe to grind in Russia it may seem that the proper course to take after Witté's dismissal would have been to appoint Ministers more liberal than he, or at any rate not less so. The Tsar, on the contrary, chose men who were notoriously the political adversaries of Count Witté, as well as his personal enemies. The result was to revolutionize the country. On the eve of the day on which he welcomed the Deputies as Russia's "best men," the Emperor surrounded himself by a circle of counsellors who, one might say, wished, if not these Deputies, at least the charter of their Duma, at the bottom of the Gulf of Finland, and were resolved to see that nothing more than the pound of flesh was cut out of the Autocracy, not one fibre more. A fruitful cooperation between such Ministers and a democratic Duma was as inconceivable as a useful combination of fire and water. The two institutions spoke different languages from the outset. They lacked a common platform. They could only hinder, not help, each other. And, as the Emperor has hitherto identified himself with the Ministry, his interests are beginning to be looked upon by the people as incompatible with those of the nation. The traditional worship of the Autocrat is ceasing, and

fears are entertained lest the worshippers, turned iconoclasts, may insist on invading the temple and shattering the idol. Everywhere the view is now being put forward that, so long as the Court camarilla is not abolished, there will be no order, no peace, no prosperity in the land. "The Augean stable," stump orators exclaim, "must be completely cleansed, and by a river of blood. Until that is done the new framework of the Government cannot be built upon the site of the old." The Duma is composed, they add, of very moderate men with whom any well-meaning Cabinet could have worked in harmony; but, Goremykin and his colleagues being bent on thwarting all its legislative efforts, no business could be transacted.

The Government is seemingly aware of its mistake and desirous of drawing the practical consequences from the discovery, but, as usual, too late. The Deputies, who hitherto felt confident that the Crown would shrink from dissolving or even proroguing the Duma, have lost their certitude. They are now discussing their attitude in the contingency of an Imperial ukase appearing in the "Government Messenger" sending them to their homes for the summer vacations. Some members propose that the assembly counteract in advance the effect of such an order, by decreeing that there shall be no vacations until the chief planks in its political programme have become embodied in laws. Others have made different suggestions. But in all probability what will happen is this: the Imperial ukase will be duly issued and the Duma will bow to it, because to do otherwise would be an act of open rebellion; and, if would-be lawmakers began their career by turning lawbreakers, they would find and deserve little sympathy when the Crown dismissed them to their homes altogether. But, whatever the attitude of the Deputies, the final result will probably be the same. The Duma will be dissolved and new elections ordered, over which the Government will presumably do more than merely preside. Whether Russia will be the better for this fresh casting of the die is doubtful. The minds of the great bulk of the people are unsettled. Their hopes have been raised absurdly high. Their passions are aroused and their moral principles shaken. They no longer look to the Government for guidance, and, if they did, they would find none. Therefore they follow the lead of professional revolutionists. On the other hand, the people in the opposite camp are equally bewildered, equally excited.

They, too, follow leaders who are not less revolutionary because they hoist the flag of the Autocracy and vociferously cheer for the Tsar. Both parties employ violence and take human life with utter ruthlessness. And the shock of these hostile armies will shake the Russian Empire to its foundations.

The bulk of the people are benighted, superstitious, ignorant, to a degree which Americans can hardly realize. Hence they are open to all kinds of hypnotizing suggestions from without, while incapable of any deliberate action on their own initiative. A few years ago, thousands of them wanted to take part in the South-African War on the Boer side; and, when asked why their sympathies went out to the Dutch, they answered: "Because they are Orthodox Christians of our Church, and the English are forcing them to become heretics." When discussing among themselves the causes of the success of the Japanese over their own countrymen, many of them agreed that it was owing to the fact that the Japanese could assume the form of microbes and get into the boots of the Russian soldiers, biting their legs and causing death. They kill doctors whenever there is an epidemic of cholera, accusing the doctors of poisoning the wells and spreading the disease deliberately. They burn witches with delight, disinter the dead to lay a ghost; they strip unfaithful wives stark naked, tie them to carts, and whip them through the village. In a word, the level of civilization in the rural districts is lower than that of the Chinese or the Mongols. And when a multitude like this, which differs from savages only in a slight degree, is roused to madness, the results of their rising in arms may be tremendous.

A few concrete instances may serve as illustrations of the mental mechanism and present mood of the angry peasants, to whom unwise politicians have held out hopes of gratuitous land in quantities that do not exist in the Empire. The peasants of a canton recently met to discuss the best line of policy for their Deputy in the Duma to adopt, and had it committed to paper in presence of the rural chief, who, being like themselves unable to read or write, affixed his mark. The document, which was really drawn up by some obscure agitator, was addressed to their representative in the Duma, and the "instructions" they gave him ran as follows: "A band of landowners, grown fat on our sweat and blood, has taken possession of our land and rides roughshod over the laws of God and man. Our patience is at an end. We demand

a definite answer. Otherwise, we peasants, tortured and driven to desperation, are ready for anything. A curse upon all who do not wish well to the nation and follow the enemy."

An acquaintance of mine, Prince T., told me one of his recent experiences a couple of days ago:

"I have always got on well with my peasants. They paid me very moderate rents, and received from me work every year which brought them in a good forty or fifty per cent. of their total earnings. And down to this year they were well disposed towards me, always ready to give me a kind word and do me a good turn. But now they take a pleasure in being offensive. One of them will sidle up till he is actually rubbing shoulders with me; then he will crane his neck, putting his face in front of mine, and with a leer exclaim in a sneering tone of voice: 'Now, Your Excellency, we peasants have our eyes opened. We understand what our rights are, and we are going to get them too. The land is ours and you have stolen it. You are vampires. You suck our blood. We are going to get our land back. And that's why we won't complete the purchase of your estate that we were nearly doing the other day. We won't burn down your house, because it will soon be ours.' Now, among others, there is one man to whom I have tried to be especially good. He has almost continuous employment on my estate, and I pay him a retaining fee all the year round. Well, the other day, he assembled his fellow peasants and spent a couple of hours in reading the newspapers to them, trying to persuade them to plunder my belongings and burn down my manor. They refused, however, on the ground that it would be bad policy, because everything of mine, house and land, would shortly be theirs for nothing. And so my house escaped. But the most curious part of the story is the sequel. That same fellow afterwards came to me himself and told me what he had done. Not in a bragging or provocative spirit, nor in a repentant mood, but simply and unaffectedly, with no accompanying ethical note of praise or blame. His soul was naked and he was unashamed, but not because of his innocence; only because his notions of right and wrong are perverted."

What my friend said of his peasants may without great unfairness be predicated of a large section of the Russian people. Their moral sense is distorted. Hence rapine, arson, assassination, and mass murders by bomb-throwing are of every-day occurrence, and the only expression of public opinion which they evoke is regret that the criminals should be brought to punishment. "Patriotism, not criminal instinct, inspired them."

And, to shame the Government into dispensing with capital punishment altogether, lads in their teens are most frequently pushed to the front to perpetrate the sanguinary deeds which surprise Russia's foreign friends. Almost every telegraphic message

announcing the slaying and wounding of a multitude of harmless people, adds: "The bomb-thrower was a lad of seventeen or eighteen." In some cases he was only fifteen.

In Odessa, two bombs were thrown at General Nepluyeff which wounded one hundred and killed fourteen members of the public, many of them children and women who had assembled to watch the military review. Scores were crippled, arms, heads, legs, fingers, intestines lay heaped upon the ground until they were taken away and put in barrels to be kept for burial. General Nepluyeff himself, however, was not even wounded. One of the bomb-throwers was killed by his own explosive; another was sent for trial, but, as he is not quite sixteen years old, his lawyers refuse to have him treated as an adult. The case will come on in about a fortnight. In Warsaw, a dozen State alcohol-shops were attacked in broad daylight and some persons were killed and wounded. Two days later, the Socialist party announced in the press that it assumed responsibility for the twelve attacks, the motive being to prove clearly that the repressive measures enforced by the authorities were useless. And all this is printed generally without comment.

What could be more idyllic than the scene briefly outlined in the newspaper telegrams as follows: "In Eupatoria, a number of workmen, dissatisfied with the amount of their wages, made common cause with the unemployed and—burned down the landowner's mill. The town council then invited them to tea and organized gratuitous dinners and teas for them, after which they became tranquil and destroyed nothing more. Life is quite normal here." Normal indeed! What will it resemble when it relapses into an abnormal state? people ask. Here is a brief extract from one issue of the principal newspaper in Russia, giving a summary of the day's news:

"In Warsaw, police superintendent Kozell has been killed. An attempt has been made on the life of the vice-director of the police there. In the same city, a bomb has been thrown into the dwelling of an employer of labor. In the Kutais prison, the overseer, Kulghin, well known for his humane treatment of prisoners, has been stoned to death. In Yekaterinoslav, M. Yanoffsky, director of the provincial penitentiary, has been killed. In the Ust Katav works, the foreman has been wounded by a bomb and his wife killed. In Talsen, the Lutheran clergyman has been slain in the woods. In Lodz, a skirmish has taken place between Socialists and Nationalists. In the village of Voronesh, 313 huts have been burned to ashes."

One is reminded sometimes of the Old World stories told by Herodotus. One night, near the Polish station Demblin, a railway employee, named Jan Kowalchyk, was awakened by the shattering of the glass in his bedroom window. Burglars, calling themselves revolutionists, had come to the gate, but, finding it locked, were striving to get in at the window. As Jan's wife was in great danger of being killed by the bullets which were plentifully poured into the bedroom, it was she who broke silence and besought the ruffians to spare her life. "Give us all your money, then, and be right quick about it!" was the answer. The woman, quaking with terror, opened a chest and handed them twenty-seven rubles, but although they took the notes and silver they refused to be placated. "Let's have the rest." She assured them that that was all. Then one of the brigands, thrusting his hand through the pane, turned the revolver towards Mrs. Kowalchyk's head. She was on her knees beseeching them to have pity on her. But they were inexorable. Meanwhile, unknown to the poor woman, her husband was moving slowly and silently along the wall unseen by the revolutionaries. All at once, Kowalchyk swung his right hand, which held a sharp scythe, and brought it swiftly down by the window. The hand with the revolver, severed at the wrist, fell into the room, the assailants hurriedly retreated and the couple were left in peace. No trace of the revolutionaries has been found.

Nineteen members of the Duma have lately appealed to the Russian people, asking them to refuse taxes and generally to rebel against the present *régime*. And they have had some success. Agrarian troubles have broken out in several places, not, however, as yet on a large scale. That may come in August or September. Meanwhile, the reactionary party are also at work. They have vented their feelings on the Jews of the industrial city of Belostok, gutting shops, setting fire to dwellings, wounding Jewish citizens, and even resisting the troops which endeavored to restore order. The example of Belostok will be followed by other cities. Blood will flow profusely. Socialists, revolutionaries and reactionaries desire it, demand it. The organ of the extreme radicals writes: "From the interior of the Empire, calm, level-headed observers, who are well acquainted with what goes on among the peasants, affirm that a veritable Jacquerie is approaching. There is so much electricity in the air that the least thing may draw it out."

BERLIN, *July, 1906.*

THE collapse of German diplomacy, viewed in conjunction with the downfall of the autocratic *régime* in Russia, is one of the most suggestive facts in contemporary history. It signifies the passing of an era of political reaction in Europe. Russia, in the heyday of her power, had no more persistent admirers than the governing classes of Germany. She exercised, until the day of her humiliation, a decisive influence over German statesmen, who, in the contemplation of her outwardly magnificent achievements, gradually came to despise the principles of liberty embodied in the systems of France, Great Britain and the United States. Bismarck, indeed, contributed in no small measure to the estrangement of his countrymen from Great Britain by his methodic depreciation of British ideals. He excited the prejudices of the nation against the Empress Frederick, and counteracted her influence when she was Crown Princess because he conceived that, in order to prevent the development of German institutions upon British lines, it was essential to extinguish the sympathies which wide circles of the people felt for Great Britain. He lived to regret the one-sided impetus he had given to the monarchical authority; for he fell a victim to the autocratic power of the Emperor over the Executive. Under a parliamentary Government, it is probable that Bismarck would have remained at the head of affairs until his death. After his dismissal, the Emperor became, for all practical purposes, his own Chancellor. He devoted himself with singular pertinacity to the task of enhancing the prestige of the Crown at the expense of the Imperial Diet. But his efforts were not uniformly successful. The Reichstag vetoed a series of measures personally advocated by the monarch, and it was no uncommon thing, in the nineties, for the Emperor to complain, as he once did even to the President of that body, that the Tsar, owing to his immunity from parliamentary interference, was in a position incomparably more favorable than himself to promote the best interests of his Empire.

But those complaints never applied to the domain of foreign policy. In such matters the Emperor is, in sooth, a more absolute monarch than ever was his Russian brother, whose diplomatic agents were not infrequently inclined to act as the instruments of Court and Ministerial intrigues rather than of their sovereign's policy. The German Emperor appoints his own Chancellor and

Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and his Ambassadors are, as a rule, courtiers who owe their advancement entirely to his personal favor. The relations he establishes, or seeks to establish, with foreign nations are beyond all parliamentary control; for the sanction of the Reichstag is not requisite to any Treaties of Alliance he may conclude, and the Chancellor admits no obligation to furnish the Legislature with information on such matters. The Reichstag acquiesces, with apparent willingness, in this restricted view of its functions. It listens with the utmost respect to the expositions which the Chancellor may deem it advisable to address to it. Its members, unless they belong to the Social Democratic party, never press embarrassing questions; and they are instantly amenable to any invocation, on the part of the Government, of their innate feeling of awe for the cryptic mysteries of diplomacy. Many of them seem almost to regard the regulation of international affairs as an occult science, the secrets of which it is inadmissible for those beyond the magic pale to attempt to penetrate. To this feeling, which is not always identical with indifferentism, may be ascribed the fact that the Reichstag, as distinguished from the French Chamber or the British House of Commons, boasts not a single member who makes it his duty systematically to study the blue, white and yellow books issued by the various European Governments, or who has earned for himself the right to challenge attention as an acknowledged authority upon foreign affairs.

There are signs that this state of things will not permanently endure. In a former communication it was shown how considerable are the drafts which the Emperor has made on the national stock of monarchical sentiment: how men, even on the Conservative benches of the Reichstag, now listen with barely concealed gratification to the fulminations of Social Democratic orators against the itinerant politics of the sovereign, and to their insistence on his definite failure, after years of canvassing in foreign capitals, to secure the friendship of other nations for his autocratic German policy. There is, however, a growing sense that this passive indulgence of their feelings by the state-supporting parties is inadequate to the exigencies of the case: that the interests of the country imperatively demand the presence in the Reichstag of patriotic and competent critics of foreign affairs, who, in the words of Maximilian Harden, shall employ their parliamentary prerogative of free speech in order to proclaim with stentorian

voice "the last truth" concerning the existing isolation of Germany. One single deputy of this calibre, the Bismarckian publicist just mentioned observes, would immediately become a power in the land; for he would awaken the governing classes to the urgency of the Russian portent. It is plain to the minds of such writers as Harden that Germany cannot remain impervious to the lessons taught by the upheaval of Tsardom. If she desires to escape political bankruptcy, she must allow sway to the spirit of the age, which is strenuously antagonistic to absolutist tendencies. Harden himself is in favor of the adaptation to German conditions of Parliamentary Government on British lines—of the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag, instead of to the Emperor. That, of course, is a far cry. But there are symptoms that it will eventually come to be the watchword of the nation. Meanwhile, Harden draws an effective contrast between the wealth of creative and administrative genius that is employed in the great industrial shipping and banking concerns of the Empire, and the dearth of commanding personalities directly engaged in the service of the State—a dearth which was drastically illustrated at the time of Prince von Bülow's illness, when it was seriously and generally contended that the country did not contain a second statesman capable of efficiently occupying the post of Chancellor. It may be true that the Bureaucracy or the Diplomatic Service cannot produce the man required, but it is a defamation of the nation, Harden exclaims, to describe it as laboring under a similar disability. The simple fact of the matter is that, under the existing *régime*, the noblest minds of the Empire hold themselves rigorously aloof from political life, in just appreciation of the impossibility of finding in it a fair field for the exercise of their ambitions. But their cooperation would be immediately assured if the Reichstag were invested with a proper measure of responsibility. The Legislature would then constitute the best recruiting-ground imaginable for the political talents of the country.

The strictures thus passed by Harden upon the present representatives of the Electorate are being applied with added force, by several of his contemporaries, to the representatives of the Emperor at the various Foreign Courts. The German Ambassadors and Envoys are roundly accused of having proved themselves incapable of reading the pulse of the nations to which they are accredited, and of having encouraged, by their incompetent diag-

nostics, the commission of the political blunders that have resulted in the international isolation of Germany. The "*Vossische Zeitung,*" a widely circulated Radical journal, sums up the moral of these criticisms by declaring that the time has arrived for the Government to transfer the functions of diplomacy, at all events temporarily, to the people. The countless visits paid by the Emperor to foreign potentates and courts, it says, have failed to secure for the Empire the friendship of a single nation. It therefore suggests that the Emperor and his assistants would be well advised if they were to impose upon themselves a self-denying ordinance, and to abstain from all further diplomatic demonstrations; while the people of Germany address themselves to the task of correcting the impressions created by their Government, and of cultivating a spirit of concord and good-will with the other nations of Europe.

The experiment thus proposed is already being tried. Within the past few months, the German and British nations have exchanged a series of significant courtesies. The commercial sections of both communities have proclaimed their urgent desire for a better understanding. Germany has despatched delegates from various walks of life, charged with the task of studying British institutions, and a company of municipal officials from Great Britain has travelled through Germany on a similar quest. Fifty German journalists, many of them life-long denunciators of "perfidious Albion," have journeyed to England, where they have been royally entertained by distinguished representatives of British culture; and they have returned to the Fatherland cured, at least, of their prejudices. They have assured themselves that the British nation needs peace and not war, and they will be chary in future of lending credence and publicity to those extravagant tales of impending British attacks on German seaport towns which were mainly responsible for the eager acceptance by the Reichstag of the latest Navy Bill. A more appreciative style is already perceptible in the comments of the press on Anglo-German relations. The note of denunciation has, for the moment, entirely disappeared, and the friendships formed by Great Britain with France and other countries, which until quite recently were construed in an aggressive sense, are now discussed in a commendable spirit of tolerance. There is, in fact, a manifest desire to let bygones be bygones, and to assist into prominence the pacificatory elements

of the situation. Attempts are even made to prove that Bismarck was politically a friend of Great Britain, and in support of this theory a letter is quoted which the First Chancellor once addressed to the late Earl Granville. In that letter, Bismarck complains of the difficulty of establishing a general diplomatic understanding with the British Government, owing to the indiscretions of British Cabinet Ministers and their constitutional aversion to secrecy. Though the German press is apparently insensible to the fact, the Bismarckian epistle actually reveals the essential cause of the subsequent collapse of German diplomacy—its predilection for elaborate "Reinsurance Treaties." Prince von Bülow, as the agent of the Emperor, from the commencement of his tenure of office, has aimed at an understanding with Great Britain which he might disavow in public and in his intercourse with other Powers, while privately assuring the statesmen of Downing Street of his undeviating loyalty to its conditions. These tactics supply the key-note of the remarkable communications which Herr von Holstein, the Chief of the Political Department of the Foreign Office, made, a few days before his recent fall, to the British Ambassador in Berlin. Herr von Holstein had always been regarded in the capitals of Europe as an inveterate enemy of Great Britain; and he endeavored to clear himself of this reputation by contending that his methods, and possibly those of his Chief, had invariably kept in view the eventuality of Anglo-German cooperation. To plain men such methods seem strangely intricate; and the journalists who have returned from London, impressed with the sincerity of the British attitude, which they describe as the outcome of a frank desire for intimacy with France and for peaceful relations with Germany, will render no small service to their country if they succeed in convincing their diplomatists that straightforwardness is the best policy, even in foreign affairs.

The course of home politics is dominated by the problem of colonial administration. Prior to its adjournment last month, the Reichstag earned the approval of the Emperor by its "patriotic performance" in enacting what are mistakenly termed "Finance Reform Bills." These measures bring about no fundamental change in the Imperial Finances. Without attempting any systematic reform, they add some fifty million dollars to the German Revenue. For many years the budgets of the Empire have labored under growing deficits; but the Government has refrained from

grappling, until the last moment, with the evil, lest its acknowledgment of the necessity of augmented taxation might lead the Reichstag to withhold its sanction from the policy of naval expansion. The consequence of this long delay is that one-half of the new taxes are required to pay the interest on the Imperial Debt, which now balances at $750,000,000. But, after enacting these unavoidable additions to the taxpayers' burdens, the more democratic parties of the Reichstag deemed the moment peculiarly appropriate for demonstrating to the electors their determination to discourage all extravagance on the part of the Government. In a memorable sitting, accordingly, they denounced as futile the further prosecution of the native war in Southwest Africa, which is in its third year, and demanded that the German occupation should be restricted to the central parts of the Colony. Their action excited a furious protest from the military representative of the Colonial Administration, who bluntly informed the Reichstag that the Emperor alone was competent to decide when the fifteen thousand soldiers located in Southwest Africa should be withdrawn. Upon this enunciation of the principle *sic volo, sic jubeo,* the Legislature retorted by rejecting a large portion of the Colonial estimates, providing for additional expenditure on railways and for the compensation of farmers whose farms had been pillaged by the natives, as well as by refusing to vote the establishment of an Imperial Department for the Colonies under an Imperial Secretary of State—a measure declared by the Government to be essential to the efficient management of the colonies, which are at present under the control of a department of the overburdened Foreign Office. Thus the matter now stands. The incident is symptomatic of the increasing disgust of the people with the colonies, which for more than twenty years have served to drain the Imperial Exchequer without conferring any equivalent benefit on the State. But it is also instructive in its constitutional aspect; for it affords a singular example of the baneful results that occasionally attend on parliamentary irresponsibility. As the supporters of the Imperial Government have suddenly discovered for themselves, deputies, even of the democratic order, who expected to inherit the official consequences of their votes, would have hesitated many times before committing themselves to the perpetuation of the existing confusion in the administration of the colonies.

WASHINGTON, *July, 1906.*

THE principal topics of discussion here and now are, first, the impending campaign for the control of the next House of Representatives, and the issues likely to be pivotal in that contest; and, secondly, the significance attaching to the mission of Secretary Root, who has been deputed to represent the United States at the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro, and, subsequently, to visit the most important Spanish-American Republics, to-wit, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile and Peru.

Is it possible for Democrats to overcome the majority of 114 which the Republicans possess in the Fifty-ninth Congress, or, in other words, to gain fifty-eight seats, now occupied by their opponents? On the face of things, such a revolution in public opinion seems improbable, if not incredible. It is true that an even more pronounced reversal of popular sentiment was witnessed at the late General Election in the United Kingdom. But there, besides a number of contributory grounds for an appeal to the voters, the Liberals had a definite issue, that of Free Trade *versus* Protection, in which, as it proved, a large majority of the British people felt vitally concerned. In this country, also, a tariff question must figure conspicuously in the canvass, and Democratic candidates would be glad to make the battle at the ballot-box turn exclusively upon it. There is no doubt that, in such an event, they could obtain considerable support from Republican tariff-revisionists, not only in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, but also in Massachusetts and some other Northern States. Even then, however, it is disputable whether they could secure preponderance in the next House, because the demand for tariff revision is unlikely to become wide-spread and irresistible, so long as the continuance of our unexampled prosperity seems to prove that the Dingley Tariff cannot be generally and seriously harmful.

The Republican leaders do not mean, however, to let the contest hinge upon that single issue, if they can prevent it. Speaker Cannon, who intends to take an active part in the canvass, thinks that his party's appeal to the electors should be based on the record of the Fifty-ninth Congress, which he describes as a "Congress of Achievement," giving, of course, the credit for the achievement to Republicans, because, as possessing a majority in each House, they had it in their power to enact or defeat proposed legislation. It is certain that, on the score of accomplishment, the

first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress has been phenomenal from some points of view. As regards the mere quantity of work attempted or performed, it is unparalleled. Against the 7,295 bills introduced, and the 3,465 bills passed, in the three sessions of the Fifty-eighth Congress, Mr. Cannon can point to over 26,000 bills introduced in the two Houses during the single session of the present Congress just concluded, of which some 4,300 have become laws. With respect to another kind of achievement, the expenditure of the public money, the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress has no rival in our political annals. It seems not so long ago that the Republican party was held up to obloquy as responsible for a "Billion Dollar Congress"; yet now the lavish outlay made in a single session falls but little short of nine hundred millions.

If we turn, now, to the quality of the legislation enacted, we must acknowledge that the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, as a Congress, has a right to be proud of its record. Had it done nothing but pass the Railway Rate bill, the Meat Inspection bill and the Pure Food bill, it would have left a deep mark on our economical history, and deserved the gratitude of the country. But, if we closely scrutinize the circumstances under which those far-reaching and beneficent laws were placed upon the statute-book, we may well hesitate to affirm the justice of crediting their enactment to the Republican party, as a party. Beyond dispute, the primary and paramount credit for those achievements belongs to President Roosevelt. But for the influence incessantly, and persuasively or peremptorily, exercised by him, the Republican majority in the Senate, which deferred for a year even the consideration of the project, would never have passed the Railway Rate bill in its actual form. It is true that the Republican majority in the House of Representatives promptly professed to side with the Chief Magistrate in this matter in both the Fifty-eighth and the Fifty-ninth Congress; but, in the end, when the Railway Rate bill went to conference, it seemed to experience a slight change of heart, and showed itself more unwilling than the Senate to yield full assent to Mr. Roosevelt's wishes. It pursued a similar course with reference to the Meat Inspection bill and the Pure Food bill. Those measures, as enacted, would have conformed more thoroughly to the public demands if the Lower House had concurred with the Senate in carrying out more ex-

actly the programme framed and advocated by spokesmen of the Administration. Now, it is to be observed that the position taken by the President with reference to each of these three great reforms received the zealous support of every Democratic Representative and of almost every Democratic Senator. How, then, is it possible for Speaker Cannon to make good his averment that the credit for passing these bills belongs rather to the Republican than to the Democratic members of the Fifty-ninth Congress?

The hollowness of this claim is so patent to many other leaders of the Republican party that they prefer to go to the country this year on a platform cut down to the single plank, "Endorse Roosevelt!" What would be the pertinence of such an appeal? Mr. Roosevelt is not seeking an election to any office at this time, and he is not even a prospective candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1908. He and his intimate friends treat as an insult the intimation that, in the teeth of his declaration to the contrary, he can be persuaded to accept such a nomination two years hence. From what other point of view does he need endorsement at the hands of the people? In order that he may prosecute and supplement the reform legislation that is already so far advanced? How would his intention to that end be thwarted by a transfer of the control of the House of Representatives from Republicans to Democrats? Of the two parties, the Democrats have given him, as we have seen, the more thoroughgoing and unwavering assistance. If it be, in truth, the endorsement of Roosevelt's reform policy that ought to determine the choice of Representatives next November, it is rather the Democrats than the Republicans who have a right to claim that the choice shall be exercised on their behalf.

Will it be alleged that it is impossible to divorce Mr. Roosevelt from the party that made him President? It was the leaders of the Republican party in the Senate who tried to bring about such a divorce, by postponing for a year consideration of the Rate-making bill that passed the House of Representatives in the last session of the Fifty-eighth Congress. If, for nearly a twelvemonth, there was no solidarity in the minds of the voters between Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican majority in the Senate, it certainly was not the President's fault. It is true that the Republican majority of the Lower House in both Congresses have ostensibly favored Mr. Roosevelt's projects, but we repeat that, as

to each of the three especially important bills, to which we have above referred, Speaker Cannon and the other leaders of that majority have, by their stubborn resistance, in the House and in Conference, hindered the President from obtaining measures as perfect as he desired. Under the circumstances, it would require a good deal of assurance for Speaker Cannon to say to his constituents, "By endorsing me, you endorse Roosevelt." His Democratic competitor might have something to say about the matter. On the whole, we opine that Republican candidates will scarcely be able to divert the minds of the electors from tariff revision by either of the spurious war-cries which have been commended to them. The prevailing belief expressed by veteran politicians in Washington, when they are not talking for publication, is that the revisionists in the Republican ranks will help the Democrats to cut down the present majority of "Stand-Patters" in the Lower House, but, owing to the persistence of general prosperity, will not be able to transform it into a minority.

Of course, no sensible person imagines that our Secretary of State would have been sent to Rio de Janeiro in a war-ship to discuss such questions of more or less academic interest as were the chief things debated in the last Pan-American Conference. For such an unprecedented proceeding, there must have been a motive more relevant, more weighty and more urgent. That motive can be no other than a desire to prevent the Conference at Rio de Janeiro from committing the Latin-American States to a formal approval of the Calvo or Drago Doctrine, and inferentially from holding up to reprobation the assumption on the strength of which President Roosevelt has undertaken to collect and distribute the customs revenue of the Dominican Republic. The fundamental postulate on which the President's action is based is that powerful creditor nations have the right to exact by force the payment, not only of compensation for insults or crimes of violence, but also of contractual obligations, due from the governments or citizens of weak and indebted commonwealths. It was in pursuance of this postulate that Secretary Hay assented to the bombardment of Venezuelan seaports by British, German and Italian war vessels, and to the subsequent confiscation of a third of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello for the payment of debts arising out of contracts. Still accepting the postulate, but desirous of avoiding the mischievous consequences

of its concrete application on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. Roosevelt has practically said, by the position which he has taken in the affairs of Santo Domingo, " I admit that the Italian, Belgian, German and other European creditors of the Dominican Republic have, by international usage, a right to occupy Dominican seaports, and sequestrate their customs duties until such debts as they may justly claim are paid; but, in order to shield a feeble American commonwealth from the fate of Egypt, I am willing to offer mediation between creditor and debtor, and to collect and apportion the revenue of the threatened delinquent in the interest of both parties." It is well known that the proposal was welcomed by the Dominican Executive, and that the European creditor-Powers have deemed it judicious to acquiesce in the arrangement.

Now the so-called " Calvo " or " Drago " Doctrine, which will be advocated at Rio de Janeiro by the spokesmen of Argentina, and which, it is known, is looked upon with favor in other Latin-American commonwealths, strikes at the root of Mr. Roosevelt's fundamental postulate. This doctrine insists that, so far as debts arising out of contract are concerned, the relation of foreign creditors to an indebted State must be governed by the maxim *caveat emptor,* and that, in default of payment, the creditor must be remitted to the tribunals of the debtor-country, or to diplomatic negotiations. If this doctrine could be embedded in international law, it is obvious that Mr. Roosevelt would have no occasion to offer to perform the office of revenue collector and distributor on behalf of the Dominican Republic.

Secretary Root goes to Dio de Janeiro for the purpose of convincing the Pan-American Conference, first, that there is not the slightest chance of securing the assent of the European nations soon to be represented at The Hague to the Calvo Doctrine, inasmuch as the most important of them are committed to the opposite principle; and, secondly, that no greater misfortune than the universal adoption of that doctrine could overtake the Latin-American States, for, from that moment, their credit on the European stock-exchanges would be reduced to zero. Should Mr. Root be able to make good these two averments, he will find it relatively easy to demonstrate that Mr. Roosevelt's substitute for the Calvo Doctrine provides the only method of escape from a difficult and dangerous dilemma.

UPHAMS CORNER

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—I.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

INTRODUCTION.

I INTEND that this autobiography shall become a model for all future autobiographies when it is published, after my death, and I also intend that it shall be read and admired a good many centuries because of its form and method—a form and method whereby the past and the present are constantly brought face to face, resulting in contrasts which newly fire up the interest all along, like contact of flint with steel. Moreover, this autobiography of mine does not select from my life its showy episodes, but deals mainly in the common experiences which go to make up the life of the average human being, because these episodes are of

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a sort which he is familiar with in his own life, and in which he sees his own life reflected and set down in print. The usual, conventional autobiographer seems to particularly hunt out those occasions in his career when he came into contact with celebrated persons, whereas his contacts with the uncelebrated were just as interesting to him, and would be to his reader, and were vastly more numerous than his collisions with the famous.

Howells was here yesterday afternoon, and I told him the whole scheme of this autobiography and its apparently systemless system—only apparently systemless, for it is not really that. It is a deliberate system, and the law of the system is that I shall talk about the matter which for the moment interests me, and cast it aside and talk about something else the moment its interest for me is exhausted. It is a system which follows no charted course and is not going to follow any such course. It is a system which is a complete and purposed jumble—a course which begins nowhere, follows no specified route, and can never reach an end while I am alive, for the reason that, if I should talk to the stenographer two hours a day for a hundred years, I should still never be able to set down a tenth part of the things which have interested me in my lifetime. I told Howells that this autobiography of mine would live a couple of thousand years, without any effort, and would then take a fresh start and live the rest of the time.

He said he believed it would, and asked me if I meant to make a library of it.

I said that that was my design; but that, if I should live long enough, the set of volumes could not be contained merely in a city, it would require a State, and that there would not be any multi-billionaire alive, perhaps, at any time during its existence who would be able to buy a full set, except on the instalment plan.

Howells applauded, and was full of praises and endorsement, which was wise in him and judicious. If he had manifested a different spirit, I would have thrown him out of the window. I like criticism, but it must be my way.

I.

Back of the Virginia Clemenses is a dim procession of ancestors stretching back to Noah's time. According to tradition, some of them were pirates and slavers in Elizabeth's time. But this

is no discredit to them, for so were Drake and Hawkins and the others. It was a respectable trade, then, and monarchs were partners in it. In my time I have had desires to be a pirate myself. The reader—if he will look deep down in his secret heart, will find—but never mind what he will find there; I am not writing his Autobiography, but mine. Later, according to tradition, one of the procession was Ambassador to Spain in the time of James I, or of Charles I, and married there and sent down a strain of Spanish blood to warm us up. Also, according to tradition, this one or another—Geoffrey Clement, by name—helped to sentence Charles to death.

I have not examined into these traditions myself, partly because I was indolent, and partly because I was so busy polishing up this end of the line and trying to make it showy; but the other Clemenses claim that they have made the examination and that it stood the test. Therefore I have always taken for granted that I did help Charles out of his troubles, by ancestral proxy. My instincts have persuaded me, too. Whenever we have a strong and persistent and ineradicable instinct, we may be sure that it is not original with us, but inherited—inherited from away back, and hardened and perfected by the petrifying influence of time. Now I have been always and unchangingly bitter against Charles, and I am quite certain that this feeling trickled down to me through the veins of my forebears from the heart of that judge; for it is not my disposition to be bitter against people on my own personal account. I am not bitter against Jeffreys. I ought to be, but I am not. It indicates that my ancestors of James II's time were indifferent to him; I do not know why; I never could make it out; but that is what it indicates. And I have always felt friendly toward Satan. Of course that is ancestral; it must be in the blood, for I could not have originated it.

. . . . And so, by the testimony of instinct, backed by the assertions of Clemenses who said they had examined the records, I have always been obliged to believe that Geoffrey Clement the martyr-maker was an ancestor of mine, and to regard him with favor, and in fact pride. This has not had a good effect upon me, for it has made me vain, and that is a fault. It has made me set myself above people who were less fortunate in their ancestry than I, and has moved me to take them down a peg, upon occasion, and say things to them which hurt them before company.

A case of the kind happened in Berlin several years ago. William Walter Phelps was our Minister at the Emperor's Court, then, and one evening he had me to dinner to meet Count S., a cabinet minister. This nobleman was of long and illustrious descent. Of course I wanted to let out the fact that I had some ancestors, too; but I did not want to pull them out of their graves by the ears, and I never could seem to get the chance to work them in in a way that would look sufficiently casual. I suppose Phelps was in the same difficulty. In fact he looked distraught, now and then—just as a person looks who wants to uncover an ancestor purely by accident, and cannot think of a way that will seem accidental enough. But at last, after dinner, he made a try. He took us about his drawing-room, showing us the pictures, and finally stopped before a rude and ancient engraving. It was a picture of the court that tried Charles I. There was a pyramid of judges in Puritan slouch hats, and below them three bare-headed secretaries seated at a table. Mr. Phelps put his finger upon one of the three, and said with exulting indifference—

"An ancestor of mine."

I put my finger on a judge, and retorted with scathing languidness—

"Ancestor of mine. But it is a small matter. I have others."

It was not noble in me to do it. I have always regretted it since. But it landed him. I wonder how he felt? However, it made no difference in our friendship, which shows that he was fine and high, notwithstanding the humbleness of his origin. And it was also creditable in me, too, that I could overlook it. I made no change in my bearing toward him, but always treated him as an equal.

But it was a hard night for me in one way. Mr. Phelps thought I was the guest of honor, and so did Count S.; but I didn't, for there was nothing in my invitation to indicate it. It was just a friendly offhand note, on a card. By the time dinner was announced Phelps was himself in a state of doubt. Something had to be done; and it was not a handy time for explanations. He tried to get me to go out with him, but I held back; then he tried S., and he also declined. There was another guest, but there was no trouble about him. We finally went out in a pile. There was a decorous plunge for seats, and I got the one at Mr. Phelps's left, the Count captured the one facing

Phelps, and the other guest had to take the place of honor, since he could not help himself. We returned to the drawing-room in the original disorder. I had new shoes on, and they were tight. At eleven I was privately crying; I couldn't help it, the pain was so cruel. Conversation had been dead for an hour. S. had been due at the bedside of a dying official ever since half past nine. At last we all rose by one blessed impulse and went down to the street door without explanations—in a pile, and no precedence; and so, parted.

The evening had its defects; still, I got my ancestor in, and was satisfied.

Among the Virginian Clemenses were Jere. (already mentioned), and Sherrard. Jere. Clemens had a wide reputation as a good pistol-shot, and once it enabled him to get on the friendly side of some drummers when they wouldn't have paid any attention to mere smooth words and arguments. He was out stumping the State at the time. The drummers were grouped in front of the stand, and had been hired by the opposition to drum while he made his speech. When he was ready to begin, he got out his revolver and laid it before him, and said in his soft, silky way—

"I do not wish to hurt anybody, and shall try not to; but I have got just a bullet apiece for those six drums, and if you should want to play on them, don't stand behind them."

Sherrard Clemens was a Republican Congressman from West Virginia in the war days, and then went out to St. Louis, where the James Clemens branch lived, and still lives, and there he became a warm rebel. This was after the war. At the time that he was a Republican I was a rebel; but by the time he had become a rebel I was become (temporarily) a Republican. The Clemenses have always done the best they could to keep the political balances level, no matter how much it might inconvenience them. I did not know what had become of Sherrard Clemens; but once I introduced Senator Hawley to a Republican mass meeting in New England, and then I got a bitter letter from Sherrard from St. Louis. He said that the Republicans of the North—no, the "mudsills of the North"—had swept away the old aristocracy of the South with fire and sword, and it ill became me, an aristocrat by blood, to train with that kind of swine. Did I forget that I was a Lambton?

That was a reference to my mother's side of the house. As I have already said, she was a Lambton—Lambton with a p, for some of the American Lamptons could not spell very well in early times, and so the name suffered at their hands. She was a native of Kentucky, and married my father in Lexington in 1823, when she was twenty years old and he twenty-four. Neither of them had an overplus of property. She brought him two or three negroes, but nothing else, I think. They removed to the remote and secluded village of Jamestown, in the mountain solitudes of east Tennessee. There their first crop of children was born, but as I was of a later vintage I do not remember anything about it. I was postponed—postponed to Missouri. Missouri was an unknown new State and needed attractions.

I think that my eldest brother, Orion, my sisters Pamela and Margaret, and my brother Benjamin were born in Jamestown. There may have been others, but as to that I am not sure. It was a great lift for that little village to have my parents come there. It was hoped that they would stay, so that it would become a city. It was supposed that they would stay. And so there was a boom; but by and by they went away, and prices went down, and it was many years before Jamestown got another start. I have written about Jamestown in the "Gilded Age," a book of mine, but it was from hearsay, not from personal knowledge. My father left a fine estate behind him in the region round about Jamestown—75,000 acres.* When he died in 1847 he had owned it about twenty years. The taxes were almost nothing (five dollars a year for the whole), and he had always paid them regularly and kept his title perfect. He had always said that the land would not become valuable in his time, but that it would be a commodious provision for his children some day. It contained coal, copper, iron and timber, and he said that in the course of time railways would pierce to that region, and then the property would be property in fact as well as in name. It also produced a wild grape of a promising sort. He had sent some samples to Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, to get his judgment upon them, and Mr. Longworth had said that they would make as good wine as his Catawbas. The land contained all these riches; and also oil, but my father did not know that, and of course in those early days he would have cared nothing about it if he had known it. The oil

* Correction. 1906: it was above 100,000, it appears.

was not discovered until about 1895. I wish I owned a couple of acres of the land now. In which case I would not be writing Autobiographies for a living. My father's dying charge was, "Cling to the land and wait; let nothing beguile it away from you." My mother's favorite cousin, James Lampton, who figures in the "Gilded Age" as "Colonel Sellers," always said of that land—and said it with blazing enthusiasm, too,—"There's millions in it—millions!" It is true that he always said that about everything—and was always mistaken, too; but this time he was right; which shows that a man who goes around with a prophecy-gun ought never to get discouraged; if he will keep up his heart and fire at everything he sees, he is bound to hit something by and by.

Many persons regarded "Colonel Sellers" as a fiction, an invention, an extravagant impossibility, and did me the honor to call him a "creation"; but they were mistaken. I merely put him on paper as he was; he was not a person who could be exaggerated. The incidents which looked most extravagant, both in the book and on the stage, were not inventions of mine but were facts of his life; and I was present when they were developed. John T. Raymond's audiences used to come near to dying with laughter over the turnip-eating scene; but, extravagant as the scene was, it was faithful to the facts, in all its absurd details. The thing happened in Lampton's own house, and I was present. In fact I was myself the guest who ate the turnips. In the hands of a great actor that piteous scene would have dimmed any manly spectator's eyes with tears, and racked his ribs apart with laughter at the same time. But Raymond was great in humorous portrayal only. In that he was superb, he was wonderful—in a word, great; in all things else he was a pigmy of the pigmies.

The real Colonel Sellers, as I knew him in James Lampton, was a pathetic and beautiful spirit, a manly man, a straight and honorable man, a man with a big, foolish, unselfish heart in his bosom, a man born to be loved; and he was loved by all his friends, and by his family worshipped. It is the right word. To them he was but little less than a god. The real Colonel Sellers was never on the stage. Only half of him was there. Raymond could not play the other half of him; it was above his level. That half was made up of qualities of which Raymond was wholly destitute.

For Raymond was not a manly man, he was not an honorable man nor an honest one, he was empty and selfish and vulgar and ignorant and silly, and there was a vacancy in him where his heart should have been. There was only one man who could have played the whole of Colonel Sellers, and that was Frank Mayo.*

It is a world of surprises. They fall, too, where one is least expecting them. When I introduced Sellers into the book, Charles Dudley Warner, who was writing the story with me, proposed a change of Sellers's Christian name. Ten years before, in a remote corner of the West, he had come across a man named Eschol Sellers, and he thought that Eschol was just the right and fitting name for our Sellers, since it was odd and quaint and all that. I liked the idea, but I said that that man might turn up and object. But Warner said it couldn't happen; that he was doubtless dead by this time, a man with a name like that couldn't live long; and be he dead or alive we must have the name, it was exactly the right one and we couldn't do without it. So the change was made. Warner's man was a farmer in a cheap and humble way. When the book had been out a week, a college-bred gentleman of courtly manners and ducal upholstery arrived in Hartford in a sultry state of mind and with a libel suit in his eye, and *his* name was Eschol Sellers! He had never heard of the other one, and had never been within a thousand miles of him. This damaged aristocrat's programme was quite definite and businesslike: the American Publishing Company must suppress the edition as far as printed, and change the name in the plates, or stand a suit for $10,000. He carried away the Company's promise and many apologies, and we changed the name back to Colonel Mulberry Sellers, in the plates. Apparently there is nothing that cannot happen. Even the existence of two unrelated men wearing the impossible name of Eschol Sellers is a possible thing.

James Lampton floated, all his days, in a tinted mist of magnificent dreams, and died at last without seeing one of them realized. I saw him last in 1884, when it had been twenty-six years since I ate the basin of raw turnips and washed them down with a bucket of water in his house. He was become old and white-headed, but he entered to me in the same old breezy

* Raymond was playing "Colonel Sellers" in 1876 and along there. About twenty years later Mayo dramatized "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and played the title rôle delightfully.

way of his earlier life, and he was all there, yet—not a detail wanting: the happy light in his eye, the abounding hope in his heart, the persuasive tongue, the miracle-breeding imagination —they were all there; and before I could turn around he was polishing up his Aladdin's lamp and flashing the secret riches of the world before me. I said to myself, "I did not overdraw him by a shade, I set him down as he was; and he is the same man today. Cable will recognize him." I asked him to excuse me a moment, and ran into the next room, which was Cable's; Cable and I were stumping the Union on a reading tour. I said—

"I am going to leave your door open, so that you can listen. There is a man in there who is interesting."

I went back and asked Lampton what he was doing now. He began to tell me of a "small venture" he had begun in New Mexico through his son; "only a little thing—a mere trifle—partly to amuse my leisure, partly to keep my capital from lying idle, but mainly to develop the boy—develop the boy; fortune's wheel is ever revolving, he may have to work for his living some day—as strange things have happened in this world. But it's only a little thing—a mere trifle, as I said."

And so it was—as he began it. But under his deft hands it grew, and blossomed, and spread—oh, beyond imagination. At the end of half an hour he finished; finished with the remark, uttered in an adorably languid manner:

"Yes, it is but a trifle, as things go nowadays—a bagatelle—but amusing. It passes the time. The boy thinks great things of it, but he is young, you know, and imaginative; lacks the experience which comes of handling large affairs, and which tempers the fancy and perfects the judgment. I suppose there's a couple of millions in it, possibly three, but not more, I think; still, for a boy, you know, just starting in life, it is not bad. I should not want him to make a fortune—let that come later. It could turn his head, at his time of life, and in many ways be a damage to him."

Then he said something about his having left his pocketbook lying on the table in the main drawing-room at home, and about its being after banking hours, now, and—

I stopped him, there, and begged him to honor Cable and me by being our guest at the lecture—with as many friends as might be willing to do us the like honor. He accepted. And he

thanked me as a prince might who had granted us a grace. The reason I stopped his speech about the tickets was because I saw that he was going to ask me to furnish them to him and let him pay next day; and I knew that if he made the debt he would pay it if he had to pawn his clothes. After a little further chat he shook hands heartily and affectionately, and took his leave. Cable put his head in at the door, and said—

"That was Colonel Sellers."

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

UPHAMS CORNER

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MORAL RIGHT TO BECOME A CANDIDATE FOR REELECTION.

BY Q.

On the evening of the day whose sun had set upon the most notable personal political triumph of the century, Theodore Roosevelt, President-elect, voluntarily addressed to the American people the following explicit words:

"On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years, and this three and one-half years constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form. Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination."

Had the writer of these words contented himself with the assertion that under no circumstances would he become a candidate, the utterance would have partaken of that familiar perfunctoriness which has characterized like statements upon so many occasions that the true meaning has come to be regarded as the opposite of that apparently conveyed. This does not necessarily imply insincerity upon the part of those who have made the declaration. To "refuse to become a candidate" means only that one will not *seek* a nomination. That a nomination freely or urgently tendered would be rejected is in no sense implied. Indeed, as I have noted, the precise contrary is often the plain intimation and desired inference. But Mr. Roosevelt, with characteristic thoroughness and emphasis, while unconsciously dropping into conventional phrase, not only went much further, but made a totally distinct declaration when he wrote, "*Under no circumstances will I* be a candidate for or *accept another nomination.*" Omit the words "be a candidate for," and the pledge gains in strength. Nevertheless, the precision and emphasis of the

declaration, as it stands, seem to leave no possible room for honest questioning.

Why, then, is it a fact—as, I think, will be admitted—that a very large number, probably a majority, of citizens anticipate that again they will have the privilege of voting for or against electors pledged to Mr. Roosevelt two years hence? That Democratic politicians should assert *their* belief to this effect is of no consequence, for the reason that it is an essential feature of the game to discredit and impugn the sincerity of their adversaries. But the same belief rests, to my certain knowledge, in the minds of more than one candidate for the *Republican* nomination. Here, again, due account must be taken of the effect of disagreeable apprehension. But go further. Ask the man in the street, the acquaintance on the next block, and—finally and of chief significance—the most ardent admirer and respecter of the President within your zone of inquiry, and the invariable reply is: "He will *have* to run again; he can't help himself."

Personally, I yield to no man in esteem for Theodore Roosevelt or in sturdy faith in his sincerity; yet I, too, expect to vote for him in 1908, and, more to the point, I anticipate casting my ballot with a conscience as clear as my satisfaction will be keen, with no thought or consideration of a stain upon the personal record or honor of my candidate because of that which his detractors will undoubtedly pronounce a breach of faith. Nothing, I am convinced, could induce me to support a dishonest or untruthful man for the Presidency of the United States. Nevertheless, I repeat, I fully anticipate that Mr. Roosevelt *will* accept the Republican nomination, and I shall welcome the opportunity of adding my mite to the great majority he will undoubtedly obtain. My motives, I may add parenthetically, will be wholly unselfish, as I do not and would not occupy a position in the public service. Reasons in abundance I might, and may at some future day, set down; they are not only sufficiently obvious, however, but also apart from present consideration. My sole endeavor now is to effect a reconciliation of those noted inconsistencies which seem to be real, but which I believe to be only apparent and readily dissipated when subjected to the searching test of enlightened exegesis.

In matters of great moment, especially such as concern the State or the welfare of millions of human beings, literal inter-

pretation of an individual utterance of far-reaching import does not necessarily render its actual meaning. Some philosophers, indeed, have gone so far as to maintain that those charged with grave responsibilities are freed from the trammels of convention in respect to exactitude of statement, because of the paramount importance of ultimate achievement as contrasted with the character of antecedent acts intimately or remotely related to it. Witness Machiavelli on the prerogatives of princes.*

* "It is unquestionably very praiseworthy in princes to be faithful to their engagements, but among those of the present day who have been distinguished for great exploits, few, indeed, have been remarkable for this virtue, or have scrupled to deceive others who may have relied on their good faith. . . . In other words, a prudent prince cannot and ought not to keep his word except when he can do so without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the engagement still exist.

"I should be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were good, but as the generality of mankind are wicked and ever ready to break their words, a prince should not pique himself in keeping his more scrupulously, especially as it is always easy to justify a breach of faith on his part. I could give numerous proofs of this, and show numberless engagements and treaties which have been violated by the treachery of princes, and that those who enacted the part of the fox have always succeeded best in their affairs. It is necessary, however, to disguise the appearance of craft and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling, for men are generally so simple and so weak that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes. . . .

"It is not necessary, however, for a prince to possess all the good qualities I have enumerated, but it is indispensable that he should appear to have them. I will even venture to affirm that it is sometimes dangerous to use, though it is always useful to seem to possess them. A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities, but still retain such power over himself as to display their opposites whenever it may be expedient. I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion and humanity. He should habituate himself to bend easily to the various circumstances which may from time to time surround him. In a word, it will be as useful to him to persevere in the path of rectitude while he feels no inconvenience in doing so as to know how to deviate from it when circumstances dictate such a course.

"He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith and piety. This last quality is most important for him to appear to possess, as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart, and those few dare not oppose the voice of the multitude, who have the majesty of their prince on their side.

"Now, in forming a judgment of the minds of men, and more especially of princes, as we cannot recur to any tribunal, we must attend only to results. Let it then be the prince's chief care to maintain his authority. The means he employs, be what they may, will for this

Just as to this day monarchical countries accord to their rulers special privileges, such as open maintenance of mistresses, exemption from the payment of lost wagers and the like, so has unwritten law—potent as the intangible British constitution—conferred upon them a wider latitude in all things bearing upon the effect of their official activities. Justification of lapses unwarranted in private life is found in the surpassing hardship of solving great problems and the constant mental and moral strain pertaining thereto. True, this freedom from ordinary restraint does not obtain to so marked a degree in this country, where the Puritanic code still exercises a considerable, though waning, influence, and where rulers are regarded, or at least spoken of, as servants of the commonwealth. It is, nevertheless, an undeniable historical fact that many divergences from the strict letter of propriety on the part of our greatest men—notably Washington, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant—were readily overlooked by the people, whose instinct accorded to them exceptional consideration. Even in the recent unhappy episode involving a question of veracity between President and former Senator, the same spirit was manifest; and, despite an apparent burden of evidence tending to his discomfiture, the magistrate holding high authority and withstanding manfully the strain of great responsibility emerged unscathed from the controversy.

Now, admitting, as all must admit, that it is only the actual meaning of a grave declaration that merits observance, how must "Under no circumstances will I . . . accept another nomination" be interpreted? Construed with strict precision, no differentiation in time being suggested, this pledge would bar the President from *ever* accepting another nomination. Yet nobody pretends that that is what he meant, or that, in 1812 or 1816 for example, an accusation of breach of faith would stand for a moment, or even indeed be thought of. Literally, the self-imposed inhibition is explicit and for all time; but, practically, every one recognizes

purpose always appear honorable and meet applause, for the vulgar are ever caught by appearances and judge only by the event. And as the world is chiefly composed of such as are called vulgar, the voice of the few is seldom heard or regarded.

"There is a prince now alive (whose name it may not be proper to mention) who ever preaches the doctrines of peace and good faith, but if he had observed either the one or the other he would long ago have lost both his reputation and his dominions."—From "The Prince," eighteeenth chapter, entitled "Whether Princes Ought to be Faithful to Their Engagements," by Niccolo Machiavelli.

that the President could not have restricted the date of his refusal to the year 1908 without implying a willingness, even a desire, to become a candidate at some future date, thus giving ground for an inference so uncalled for as to be regarded almost surely as presumptuous.

My first and fundamental contention—namely, that the spirit is at variance with the letter of the declaration—is, I submit, established. Study of the context is essential to a clear understanding of any statement, however unambiguous in appearance. In this instance, the stated reason for refusal is the cardinal feature. It is found in the desirability of maintaining "the wise custom which limits the President to two terms." Here, again, form and substance are out of unison. Reading casually, one would leap to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt's objection was based upon the unwisdom of a citizen serving as President for more than eight years during his lifetime. Clearly this is not the meaning he intended to convey. His self-abnegation rests exclusively upon observance of a *custom*—"the wise custom which limits the President to two terms." But there is no such custom, not even an example or a pronouncement to that effect from any authoritative source. The usage to which he refers is, of course, that of refusing more than two *consecutive* terms. Again the writer could not have employed the qualifying adjective without implying a willing candidacy at some future time, and, in his embarrassment, he was forced to use words which, as penned, constituted a false premise.

We have already seen that real meaning is quite as dependent upon context as upon the actual words employed in assertion. Indeed, in the two instances noted, analysis of the flat contradiction has clearly left the former in the paramount position. We now proceed a step further and note the equally influential component part of the causes of an important assertion to be found in circumstances, environment, temperament and record, the impelling force of each of which is recognized to a degree in any exegetical process. Of the effect of the enveloping conditions at the time the statement was put forth, it suffices to say that all tended to incite a generous mind and grateful heart to a self-abnegatory act. Others deserved consideration—others who had rendered great personal services, which could be requited only by clearing the way for the gratification of their own ambitions.

The opportunity, moreover, to overwhelm with confusion those whose taunts of attempted usurpation had been borne in contemptuous silence during the campaign, was exceptional in that the time of making the avowal could not fail to emphasize the patriotic unselfishness of the act. Enhance the effect of these natural and creditable emotions with the overpowering influence of a temperament impulsive and eager ever not only to do the right but to do it instantaneously, and the irresistibility of the suggestion becomes manifest. To insist that action thus taken should, in contemplation, be wholly deprived of that elasticity of interpretation which has been accorded bearers of great responsibilities since the world began is not only illogical but ignoble.

That acceptance of the nomination two years hence will give rise to some displeasure I consider to be an inevitable contingency of great achievement. But only minds unwilling, or incapable, of true understanding will harbor such a sentiment. No personal act teeming with possibilities of general benefit merits resentment unless itself be tainted by deceit—and he would be a temerous person, indeed, who should venture to suggest the existence of that detestable attribute in the character of Theodore Roosevelt. If ever a life was an open book, it is his. His faults, of which he has his due proportion, no less than his virtues, with which he is endowed beyond measure, he has emblazoned with unsparing hand upon the pages of history. Whether he be considered in the right or in the wrong, he has never concealed his implicit faith in the human's possession of the right of changeability. Scores of instances in his political life might be adduced to indicate his determination never to permit a possible accusation of self-stultification to stand in the way of performance of his full duty, as *at the moment* he should perceive it. One in precise parallel with the case now under consideration is a complete estoppel of any hypercritical complaint of lack of foreknowledge. While Governor of the State of New York and harassed by the unremitting efforts of politicians to submerge him in the Vice-Presidential office, he declared with all the emphasis at his command: "Under no circumstances could I or would I accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency." Later, he added, "My position in regard to the Vice-Presidency is absolutely unalterable." Even the qualifying "or be a candidate for" is note-

worthy by its absence. And yet, when the time came and his duty to his country and his party was writ in letters so bright that they could not but illumine his conscience, he reluctantly made what then seemed to be a mighty sacrifice; and, instead of indicating resentment, the wise, broad, tolerant American people subsequently set upon his act the seal of almost unanimous approbation.

From all points of rightful consideration, therefore—from analysis of written words proving the paramountcy of contiguous expression, from the special privileges accorded to those in high places, from the effect of environment upon a generous and grateful mind, from the inevitable issue of a truly American temperament, from a known record of disregard of minor morals in achievement of transcendental importance to the common weal, from stern, sturdy devotion to public duty irrespective of effect upon personal reputation—I am satisfied that I have established, in logic and in morals, the absolute and unqualified right of Theodore Roosevelt to accept the Republican nomination for President in 1908, and, simultaneously therewith, the full qualification of myself and every other citizen of like mind to vote for him with a clear conscience and perfect assurance that there is no blot upon his gleaming escutcheon.

Q.

BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

WHAT is likely to be the effect of this reawakening of the East on the stability of British Empire in India?

It is commonly supposed that the Indian Empire is the fruit and the monument of the territorial ambition of Great Britain. This is a mistake. The British Government and Parliament were strongly opposed to territorial aggrandizement in India. Parliament placed its opposition on record, declaring that the extension of dominion in India was contrary to the honor and interest of the nation. It might almost be said that Sinde alone, of all the Indian provinces, was conquered in aggressive war; and this was an adventure of hot-headed Napier, much questioned at the time. Dalhousie's annexations, the policy of which was also questioned, were not conquests but lapses to the suzerain, or, as in the important case of Oudh, forfeiture for default in feudal duty.

The Empire of the great Akbar gradually crumbled to pieces in the hands of his degenerate successors, and filled Hindostan with a murderous anarchy of usurpations. The ambition of Dupleix aimed at carving out of the ruin an Eastern Empire for France; and he might have succeeded, had not Clive come off his commercial stool in the office of a British company to display his native genius for war. Of the British factory, the aims and policy remained purely commercial. Into war, and dominion as the result of war, it was forced by the attack of Surajah Dowlah on Calcutta. Clive's miraculous victory over the Nabob at Plassey brought Bengal, with its treasures and revenues, into the hands of the poorly paid officers of a commercial company. A scandalous reign of corruption and peculation ensued. The Company's servants made, by infamous means, fortunes vast for that

day, and carried them to England, where they avenged the plundered Hindoo by corrupting society and Parliament. Clive restored comparative purity by increasing salaries and retrenching perquisites.

In that destructive and murderous anarchy, amidst plundering Mahrattas and usurpers, such as the Sultans of Mysore, whose policy was rapine and perfidy, the ascendency of a power comparatively of peace and order, though very far from perfect justice and purity, could not fail to grow. But it was impossible for the British Government to acquiesce in the creation of such an excrescence on the body politic as a separate Empire in the hands of a commercial company with a privy power of making peace and war. The ministry of Fox and North sought to put an end to this, as well as to the scandalous gains and pestilent influence of Nabobs, by transferring the government of India to a body appointed by Parliament. The bill was badly advocated, and an opening was given for appeals to the dread of political jobbery and of interference with the sanctity of charters. George III seized the opportunity, by a gross abuse of his personal influence turned out the Whig ministry, and called Pitt to power. Pitt could not take up Fox's measure, but he (1784) carried one akin, which, leaving India ostensibly in the hands of the East India Company with its directory in Leadenhall Street, placed the action of the Company under an Imperial Board of Control, while the Crown had the appointment of the Governor-General, by whom thenceforth the general policy was determined; the Company retaining a power of recall, which at a later day it notably exercised by recalling Lord Ellenborough, the author of the bombastic proclamation about the recovery of the gates of Somnath. Its commercial privileges, the monopoly of the Chinese and Indian trades, the Company as yet retained; but of these it was afterwards divested by the growing spirit of commercial enterprise and free trade. It retained the appointments to the Indian service, "writerships," as, in memory of the commercial era, they continued to be termed, and the army of Indian mercenaries termed "Sepoys," which, taking a leaf from the book of its enemy Dupleix, it had established on a large scale.

Political organization had been commenced, and the foundation of a regular Empire had been laid by Warren Hastings, a great and good ruler, and deservedly blessed, even if his rule was

arbitrary, by people whom he rescued from anarchical oppression. Gross injustice was done him by Burke, fired with wild philanthropy and egged on by Francis, the author of the "Junius" libels, who had been Hastings's enemy in Council at Calcutta. The story of the judicial murder of Nuncomar by Impey, instigated by Hastings, is a lie, for importing which into the impeachment of Hastings Burke was censured by the House of Commons. Of any personal maltreatment of the Begums, Hastings was entirely innocent. Cheyt Singh was a feudatory, and liable to requisition as such. Only in the Rohilla case is Hastings clearly open to censure. The Rohillas, however, were not a pastoral and poetic community of Hindoos, but a tribe of marauding Afghans domineering over a Hindoo population. The motives of Hastings were perfectly pure, and his own hands were absolutely clean. When, after his acquittal, he appeared before the House of Commons, the whole House, except the managers of the impeachment, stood up to do him honor.*

So long as the Company held real sway, the policy was strictly and narrowly commercial. Dividends were the paramount aim and end of government. Immigration was discouraged; colonization was forbidden. Education of natives was labelled as dangerous. Missionaries were excluded. There was to be no interference of any kind with native superstitions, however gross, or native customs, however criminal, not even with Suttee or infanticide. A guard was furnished for the festival of Juggernaut, and Hindoo gods were recognized in swearing to a treaty. Acquisition of territory was banned, and alliances with native powers were discouraged. "Send us dividends" was the one great commandment of the Company to its servants in India. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of Leadenhall than the idea of civilizing and Anglicizing Hindostan.

A new era, however, was opened by the institution of the Board of Control, and the practical transfer of the supreme power in India from the mercantile Company of Leadenhall to a political Governor-General appointed by the British Crown. Henceforth

* Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings is, perhaps, the most brilliant of the brilliant series. But it is extremely unjust alike to Hastings and to Impey. Macaulay had apparently not read the trial of Nuncomar, for he makes Impey sit alone as judge, whereas he had three assessors. Impey seems to have been a good legislator, and when arraigned by his enemies, was acquitted by the House of Commons.

the political and civilizing object prevailed, the more completely when, by the abolition of the Company's trading monopolies, its commercial interest had been annulled. Now began the effort to improve and civilize India on the British model, the results of which are at present before the court of philanthropic opinion. Whatever the judgment of that court may be, that the intention has been good cannot be denied. Never before had conquest been so beneficent in its aims. Of late years, India has been regarded by England rather as a ward and pupil than as a thrall.

First, however, it was necessary that the Empire should be organized, that it should reach its bounds, and that the *Pax Britannica* should be established in Hindostan. This process was performed by the Marquess of Wellesley, a little man of imperial character and grand aims. It involved wars with the great plundering power of the Mahrattas and its murderous progeny the Pindarees, as well as with the brigand Sultanate of Mysore. In these wars, marvellous feats were performed by handfuls of British soldiers under commanders whose names are little known to fame, but whose achievements showed that the British army, which, when led by Royal Dukes, might be truly described as an army of lions led by asses, was not led by asses in Hindostan. Wonderful above all were marches in wars with Mahratta horsemen, under a broiling sun, without the provision now made for the soldier's comfort and relief. The Sepoy force formed by the Company did well with British troops at its side. The Sepoy was faithful to his leader and paymaster. Country or patriotism he had none. Diplomacy seconded war. Wellesley did his work amidst the tremors and almost the shrieks of Leadenhall. Leadenhall at last recalled him; but the work was done. The outcome was an Indian Empire, with the Governor-General as its Viceroy, rather more than two-thirds of it held in direct dominion, the residue as fiefs, large or small, by vassal Rajahs, on condition of allegiance to the British Crown and decent behavior as rulers. The second condition has been approximately enforced. Saved by the sovereign power from revolutions to which, like other Eastern rulers, they would otherwise have been exposed, the Rajahs have been prudently faithful to British rule. As the natural supplement of Empire, Wellesley also laid, in the teeth of opposition, the foundation of an institution for training Anglo-

Indian statesmen. The result was Haileybury, with its motto, "*Redit a Nobis Aurora Diemque Reducit.*"

Now came a line of political Governors-General, British statesmen in character, who, breaking entirely with the traditions of Leadenhall and disregarding its cries of alarm, pressed forward the work of introducing British civilization into Hindostan. They gave India a scientific code of law, and, so far as Eastern character would permit, trustworthy courts of justice. Disregarding timorous warnings, they suppressed evil customs, such as Suttee, infanticide and human sacrifice. They put down Thuggee and Dacoity. To abolish caste was beyond their power. Nor did they venture to touch the Zenana or that great evil, child marriage. They licensed a press as free as empire could safely permit. They created colleges and schools, through which European science has found its way to Hindostan. In later times, they have even tried to introduce a large measure of civic equality. They have admitted the native to the bench of justice, to municipal administration, in form at least even to political power. To introduce the native to the full reality of political power would, on the part of the conqueror, be abdication. In dealing with the land question, they were at first led astray by their English model, and bestowed on Bengal a counterpart of British landownership and squirearchy, which, as the circumstances were widely different, did much mischief.

Neither was material improvement allowed to sleep. The saying that, if the British departed from India, they would leave no monument of their stay but empty beer-bottles, is belied by railroads, telegraphs, canals, and works of irrigation, as well as by colleges and hospitals.

In 1845-50 came, on the eve of a great peril, the last important extension of the Empire. In the Punjaub, Ranjit Singh, a very able adventurer, had organized the dominion of the Sikhs, a religious and military sect, with a large army trained by European officers and provided with a very powerful artillery. When the strong hand of Ranjit was withdrawn by death, the army became turbulent and restless. At last it crossed the Sutlej, and hurled itself on the British dominions. There followed a series of desperate battles, with extreme danger to the Empire, the forces of which once at least suffered a reverse. Victory at last declared for the British, and the Punjaub, under the wise and

beneficent administration of Sir Henry Lawrence, was completely incorporated in the Empire.

All was apparently going smoothly, on the whole, when, in 1857, the veil of happy illusion was suddenly rent by the tremendous convulsion of the Mutiny. It is now admitted that the suspected violation of caste by the use of grease in the cartridges was the immediate cause of the outbreak. There had been several mutinies from the same fear of aggression on caste. Lord Dalhousie's annexations of fiefs, notably of that of Oudh, the vassal Prince of which had forfeited by gross misgovernment, may have had some effect. The feeling of the natives generally, though suppressed, was probably with the mutineers. But the Rajahs were true to the power which held them on their thrones. Sikhs, though their country had been so recently incorporated, fought well as mercenaries on the British side, and have been found trustworthy ever since.

A glaring light was thrown on the relation between the races. Terrible atrocities were committed on both sides, not least on that of the dominant race, which, transported with fury, treated the Mutiny not as a rebellion or a mutiny of the ordinary kind, but as a rising of slaves. There was merciless slaughter of the people, and one British General asked for permission to impale. The good Lord Elgin, who was in India at the time, was horror-stricken at the language held even by a clergyman. Not less shocking were the cries for blood in England, especially those of literary eunuchs displaying their virility.

The Sepoy army of the Company having thus collapsed, the end of Leadenhall had come, and India was transferred to the Crown; not without misgivings on the part of some who feared alike the direct influence of British politics on India, and the direct influence of India on British politics. For alarm on the first ground there is proved to have been little reason. Danger from the political exercise of patronage has been averted by resort to competitive examination, and the "Competition Wallah" seems not to have been found wanting in practical ability. When it was proposed to confer upon the Queen the coveted title of "Empress," there was an express stipulation that the title should not be assumed within the constitutional dominions. The condition could hardly be strictly observed, and the title has carried a sentiment with it. If you have an Empire, you must

have an Emperor; and if you have an Emperor, Imperial sentiment will follow.

India, with her 294,000,000 people, is now held for Great Britain by an army of 70,000 British troops and 150,000 Sepoys. The command is entirely in British hands, the highest rank to which a native can attain being that of a non-commissioned officer, with certain personal distinctions. The artillery, since the Mutiny, has been kept entirely in British hands. So is the supply of ammunition, which the natives have no means of making. Railroads have practically multiplied the force. Native princes have among them armies numbering upwards of 130,000, but mostly of the rabble kind.

Fusion of the races there has been none, or only such as is mournfully denoted by a small number of feeble Eurasians. Nor does it appear that, in spite of the laudable efforts of British Viceroys and other reformers in high place, the social barrier has been to any great extent removed, at all events as regards the mass of the people. To a Hindoo of high rank, society in England throws its door wide open, but this seems hardly to be the case as yet in Hindostan. In his "Letters and Journals," Lord Elgin says:

"It is a terrible business, this living among inferior races. I have seldom from man or woman, since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their *salaaming*, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them, not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy."

It would be painful to quote from the diary of Russell, sure to be a faithful reporter, the language of contempt in which British masters can sometimes speak of the natives, and the instances of insolent oppression which Russell witnessed. The social gulf has probably been somewhat widened by the shortening of the voyage between India and England. In former days, the Anglo-Indian, never going home, became more identified with the people of the country in which the better part of his life was spent.

The ostensible rigidity of caste may have been slightly softened by unavoidable increase of contact in railway carriages and elsewhere; otherwise, caste seems to have remained unshaken, so much so that one eminent reformer proposes to recognize it as the permanent mould of Hindoo society. Such a decision would be tantamount to recognition of the impossibility of a social assimilation of India to England. Into the dark seclusion of the Zenana English ladies are striving to carry light.

We have varying accounts, as might be expected, of the fruits of missionary effort. The number of converts to Christianity is proportionately small, being under three millions in a population of two hundred and ninety-four millions. Anglo-Indians are apt to speak of them with little respect. They appear to be generally of the humblest class; but they may not on that account be the worse Christians. The missionaries cannot fail to be weakened by their own divisions. To convert a Mussulman, with his intense and militant belief in the unity of God, to the Trinitarian doctrine may well be a desperate undertaking. A combination of Christianity and Buddhism has, however, produced schools, more than one, of Theosophy with Christian ethics. This is a development interesting not to Hindostan alone.

In a strange land and among a subject people, "Tommy Atkins" is inevitably exposed to great temptations, and it is not likely that the preaching of the missionary pulpit is always illustrated by his example. This seems to be an evil inherent in the moral circumstances of an army of occupation, and one against which no care on the part of Government or commander can entirely guard.

There is at present a good deal of political fermentation in India. It has broken out on the question of dividing the administrative province of Bengal, and finds expression in the Indian press. It evokes sympathy and has allies in England, where Hindoos are now entering the political arena as candidates for seats in the British Parliament. But it appears to be confined to the educated Hindoos, who, having passed their examinations and qualified for high employment, find no career open to their natural ambition. It does not seem that anything like a national movement of liberation exists, or is yet possible. England, it is true, has by her rule restored the territorial unity of the Mogul Empire. She has also given the upper classes generally a common

language. But among the people generally there are still a number of distinct languages, nor is the religious antagonism between Hindoo and Mahometan extinct, though it has been softened by a common subjection to the Empire. On the part of the masses, therefore, it would seem that nothing beyond dull antipathy to a foreign master is yet to be feared, while the native princes still owe to the Empire the security of their thrones.

If there is danger in any quarter, it probably is in that of the Mussulman, who, dispossessed by the British conqueror, has not forgotten that he once was lord. The Indian Mussulman, moreover, is a member of Islam, and looks up, it is said, with a lively loyalty to the Commander of the Faithful at Constantinople. War between England and Islam would, therefore, be likely to kindle a fire in Hindostan. England, a Christian power, has more Mohammedan subjects than any power in the world.

To attempt to strike the balance between the advantages and disadvantages of British rule in India would be to enter into a boundless controversy. Foreign rule in itself must always be an evil. India was rescued by Great Britain from murderous and devastating anarchy; though at the time she was plundered by official corruption of a good deal of the wealth which, being poor though gorgeous, she could ill afford to lose. She has since enjoyed general peace and order; both, we may be sure, to a far greater extent than she otherwise would have done. The deadly enmity between her races and religions has been controlled and assuaged. The foreign establishments, civil and military, though highly paid, have been small for the population, and the civil administration has been, in recent times, what Oriental administrations never are, perfectly incorrupt. The army, unlike the rabble armies of native princes, has been kept under strict discipline. Evil customs have been suppressed; trade and manufactures have been fostered; education, science, hygiene have been introduced, imperfectly it may be, but still introduced, which otherwise they would hardly have been. What national development, in itself always preferable, would in this case have done we can hardly tell. It might have been, and probably would have been, better for India to be ruled by a line of Akbars. But of Akbars, unhappily, there never is a line. In the next reign degeneracy began.

It does not appear that there is any considerable migration

from the provinces directly under British dominion to those which are under native rule. The people, no doubt, are generally fixed to their habitations by poverty and difficulty of movement; still, if they greatly preferred the native rule, a certain amount of migration to it there would probably be.

That the masses of India in general are miserably poor cannot be denied. The question is, whether under the Mogul Emperors they were better off. Was taxation lighter? Was India, under her former rulers, more free than she is now from pestilence and famine? Mahratta and Pindaree ravages must surely have carried famine in their train. Deserted cities seem to attest the prevalence of plague in former days. The population has vastly increased, and its increase may in some measure account for dearth.

With regard to fiscal and commercial questions, it may safely be said that, at all events in late years, there has been no disposition on England's part to do anything but justice to India.

India's complaints, speaking generally, seem to be of things inseparable from foreign rule, the withdrawal of which would be the only remedy. But suppose British rule withdrawn from India, what would follow? Is there anything ready to take its place? Would not the result be anarchy, such as prevailed when England came on the scene, or a struggle for ascendency between the Mahometan and the Hindoo, with another battle of Paniput? Suppose the Mahometan, stronger in spirit though weaker in numbers, to prevail, would his ascendency be more beneficial and less galling to the Hindoo than is that of the English Sahib?

One of the shrewdest of economists, Nassau Senior, rebuked those who said that the greatness of England depended on her possession of India. "On the contrary," he said, "he wished England were well rid of India, if only a good way of riddance could be found." The Indian service has been a fine field for English youth. This, perhaps, has been England's surest gain. How far British industry and commerce have gained by the political connection, it is for commercial experts to say. To the account of loss must be set down the expensive necessity of guarding the way from the Imperial country to the great dependency. To the account of moral loss must be set down the defence of the accursed Turkish Empire and the opium monopoly with its Chinese wars.

Danger of Russian invasion there never was, though alarm about it caused two Afghan wars, with their drains upon the store of the Hindoo. Once an entire British army was lost, while the despatches of the Envoy who was alleged to have countenanced the expedition had, when the Government was called to account, to be laid before Parliament in a garbled form. The military party cherished a belief favorable to military policy and adventure; by the civilians it was generally discredited. A Mogul or Tartar raider might swoop from those mountain passes with his horde upon the enervated people of the plains. Widely different would be the march of a great modern army, with its artillery and its train, to meet on its descent another regular army equal or superior in force to itself. Russia might threaten when she was thwarted elsewhere; there might be talk at Russian army messes; but the best authorities did not share the alarm.

British Empire in India is in no danger of being brought to an end by a Russian invasion. It does not seem to be in much danger of being brought to an end by internal rebellion. Yet it must end. Such is the decree of nature. In that climate British children cannot be reared. No race can forever hold and rule a land in which it cannot rear its children. In what form the end would come it has hitherto been impossible to divine. "By accident" was the only reply which one who had held high office in India could make to such a question on that subject. Since this reawakening of the East, a more definite source of possible disturbance may be said to loom. In encouraging Japan to go to war, Lord Lansdowne may have done something which was far from his intention, and of which he did not dream. He may have inadvertently pressed the button of fate.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

GREAT FORTUNES AND THE COMMUNITY.

A REPLY TO "X."

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

THE orthodox creed of Catholicism and its doctrines as to Christ's nature were developed mainly as condemnations of the various heresies. The Church grew to realize precisely what it held to be true through the necessity for distinguishing this from what it instinctively recognized as false.

I am led to make this reflection by a very interesting article, lately published in this REVIEW, dealing with the position and significance of that enormously rich class which, in several countries, but more especially in America, has risen into existence during the past twenty-five years. The writer conceals his identity under the initial "X"; but an editorial note informs us that he is well known to the public as one of the most considerable thinkers in the United States of to-day. I am glad to learn this, in the first place, because as to many points I agree with him. I am, in the second place, still more glad to learn it, because there are certain of his arguments in respect of which I disagree with him altogether; and the fact that they are put forward by a man of his admitted eminence increases the utility of a criticism of whatever may be false or deficient in them.

Let me begin with the points as to which "X" and I agree. I will state them more briefly than he does, but in substantially the same way. The recent development in America of those huge private fortunes, which have certainly no parallel in the world's previous history, constitutes, for many reasons, a grave social danger. This danger resolves itself ultimately into the fact that these fortunes, partly on account of their mere magnitude, but mainly on account of the way in which many of them are amassed and used, are tending to disseminate amongst the great mass of

the population feelings and opinions which are prejudicial to the rights of private property altogether, thus supplementing one danger by another which is even greater; and it is not in a tone of enmity, but one of friendly remonstrance, that "X" addresses himself to the multi-millionaires themselves, urging them in their own interest, no less than in that of the public, to reconsider the weak or objectionable points in their position, and so come to terms with those who at present are only their critics, but may otherwise turn into disastrous, even if ultimately defeated, enemies.

Fortunes, on account of their mere magnitude, become legitimate objects of criticism (this I take to be the meaning of "X," though he does not very clearly say so) when they exceed the possibilities of even the most lavish private expenditure, and thus leave in the hands of their possessors an enormous surplus power, which is dangerous to the political rights and the economic freedom of the majority. As a matter of fact, however, great fortunes in America are largely open to criticism of a more particular kind than this. An impression is spreading, which has of late been justified in certain well-known cases by recent scandalous revelations, that most of these enormous fortunes have been acquired by dishonest means; and that the possessors of them not only might use, but in actual practice have used, their surplus wealth to elude or override the law. Farther, the possessors of the proverbially great fortunes, not content with abusing their wealth as a means of power, have been singularly unfortunate in their use of it as a means of pleasure. The great wealth in question being an essentially new phenomenon, its American possessors have no inherited culture and no inherited positions to guide them in their personal expenditure of it. It tends to produce a class which is held together internally by nothing but emulous extravagance in insane and unsatisfying self-indulgence, and which asserts its supremacy in the eyes of the general public merely by making this insane self-indulgence ostentatious.

How far these accusations are true as regards America, I am myself not in a position to speak; but various accounts reach England through the newspapers—accounts of dinners on horseback, dinners at which the costliest presents are hidden in the guests' table-napkins, and so forth—which produce an impression that the accusations are far from groundless; and "X" makes

special note of the offensive and often fatal manner in which the great motor-cars of the modern American plutocracy force themselves at a dangerous speed through the narrow thoroughfares of the cities, with a brutal disregard of the convenience, and even of the lives, of the pedestrians. Such conduct he takes as typical of the general manner and spirit in which this new wealth is being used for the purposes of private life. It is, he says, conduct worthy only of men who are struggling to make themselves gratuitously despised and hated; and, taken in connection with the other and graver causes, which are producing a prejudice against them in the minds of so many temperate persons, it constitutes on their part a provocation to hostile sentiments, equally dangerous in their consequences to those who provoke and those who entertain them.

Now, accepting, for argument's sake, the facts of "X," as he states them, I agree with him in regarding these criticisms as at once just and timely. The rise of a class whose incomes are so gigantic as to separate its members not only from the community at large, but even from the majority of men commonly accounted rich—incomes of which the wildest private expenditure could hardly exhaust so much as the tenth part—would, for many reasons, be a misfortune for all classes anywhere, and would more especially be injurious to the civilization of the richer classes themselves. It would be less injurious in an old country like England, where ideas of birth and breeding, and a sense of class obligations, are still largely operative, than it would be, or is, in a country like America, where aristocracy, as distinct from plutocracy, is deficient in historical traditions: for aristocracies, though they are unable to flourish without wealth, require that great fortunes should be concentrated in the heads of houses, whilst the large majority of those who are identified with them by blood and education are of necessity comparatively poor. These last, however, for the purposes of ordinary social intercourse, live on a practical equality with the minority, their rich kinsmen; and thus the importance derived from the direct possession of wealth is tempered by the importance attached to the temper, the traditions, the refinement and the general habit of mind which the poorer members of such a class possess in common with the richest. Hence the undue obtrusion of mere wealth in an aristocratic society is recognized by that society itself as essentially vulgar

and ludicrous; whilst such personal displays of state as are made by its richer members are rather historical symbols than outbursts of personal ostentation. Moreover, in England at all events, the spirit of the aristocratic classes has always been largely tempered by a spirit of consideration for others—a spirit which finds eloquent expression in the letters of the great Lord Chesterfield. That this observation holds good of England at the present day is evidenced by that special kind of behavior to which "X" appeals as typical—namely, the manner, considerate or the reverse, in which motor-cars are driven through crowded thoroughfares. Despite accidental exceptions, it is noticeably true that, in England, the more highly placed owners of such vehicles are the most considerate in the use of them; fatal, offensive and even reckless driving being mainly the work of obscure ruffians, out for what they call "a lark," and anxious to show that they consider themselves the equals or the superiors of everybody.* The fact remains, however, that, even in England, the appreciable presence of individual fortunes equal to those which have lately developed themselves in America would be injurious to the interest alike of the richer classes generally and of the poorer. In England, however, such fortunes are practically non-existent. Of great fortunes, according to the English standard, those of the Dukes of Westminster and Bedford are commonly held to be representative. There is one British-born British subject who is, there is reason to believe, considerably richer than either of them; but this unique and enormous fortune will, after his death, be divided; and, even as it stands, it does not amount to a third of the fortunes now possessed by the richest men in America. The observations of "X," therefore, in so far as they are social, moral and political, have, as applied to America, a force which

"X" compares the outrageous driving of the motor-cars of the multimillionaires of America to the outrageous driving of the coaches of the *noblesse* in pre-Revolutionary France. His reference to France suggests a curious train of reflection, which shows us how complex are the causes by which social conduct is determined. In France, which is the mother of the modern democratic principle, and which has now for nearly a hundred and twenty years been familiar with revolutions and appeals to the power of the populace, the law is still on the side of the man who goes on wheels, and against the man who goes on foot. The pedestrian is treated in monarchical London incomparably better than in republican Paris. One of the greatest English ladies, in point of rank, family and wealth, has refused to make any use of motor-cars herself, on the ground that they are an inconvenience to the humbler class of wayfarers.

is considerably diminished if they are applied to any other country.

But "X" does not content himself with indicating, as a philosophical critic, the dangers of the existing situation. He proceeds, as a politician, to suggest certain practical remedies for it; and he bases these suggestions on an economic theory as to its origin. As soon as he enters these regions of speculation, my agreement with him ceases. What he says does not cease to be useful; but its utility becomes that of the early Christian heresies. It assists us to discover what is true, by its formulation of what is false.

Let us begin with considering the general class of remedy which suggests itself to the mind of "X" as being certainly practicable, and most probably efficacious. He says:

> It is to the true interest of the multi-millionaires to join those who are free from envy in trying to remove the rapidly growing dissatisfaction with their continued possession of vast sums of money, which they have either themselves abstracted from the common store of all the people, or which they have inherited from ancestors who have so abstracted them. For all the property of a free nation belongs to its inhabitants; and whoever abstracts anything from it must, when challenged, prove his right to what he has taken. . . . Millionaires are now the storm-centre of the population, for the simple reason that they are believed to have managed 'to accumulate much of their wealth' by withdrawing it from the common property of the nation in more or less forbidden ways.

The object to be aimed at is, therefore, according to "X," some reduction in the magnitude of such fortunes as are unduly large; and such a reduction, he says, may any day with perfect ease be brought about by one, or by both, of two simple methods—the imposition of a progressive income-tax, and the alteration of the laws of bequest. He says:

> No one can doubt that, if the majority of the voters chose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking, they could readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which would limit every citizen of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters considers sufficient for him. And it would be particularly easy, he proceeds, to alienate the property of every man at death, for it is only necessary to repeal the statutes now authorizing the descent of such property to the heirs and legatees of the decedent.

The powers, however, which "X" is thus prepared to invoke would, he says, be practically less formidable in their action than

timid persons might anticipate; for, although "each man, by reason of his manhood alone, has an equal voice with every other man in making the laws governing their common country, and regulating the distribution of the common property . . . [yet] immense and incalculable differences exist in men's natural capacities for rendering honest service to society. . . . Encouragement should be given to every man to use all the gifts he possesses, to the fullest extent possible . . . [and, accordingly], reasonable accumulations and the descent of these should be respected."

Such, then, being the nature and the range of his proposed remedies, let us consider what general conception underlies them of the process to which wealth and economic prosperity are due. He explains this in a brief, but a perfectly unmistakable, way. Admitting that some men contribute more to the general prosperity than do others, he takes the great inventor as a type of the men who contribute most; and the fundamental facts of the situation may, he says, be fully expressed by a dialogue such as the following, between the great inventor and the masses:

> 'I have,' says the inventor, 'discovered something which will be greatly to your advantage. What compensation ought I fairly to receive for it?' And the chosen representatives of the people, speaking for them, answer, 'It is for the general advantage to encourage useful inventions; therefore, if we find your invention useful, we will give you the exclusive right to the profits of it for fourteen years.' . . . The manager and initiator of a great industrial enterprise says (to the masses), 'I wish to devote myself to your service. What will you allow me to withdraw from the common property for such service?' The American people in their generosity answer, 'We will give you as much as we give the President of the United States; and, while we give him the compensation for eight years only, we will give it to you for the active years of your life.'

"It is difficult to see," "X" adds in conclusion, "how any undue restraint would be placed upon any ability or energy of a beneficent character," if the law were to limit the possible gains of such ability to an income of something like fifty thousand dollars a year, and were to place a corresponding limit on the amount of capital which he could bequeath.

Here we have a whole system of economic philosophy, and a whole method of economic reasoning, set forth and exemplified, with signal boldness and brevity; and they are all the more interesting from the fact that they virtually represent ideas

which are more or less vaguely entertained by a large number of people. Their distinctive value, as set forth and exemplified by "X," lies in the orderly clearness with which he has been able to invest them. I propose, however, to show that, with the exception of one or two incidental admissions, there is not a single proposition, either directly made or implied by him, which is not misleading, as a distortion or evasion of the truth, or else as a substitution for truth of some definitely corresponding error. We have either economics gone astray, or economics turned upside down. To begin with the question of method, the radical fault which pervades the entire reasoning of "X" is the fault of looseness, and of unscientific inaccuracy. Of this, a single specimen will suffice. "Each man," says "X," "by reason of his manhood alone, has an equal voice with every other man in making the laws governing their common country, and regulating the distribution of their common property."

Now, if taken as a mere rhetorical expression of the fact that, in a democratic country like America, where manhood suffrage is general, all men possess in common an influence of some sort on the government, which they did not in France, for example, in the times preceding the Revolution, this statement may be useful in briefly emphasizing what is true; but if it is transplanted from the sphere of popular rhetoric, and accepted as a proposition belonging to economic science, the element of truth contained in it is lost in the wildest falsehoods. Voters become powerful only in proportion as their respective judgments are gradually brought into harmony with regard to specific questions; and if, as often happens, out of every hundred men the judgments of fifty-one differ from the judgments of the remainder, nearly half of the voters, in spite of their equal manhood, have for the time being no power at all. But a farther fact remains which is more important still. The power of the mass of voters being always necessarily confined to the choice or rejection of this or that specific proposal, these proposals require to be thought out and formulated before the power of the ordinary voter can have anything on which to act. Which proposal, out of several alternatives, shall be adopted is determinable by the votes of the many; but these proposals themselves, some one of which the majority of the voters select, are invariably formulated and submitted to the general judgment by energies and ingenuities of the few.

Again, as soon as the work of selection begins, the many are powerless unless they are efficiently organized; and organization is invariably the work of the few likewise. Those who perform it do not perform it in virtue "of their manhood alone." They perform it because their manhood is in some way more active than the manhood of the majority.

Thus, although in a country where manhood suffrage prevails, each vote, like a weight cast into a scale, weighs exactly as much as any other vote, a few voters invariably exert far more power than others in determining in which scale the preponderant mass of votes shall be accumulated. If "X" had said that "each man, by reason of his manhood alone," has an element of political power in respect of which he is the equal of any other man, he would have been saying what is scientifically correct; but when he says, as he does, that the possession of this single element makes "each man's voice in the government of his country equal," he is guilty of an inaccuracy which renders his reasoning valueless, and the extravagant nature of which can be best indicated by a parallel. A steamer, we will suppose, is propelled at ten knots an hour by the consumption of a ton of Welsh coal per minute; and it is no doubt true that each ton of coal in the bunkers has an equal power with any other ton to maintain the speed in question. But if an engineer were to say, "The powers of each ton, by reason of its coalhood alone, is equal, in the sense that, if the consumption is doubled, and a second ton burnt each minute in addition to the first, the speed of the steamer will be doubled, and be twenty knots instead of ten," he would, as every one knows, be talking absolute nonsense; for one of the difficulties attendant on high speeds arises from the fact that an increase in the coal consumed, although it increases the speed, does not increase it proportionately. If the first ton produces a speed of ten knots, the second will only produce an added speed (we will say) of five. No one, treating of steamers, who ignored this well-known fact, and carelessly assumed that the propulsive value of every ton of coal was equal, would be listened to for a moment by any serious man; and yet a carelessness which "X" would at once detect and ridicule in any one who applied it to mechanics, is what he gravely indulges in himself, when he is dealing with social politics. So much, then, for the general defect of his method—a defect very frequent amongst thinkers occupied with

the same subjects. We will now turn to his conclusions, and consider them on their own merits.

These all flow from, and are referable to, certain primary theories with regard to the origin of law and civilization generally, and more especially to the economic structure of modern civilized countries. His economic theory is based on the following fundamental proposition, that "all the property of a free nation belongs to its inhabitants." It would, perhaps, be hypercritical to inquire what "X" means when he speaks of a *nation* having *inhabitants:* for, though he might mean merely that over the territory which a nation inhabits, and which if necessary it is ready to defend, it possesses some corporate control, yet it is abundantly evident from the main body of his argument that he does not confine his meaning to this indisputable doctrine. He means that the nation, as a whole, is in some sense the corporate owner of all the products, and all the machinery of production, which owe their existence to the exertions of all or of any one of its members: for the kind of property with which he more particularly concerns himself is not land as the potentiality of wealth, but capital as wealth accumulated. His fundamental principle, therefore, when accurately stated, is this: that all capital, all the appliances of production, and all the income resulting from them, are in some sense or other the "common property" of the nation; and that all private ownership of capital, and all private incomes, are, as he says over and over again, "abstractions" permitted to individuals, from this general store.

Now, to incomes of a certain kind such language might be not inapplicable. The income which, in addition to his official salary, a Turkish Pasha manages to wring from his province by exactions may be aptly described as something withdrawn from a common store. Again, if we regard as a community all such persons as at any given time are owners of stock or shares, and if one of these owners, more sagacious than the rest, manages in the process of exchange, to secure one-half of an income which was originally divided amongst fifty, his own gain is, no doubt, an abstraction from a store which he finds existing in the hands of others.

But neither of such processes is, in any fundamental way, representative of the process which is distinctive of any progressive nation. If great individual fortunes were nothing more than abstractions from a store which those who abstract from it influence

by their abstractions only, the number and the amount of these fortunes would very soon reach their limit, and the bulk of the population would be soon concurrently reduced to that minimum of the means of subsistence on which a human being can live. But in all progressive countries of the modern world, and more especially in America, what actually happens is notoriously the reverse of this. The great masses of the population, even if they grow poorer in comparison to the exceptionally rich, themselves grow richer absolutely to a very appreciable degree. Not only do the "abstractions," as "X" calls them, of the very rich increase, but there is a constant increase in the aggregate from which he tells us they are abstracted.

As soon as we realize this great primary fact, we shall realize in what the fallacy of the theory of "X" consists. In the vast majority of cases, the great fortunes of to-day derive the additions made alike to their amount and number, not from the reservoir of property which their possessors find existing, but from the constantly growing additions which year by year are made to it. What, then, is the origin of these latter additions themselves? If the theory of "X" has any meaning at all, they must be due to some universal increase in efficiency which develops itself equally in all men, even the idlest, the most brutal and the most stupid. But "X" himself admits that such is not the case. The differences between the efficiencies of men in rendering social service are, he says, "immense and incalculable." In other words, to what "X" would call the "increasing common property," a few men are constantly contributing incalculably more, man for man, than do the multitude; and that increasing fund from which the great fortunes are drawn is not a fund abstracted from a stock which would exist in any case, but consists of additions to this made by those few men whose efficiency is "immensely and incalculably" above the average.

Thus, the kind of bargain which virtually takes place between the typical possessor of the great private fortunes and the community, is of a character totally opposite to that which "X" imagines. The great inventor or organizer of industry does not say, in vague terms, to the community, "I am able to do 'something to your advantage'; or, 'I am anxious to devote myself to your service.' What will you allow me, as compensation, to abstract from the aggregate of property which you at present pos-

sess?" (for such is the meaning of the language put into his mouth by "X"). But he says to the community, "There is such and such a number of your members whose labor, as at present directed, produces goods annually to the value of ten million dollars. The value of the goods produced by them, if their labor is directed by me, will be, not ten million, but fifty. I come to you as the potential producer of an increment of forty million; and instead of asking how much, as compensation for my productive service, you will allow me abstract from what you possess, I ask you how much you will allow me to retain of what I engage to bring—and of what will, unless I bring it, be enjoyed neither by you nor me." And such a man might with truth proceed as follows: "The amount which I expect to retain for my own use is vast; but the amount which, in one way or another, will go to you is vaster." For, whatever may have been the fortunes accumulated by the great directors of labor, these represent but a very inconsiderable fraction of what their possessors have added to the wealth of the world generally.*

The theory of "X" has, indeed, some relation to the truth; but it is, as I have observed already, the truth set upside down; for, if "abstraction" has any share in the process, the abstracting party is not the great producer but the community, which says to the producer, "If I protect you whilst you are engaged in production, how much are you willing that I should abstract from your total product?"

But the fallacy of the theory so confidently put forward by

* The increments in the world's wealth due to great productive ability may be broadly said to distribute themselves in three different ways. A part goes to make up the fortunes of the great producers themselves and their heirs. Another part distributes itself in the form of increased wages among the laborers, in the cheapening of the goods consumed by them, and in a multiplication of the conveniences and amenities of life accessible to them. A third part of these increments becomes gradually the subject of speculation. The gains of the successful speculator, like those of the gambler at Monte Carlo, are, no doubt, asbtractions from a fund to which he adds nothing; but the fortunes which arise from speculation are essentially parasitic, and depend for their existence on fortunes of another kind—namely, those which originate in the actual concrete additions made by exceptional men to the aggregate national wealth. It is, of course, conceivable that some great fortunes may be largely due to the underpayment of labor, as many little fortunes are said to be in the small and so-called "sweated" industries; but it is perfectly obvious that such cases are exceptional. On the whole, wages have very greatly risen, concurrently with the rise of the great typical modern fortunes, so that the latter cannot be due to a cutting down of the former.

"X" will be shown most clearly by the examples which he suggests to us of its application. An inventor, he says, comes to the community with some specific invention; and, if the invention works well, and is also of wide utility, "X" suggests that the community should, as a maximum compensation, allow the man profits up to fifty thousand dollars a year, and allow him to keep his savings up to a million dollars. "X," though he seems to consider these terms almost too generous, expressly says that some arrangement of something of the kind is necessary, because it is necessary for the community to encourage productive talent. Let us suppose, then, that the American people to-day strike the above bargain with the inventor of some new means of traction, which will increase the speed of trains, whilst diminishing their expense and danger. The invention works much better than the old-fashioned steam-locomotive; but in five years' time the inventor sees his way to improving it, if only the community will give him some inducement to do so. But, if matters are conducted according to the principles and suggestions of "X," the community is no longer able to offer him any inducement whatever. He already enjoys the maximum which his country, in its generosity, will allow him; and, though his farther exertions might enrich it with untold additional millions, his country will be obliged to tell him that he shall not keep a cent of them for himself. What then will happen? If the original compensation was necessary, as according to "X" it was, in order to encourage the man to achieve his first great success, the impossibility of his receiving any such encouragement again, will be equally operative in discouraging him from pushing this success farther. Or, if such an *impasse* were foreseen, and an attempt were made to provide against it, how could the community know, with regard to any special invention, whether the inventor should be compensated by a permission to appropriate the profits resulting from it, up to the maximum limit allowed to individual fortunes; or whether his participation in these special profits should be docked, in order to leave a margin of permissible gain, which he may hope to acquire by supplementing this invention with others?

"X" gives us unreal conditions, and an impossible kind of bargaining resulting from them; and the further arguments by which he endeavors to disguise this fact do but set the impossibilities of the case in a yet clearer light.

One of these arguments calls for very brief notice only. "It is utter nonsense," he says, to conjure up difficulties on the ground that, unless the great producers are allowed to appropriate "whatever sums they can," their full productive abilities "will not be put to use: for no genuine service in any department of human effort has ever been conferred on mankind merely for the sake of money." Now, this statement, as it stands, is true. Indeed, it is merely a platitude. But it is only saved from being a falsehood by the qualifying word "merely"; and, by thus being rendered true, it is also rendered quite inapposite. For the point at issue is, not whether the hope of a money reward is ever the *sole* inducement to valuable economic activity, but whether it is not generally an *essential* inducement; and that it *is* an essential inducement "X" has himself admitted in his assertion that a money-reward is, within certain limits, generally necessary for the encouragement of the great inventors and organizers.* Here we have another specimen of that fatal inaccuracy of thought—that readiness to lay down propositions which in a certain sense are true, and then, when using them in argument, to invest them with a sense quite different, and quite false—by which the reasoning of "X" from beginning to end is vitiated.

But an error of a kind far more important than this yet remains to be noticed. His conception of the relations between the great producer and the community, and the possibility of changing them, and modifying them, in any way that may be morally desirable, is founded on a conception of the nature and origin of law which is yet more imperfect than his conception of the nature of the economic process. "No one can doubt," he says, "that, if the majority of the New York voters chose to elect a Governor of their own way of thinking, they could readily enact a progressive taxation of incomes which would limit every citizen

* Statements—like this one of "X," which is frequently repeated by sentimental writers like Ruskin—to the effect that the desire for money has very little to do with eliciting the higher economic activities are, as a rule, so exaggerated as to be little more than falsehoods. The earliest of the higher economic activities was commerce. What induced the Phœnicians to send their ships as far as Cornwall? It was not the desire of sentimental travellers to enjoy Cornish scenery; or the desire of missionaries to save the souls of Cornishmen. It was the desire of the adventurers to enrich themselves by the acquisition of Cornish tin. The desire of money, in fact, though the origin of half the evils of life, has been at the same time the mainspring of material progress; just as the sexual impulse, though hardly less productive of evil, is yet at the same time the originator of life itself.

of New York State to such income as the majority of the voters considered sufficient for him;" and they could just as readily, he proceeds, interfere in any way they pleased with the descent of property, even to the extent of abolishing the powers of bequest altogether. And he fortifies himself in this doctrine by an appeal to the following dictum of Lord Coleridge: "The same power which prescribes rules for the possession of property can, of course, alter them;"—the power to which "X" and Lord Coleridge refer being the will of the majority for the time being.

Now, Lord Coleridge, no doubt, was in many ways an exceedingly clever lawyer. He was, however, as the above quotation shows, a mere smatterer in political philosophy; and the error in which here "X" has hastened to follow him is of a peculiarly gross kind. That a unanimous and overwhelming majority in any democratic country can effect any legislative changes they please, at any given moment, and perhaps enforce them for a moment, is no doubt true. But life does not consist of isolated moments or periods. It is a continuous process, in which each moment or period depends on those preceding it. If it were not for this fact, the majority of the voters of New York State, "by electing a Governor of their own way of thinking," might pass a law inaugurating an eternal holiday, and forbidding any citizen to perform any kind of labor. Were such a law passed on a Monday, it might conceivably be obeyed till Wednesday; but, by Wednesday, let the Governor and the voters do or say what they would, their epoch-making law would be abrogated by the inexorable necessities of nature. Some of them would have to labor, or else they all would die.

This simple illustration at once shows the character of the fallacy which underlies the reasoning of "X" and of Lord Coleridge alike. Because, in any country, the formulation and enforcement of the laws have for their proximate cause the will of the governing body, and, farther, because in any democratic country the power of the governing body is dependent on the support of the majority, it seems, to thinkers such as Lord Coleridge and "X," that the laws have in such a majority, not their proximate cause only, but their ultimate, and that they can be modified or revolutionized *ad libitum*, with nothing to control these changes but the wishes, the caprices, or the theories of the majority for the time being. But, behind the wishes or the

theories of any majority whatsoever, lie other legislative powers against which majorities contend in vain—powers which impose on majorities the substance of all their measures, and permit them only to settle the minor and local details. These powers are man's environment, his physical organism and the prevalent traits of his moral and intellectual character. For example, in all modern civilized countries the larger part of the laws, perhaps, have for their ultimate object the protection of family life, and the privacy of the private home. But family life is, primarily, not the creation of law. It is the creation of instincts and affections which have developed themselves in the course of ages. Instead of the law having created family life, it is family life which has dictated the laws protecting it. So, too, with the case of property, with the opportunity of acquiring wealth, and with the right of bequeathing it, the laws sanctioning these represent in their broader features (which in all civilizations have, at all periods, been similar) underlying similarities in the relations between those acts and motives to which all civilizations on their material side are due. Property is not primarily the creation of law. Law is called into being by men's practice of acquiring property, just as the legal rights of parents owe their being to the unalterable facts of parentage.

When "X" talks of the ease with which all the present laws as to property might be abolished or revolutionized by any local or temporary majority, he entirely forgets this. If he means that an ill-advised majority might conceivably at any moment dislocate society by some act of mad legislation, and arrest the production of the wealth which it is anxious to redistribute, what he means is doubtless true. But if he means that it is capable of maintaining any change it introduces, without reference to the constitution and the working of ordinary human nature, of the faculties requiring stimulation, and the motives required to stimulate them, what he means embodies one of the most dangerous falsehoods by which the practical ideas of any would-be reformer can be affected.

The moral which, in the present connection, I wish to draw from the foregoing observations is this: that, though "X" may be right in his estimate of the evil and the danger attending or inhering in the development of the new mammoth fortunes of America, his conception of their origin rests on an inverted theory

of economics, and his suggested remedies on an inverted conception of law; and that these last, if attempted in the manner indicated by himself, could only produce disorders far greater than those which they were designed to cure.

I am not presuming to advocate any alternative remedies myself; but thus much may be said with confidence—that both the cause of the evils, such as they are, and any effective remedy for them, are matters much more complex than "X" is disposed to think. Just as science is every day showing us that the physical world is more complex than it seemed to be to the last generation of scientists, so, with the advance of sociological thought, we shall learn the same thing with regard to the social world. We shall learn that classes, ideals, motives, possibilities, faculties, which have hitherto escaped notice, or have been noticed only as superfluities, play an integral part in the life of the social organism, and that the surgeon's knife cannot be used at random. It is a curious incident in the history of economic reasoning that the very thinkers—and "X" seems to be one of them—who are most inclined to attack the older economists on the ground that they neglected the many-motived human being of reality, and put in the place of him the one-motived "economic man," should themselves be foremost in erring in a way precisely similar, by substituting for the purely economic man the purely disinterested man, and the purely law-obeying, who are incalculably more remote from actual human nature than the other.

"X" has, in my opinion, called attention to a real danger with great force and justice; but he has, by his erroneous and unscientific analysis of it, led such readers as agree with him to clamor for impossible and inapplicable remedies.

W. H. Mallock.

DISRUPTION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

BY EDWARD LISSNER.

THE break-up of the Republican Party in the Middle West is no mere figure of speech. It presents in a few words the actual condition of that organization in that section of our country: it suggests, to those who would delve deeper into the matter, the problem of what the end will be. Whether it means a new third party or a merger of one of the discordant elements with the Democrats is not a relevant matter of discussion here. The purport of this paper is simply to point out things as they are.

There is a disposition on the part of some Republicans, keenly alive to the present division in their ranks throughout the Middle West, to deny that things are as bad as on the surface they appear to be. The denial is influenced by the traditional unity of their party, the ability of Republicans of all shades to bury their individual differences and get together at the proper time. They are quite confident that the present quarrels inside of the party are merely of the present and that, when the conditions responsible for them cease, harmony will reign again.

This view, however, is too optimistic. The progressives and conservatives are too far apart, not alone upon personalities, but on the vital questions of the hour, many of which are not apt to be settled for years to come; and so long as these remain issues, they must command the attention of the country. To show how the breach is continuing to widen between the factions on fundamental principle, it is but necessary to recall that Governor Cummins, of Iowa, a few months ago, at the inception of his campaign for a renomination for that office, declared himself in favor of an income tax; and that last May, Irvine L. Lenroot, Speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly, a lieutenant of Senator La

Follette, and a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, made a similar declaration. The general idea is that the progressive faction in both States is favorable to the tax. In 1905, the Wisconsin Legislature, under the lead of the progressive forces, passed a constitutional amendment providing for one. If it passes the next Legislature, the State will have an income tax that is the creation of Republican leadership. Thus has one Republican faction become reconciled to the National Democratic Platforms of 1896 and 1900, for which William J. Bryan and his friends are responsible! Upon what theory, therefore, the conservative and progressive Republicans can be conceived as standing together upon a common platform on the issues of the hour, honestly presented in the planks without jugglery of words, it is hard to imagine. Either one or the other must be Republican in name only.

That the party is not big enough for both to remain in its councils, as guiding spirits, is manifest from the bitter contests for control which have been going on for some time. In Iowa, the struggle has lasted five years, since Albert B. Cummins became a dominating figure. During the campaign of 1901, the conservative or stand-pat faction repudiated the famous plank for tariff revision, on the ground that it was an admission that the protective tariff sheltered trusts. In Wisconsin, the fight has been going on for ten years. It has entered into the district-school meetings, prayer-meetings and agricultural societies; it has estranged personal friendships, and it has been in evidence with Republicans in every walk of life. The money that was expended to defeat La Follette and his wing would, his admirers claim, construct a railroad from California to Maine. A similar situation exists in Minnesota; and it was only because of it that John A. Johnson, a Democrat, was elected Governor the very year in which Theodore Roosevelt carried the State by 161,000 plurality. For two years, a similar contest has been going on in South Dakota, one that remains far from finished, despite the recent victory of the radicals over the machine controlled by United States Senator Kittredge.

The responsibility for the present situation rests with the corporations, especially the railroads. The situation is due to their desire to dominate the party machinery and dictate the choice of the Conventions; this the radical or progressive wing

charges, and in all probability it is true. That public-service corporations should make such an attempt is quite natural, in view of present conditions. For, being amenable in many respects to the lawmakers of various States, it is but logical, from their point of view, that they should try to control the lawmakers. If, therefore, President Roosevelt is anxious to restore peace inside of his party in the Middle West, the very first step he must take in that direction is to place the railroads out of politics. As long as present conditions continue, they must of necessity interfere with both parties, and that such interference is being resented goes without saying. In his address to the public, on entering the field for the Republican nomination for Governor for the third time, Governor Cummins asked: "Who shall be master? The corporations that are to be regulated, or the people in whose name the regulation is imposed? While giving to the corporations the most complete protection in the prosecution of their legitimate enterprise, we must expel them from politics." The bitter contest in Iowa is probably as much due to the efforts of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road to control the Republican organization, as to any other cause. A similar situation exists in Minnesota, where the Great Northern has sought to interfere with the party, and for that reason the Democrats, as has been already stated, elected their Governor the very year Roosevelt carried the State by a rousing plurality. Wisconsin has the same story to tell. The record of the progressive wing under La Follette is nothing but a recital of contests against the influence of railroads. In Nebraska and South Dakota, conditions are similar.

It is now in order to consider the principles upon which the Republican Party has split in the Middle West, and it will be seen that the factions are as far apart on many present-day issues as though they were not of the same party.

As it is apparent that the tariff will be an issue of great import in the Congressional campaign and that the next Presidency may likewise depend upon it, attention is directed to that subject, first, so far as it is possible to ascertain the attitude of Republicans in the Middle West to it. The limitation is due to the fact that, with the exception of Iowa and Wisconsin, Republican State Conventions have avoided touching on the tariff except in the way of affirming the National Platform. Members of

Congress, in both the Upper and Lower Houses, have also in numerous cases avoided any definite expression of opinion regarding it, beyond affirming their allegiance to the principles embodied in a protective tariff. For the subject is a very ticklish one for party leaders to commit themselves upon, and hence they are reluctant to do so except under the spur of necessity.

The progressives of Iowa, under the leadership of Governor Cummins, while believing in protection, favor "any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording shelter to monopolies." This was the wording of the famous plank of 1901. It was the work of George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, who said that the plank had the approval of President McKinley. While the language was modified in a subsequent plank, the plank of 1901 actually remains the view of the progressive wing, one that Secretary Shaw and other stand-patters have vigorously combated. Two of the schedules for which revision is asked by the Cummins wing are lumber and iron and steel. More reciprocity treaties are also demanded, the conduct of the stand-pat protectionists in defeating the proposed treaty with France being specially denounced. The present delegation from Iowa to the Lower House stands six to five in favor of revision. Senators Allison and Dolliver also favor revision, only they differ as to the manner of effecting it. The Republicans of Wisconsin at their Convention in 1904, which Senator La Follette dominated, had a tariff plank favoring "a readjustment of the tariff schedules in all cases where protection is employed for the benefit of capital, and only to the injury of the consumer and workingman." In a speech delivered last May before the Lincoln Club of Milwaukee, W. D. Connor, Chairman of the State Committee and a supporter of La Follette, said "that wherever the tariff law is so framed as to give special interests undue advantage, no time should be lost in revising the law." The progressive faction is for revision, while the conservatives favor a stand-pat policy. Senator Spooner is opposed to a change, while Representatives Esch and Cooper favor it, as does Joseph Babcock, though only to a limited extent. The Republicans of Minnesota have had it out with each other in a mild way about the tariff. The stand-patters prevailed in the farming districts, largely through the farmers' fear of free wheat. That was the cry sent up by those

opposed to a change. The revisionists, on the other hand, are powerful in the cities and manufacturing centres. The Republican Convention of 1905, in order to avoid a split, declared strongly for reciprocity and mildly for revision. In Nebraska and South Dakota, the lines have not yet been drawn clearly enough on the subject to render any comment possible at the present time.

The regulation of railroads was a greater cause of contention between the progressives and conservatives than the tariff, despite the apparent unanimity of sentiment favorable to it at the present day. Among the progressives, the charge is made that the reason why the conservatives have not openly opposed rate regulation is that they are aware of the great public demand for it and fear the result of any opposition. For a long time, the principles of the progressives revolved around three Rs—Reasonable Freight Regulation, Reciprocity and Revision. It is but necessary to point to Wisconsin to illustrate the attitude of the conservatives on the railroad rate legislation. The Legislature, at its last session, enacted a law creating a Railroad Commission, to be appointed by the Governor, with power to fix rates that companies may charge for the transportation of persons and property in the State. It is distinctly a La Follette measure. This was attempted at the session of 1901, but the bill was defeated in the Assembly by thirty-seven stalwart or conservative Republican, and eighteen Democratic, votes. It was introduced again in 1903, with the same result, twenty-five conservative Republicans uniting with twenty-three Democrats in defeating it. Was it not fourteen years ago, or thereabouts, that the desire of the People's Party, and four years later that of the Democratic Party, for Government supervision of railroads and an income tax, was considered by the Republicans to be conclusive proof that neither organization was safe or sane?

Much bitterness has characterized the issue between the two Republican factions on the subject of direct nominations in place of nominations by delegates chosen at the primaries. The progressives early took the lead in favor of this method, urging that the party voters should nominate the candidates, just as is being done in several States of the South. They believed that the local and State Conventions did not represent, except in isolated instances, the will of the people, and that in many cases the corrupt interests dominated. As illustrating the last proposition, the charge

is made that, at the State Convention held at Madison, Wisconsin, in 1904, several men who were sent as progressive delegates opposed Governor La Follette, personally and by proxy, for renomination, and that money was the moving cause of their conversion. The conservative wing, made up of many old-time leaders, has stood in opposition to primary reform, so far as direct nominations are concerned. This year, there is a bitter fight in Iowa on the subject. During the last session of the Legislature, the Governor caused a measure providing for direct nominations to be introduced. The conservatives opposed it. Secretary Shaw wrote a long public letter in opposition. The bill passed the Lower House, but was defeated in the Senate by the aid of Democratic votes. It is now an issue in Iowa. If the followers of Governor Cummins secure a sufficient majority in both Houses, the primary election bill will be pressed again. Wisconsin has a primary law, but it is not satisfactory as yet to the progressives. They were obliged to accept it or get none at all. If they control the next Legislature, the measure will undoubtedly be amended. Under the present measure, a plurality vote is sufficient to nominate. The system is bad, as it enables a weak man to win if two or three strong men, representing a majority in the party, fight over the post. During the last Legislature the progressives sought to change the system by requiring a majority vote to nominate. The voter was to have his privilege of recording a first and a second choice, marking one opposite the former and two opposite the latter. The candidate with a majority was to be nominated. If none had a majority, the candidate having the lowest number of first-choice votes was to be dropped, and the second-choice votes upon those ballots were to be added to the first-choice votes of other candidates. The candidate then with a majority of first and such second-choice votes was to be nominated. If then no candidate had a majority, however, the next candidate having the lowest number of first-choice votes was to be dropped, and his second-choice votes were to be distributed as before among the remaining candidates, and so on until one man had the majority. This amendment was defeated, but it will be pressed again for passage before the next Legislature. There is a bitter fight being waged over the subject in South Dakota, where the progressive wing seeks to establish the direct primaries. The State has the Initiative

and Referendum. A petition was presented by the progressives to the last Legislature, asking that the question of a State-wide primary be submitted to the voters at the next general election. The House acted favorably upon it, but the Senate on technical grounds declined to act, and thereby blocked the submission. As a result, the direct primary is a State issue this year. Nebraska has only started to fight for direct primaries. The last Republican State Convention, which the progressives dominated, had a plank in the platform favorable to it, but the controversy has not yet reached its acute stage there.

As an adjunct to the demand for direct nominations, the progressive forces are also fighting for legislation prohibiting railroads from giving free transportation. Their contention is, that this is one of the methods which help these public-service corporations to become masters of the political machines. Legislation on the subject was attempted in Iowa at the last session of the Legislature. The roads opposed it. Governor Cummins, in his statement made when he entered the field for a third time, asked why the railroads did not welcome a measure compelling all who rode on them to pay. The last Republican platform in Nebraska also declared against free transportation. Three years ago, the roads refused to give special rates to the State Convention at Lincoln, though they were not unwilling in most cases to issue free transportation. Most of the delegates thereupon paid full fare, in some cases as high as twenty-five dollars, rather than be dominated by the public-service corporation. The issue is the same throughout the Middle West.

EDWARD LISSNER.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE AND PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. DR. H. PEREIRA MENDES.

THE approaching Hague Conference is of deep import to humanity. For the horror of war, the recognition of its crime, cost and curse, the desire to avoid it, are universal.

But a Hague Conference has been held before. And it did not prevent the Japan-Russia war, the crisis between England and Russia through the North Sea blunder of the latter, the tension and preparation of France and Germany over Morocco, nor has it prevented the bubblings in Central America. These show the necessity for a Hague Conference to provide for a permanent and an all-powerful tribunal to prevent wars, to avert crises and to quiet disturbing elements.

The crime of war is that it is the soldier, who has no personal quarrel with the so-called enemy, who is called upon to kill or maim an unoffending man, or who is himself killed or maimed or stricken with disease. If the cabinet ministers, or stockholders, through whose ambition or greed the war is waged were sent to the front first, it would be well. As it is, the soldiers get nothing, whether victors or vanquished; the ministers or stockholders on the winning side gain everything.

The cost of war is demonstrated by the familiar fact that army and navy budgets mean one-third or more of the whole expense of a government, which vast sum otherwise would be saved to the taxpayers; and in addition, it means many hundred thousand brains and pairs of hands taken from manufactures, agriculture and professions, etc.—all consumers, none producers—to the great economic loss of the country.

The curse of war is that it is the widow and orphan who suffer most, and that manhood is defiled and the virility of a nation

is sapped by a pension system which allows able-bodied wage-earners to draw public money for what is supposed to be an ideal beyond price—patriotism!

As the duel has been abolished, so should war be abolished; for war is only a duel between two nations or two sets of allied nations. It means the belief that might makes right. The world has outgrown that belief to-day. Hence war is an anachronism.

The solution of war is war.

Officers and men should refuse to serve outside the boundaries of their country for any cause whatever, until the quarrel has been submitted to a Court of Arbitration. The finding of that Court should be final and all the nations should declare war against the nation which refuses to abide by that Court's decision. The solution of war would be found by this war of all nations against the one that rebelled. History would not be likely to record more than one such war.

The composition of the Court is the serious problem.

If it is composed only of representatives of nations which have political entanglements, alliances, *ententes, bunds,* colonies, protectorates, zones, etc., it becomes exposed to all the objections born of bias or interest or historical sentiment. That it must be composed of jurists of all nations seems at present indisputable. But a dominant or a predominant force among those jurists should be exercised by the only nation that has, and can have, no political entanglements, no alliances, *ententes* or *bunds,* no colonies, protectorates or zones. That nation is the Hebrew nation.

I use the word "nation" as a spiritual term.

A nation held together by brute force of autocrat, oligarchy or aristocracy is one thing. A nation held together by mental or intellectual ideals, such as liberty, fraternity or equality, is another and a higher conception.

But a nation which exists only as a spiritual force is another and the highest conception. Such a nation is the Hebrew nation, as conceived by the prophets in that Book of Books which gives all mankind its highest and noblest ideals. That nation was created only in order that "through it all the families of the earth shall be blessed." Thus that Book declares.

Let the approaching Hague Conference open the question of the reconstitution of the Hebrew nation by the great Powers of to-day, even as Belgium and other nations have been reborn with

guaranteed independence. It means a solution of the Near-Eastern question. Suppose it does! That question has to be solved some day. It may as well be met before clashing interests, already potent, grow yet stronger.

Sentimental reasons had much to do with the creation of modern Italy, new Greece and United Germany. Surely, sentimental reasons, numerous enough and potent enough, exist for creating a new Jewish state by restoring Palestine to the Hebrews. History has yet to atone for its pages of injustice, cruelty, persecution, bigotry and hatred exhibited against the race which has been so "despised and rejected of men," which has indeed "known sorrows and has been acquainted with grief." If the nations make this great Atonement and "bring the Hebrews as an offering out of all nations"; if "a nation be born at once," and "kings and their queens nurse it" into strength; if, by combined action of the Great Powers, Palestine be born again, it will be not for the glory of the Hebrews, not for their temporal advantage, but only for the welfare of all humanity.

For this new-born or reborn nation will exist only to use its voice in the councils of the world for the benefit of the world, and, chief among those councils, the International Court of Arbitration. Thus practical utility, besides sentiment, speaks.

The Hebrew nation is the only one that can maintain a judgment or an action unbiassed, by reason of never being hampered by instructions from the home government as to materialities or as to what questions shall or shall not be discussed.

Because its own government, purely spiritual, will have no temporal, no territorial aspirations outside of its limits as ordained by Him who saith: "I made the earth. . . . I give it unto whom it seemeth well to Me," . . . "to thy [Abraham's] seed I have given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." That means Palestine and not an inch beyond.

Therefore, its own government, unhampered by alliances, *ententes,* colonies, protectorates, zones or other entanglements, will never have occasion to issue instructions to its jurists in the International Court of Arbitration to avoid or "to refuse to discuss certain questions" which affect its temporal interests, or "to refuse to submit any dispute to arbitration."

The International Court of Arbitration should be in permanent session, and its duties should be to adjust whatever affects two or

more clashing nations. Resort to the Court must be compulsory and must be enforced, first, by refusal of officers and men to fight until the Court has passed sentence, and, secondly, by combined action of the other nations.

Those alone who have seen war can estimate its devastation. Not the least of its horrors is the fact that men surrender their power of free-will, their liberty of thought, and become mere instruments, blind instruments, to kill and rob,—to kill human beings and to rob a people! Not the least of its horrors is the fact that men calmly pay their quota of taxation to support army and navy of huge size, gregarious carnivora, when a small army and a small navy, joined to small armies and navies of other Powers, would suffice to whip any recalcitrant nation into obedience to the mandate of the International Court of Arbitration. Not the least of its horrors is the fact that a civilization and a chivalry which affect to protect women and children, nevertheless permit war which means widows and orphans innumerable!

The Hague Conference is an immense stride forward. Let another step be taken. Let a permanent tribunal be created, with a good proportion of its jurist-members drawn from a nation unbiassed, and not to be biassed, by any worldly consideration.

And if its locale be changed to Zion, dear and hallowed in the eyes of all the Catholic, Protestant, Greek-Church, Mohammedan and Jewish worlds, the religious or sentimental environment will not be without force. For "out of Zion will go forth law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem; and He will judge among the nations and will correct many peoples. And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The word "soldier," by its derivation, means merely a "hireling." That is all he is in many instances. And in all such instances it is well if the word be deprived of some of its glamour of glory. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" is true only when it is for the country's honor or liberty, not when it is for the country's greed or injustice. Soldiers should be thinkers, not mere hirelings, and should have minds of their own.

Not the least part of a Hague Conference is to educate public opinion, and to help soldiers to their rights as thinkers.

H. Pereira Mendes.

GERMANY'S SYSTEM OF TECHNICAL AND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

BY WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

THE thoroughness and completeness of Germany's system of technical and commercial education are the features by which it is most distinguished from those of other countries. Its foundation is laid securely and broadly, and from the bottom upwards there is a well-graduated structure, terminating in what Mr. Gastrell, commercial *attaché* to the British embassy in Berlin, in one of his official reports, calls "the coping-stone to business education as a whole," namely, the new commercial high schools or, rather, universities. Neither England nor France, Germany's chief commercial rivals in Europe, has remained idle in this matter while Germany has been forging to the head. In both these countries, much has been done in emulation of the Empire, and the results attained by them must not be minimized. But there is, as intimated above, this difference: England's efforts to atone for a century of educational neglect are, as yet, neither centralized nor of uniform type, producing haphazard and uneven results; and France's edifice of commercial and technical education has a fine apex but an indifferent connecting substructure. As regards this country, there is rather a striking resemblance with England in this respect.

But let us guard against a very wide-spread error. It is not true that Germany's amazing rise, during the past score of years, as a great commercial and industrial World Power is due to, and was preceded by, this thorough intellectual training of her sons. In a British Foreign Office report, of November, 1897, on "Commercial Education in Germany," this statement is made:

"The commercial success of the German nation is not the outcome of commercial education; the latter is rather the offspring of that success,

which has opened the eyes of the Chambers of Commerce to the immense value of commercial education for a commercial people. Therefore, the wonderful increase of commercial schools is a result, and not one of the sources, of the trade successes of Germany. About ten years ago the state of mercantile education was not a very high one."

This statement is borne out by the facts. The commercial afflatus, so to speak, came first and was eminently effective for divers reasons; the specialized instruction to fit the young generation for these novel and strenuous, but more favorable, conditions came afterwards. Synchronous, however, with the rapid growth of special technical and commercial schools has been the even more rapid increase in Germany's foreign trade and in her manufacturing development. For, since 1887, the year from which dates this educational enterprise, the foreign trade of Germany has more than doubled. Thus, then, the incidental proof is strong that, with a new educational armor of greater efficiency, the initial success has not only been maintained against the competition of the world, but that it has been further accelerated.

It will repay the trouble to examine somewhat in detail this wonderfully homogeneous system of Germany's specialized schools.

At present, there are in active operation within the Empire 9 technical high schools, 3 mining academies, 4 commercial high schools, and 587 middle and lower grade industrial, technical and commercial schools and colleges, 536 of the latter being public and 51 private. These institutions are pretty thoroughly scattered all over Germany. There are 297 of them in Prussia, with her 38 millions, while little Saxony, with barely four million population, can boast of no less than 121 (of which 64 are commercial schools). Saxony, indeed, takes the lead in this development, the first efficient institutions of the kind having been founded by her Government.

Now, these middle and lower grade schools are of the most varied character and aims, and we find in Bavaria, for instance, no fewer than six public schools aided by the state government, in which wood-carving and wood-sculpture are taught, and others where instruction in pottery, glass-making, drawing, spinning, etc., is imparted, while also in Bavaria and elsewhere special institutions exist for brewers (the one in Munich being probably the best in the world, pupils coming to it all the way from Australia, America, Russia, even from China and Japan), lace-

makers, tailors and cutters, flour and saw millers, stone-cutters, masons, photographers, lithographers, basket-weavers, sailors, ship-builders, milliners and modistes, textile workers, etc. About one-half the total number, though, are commercial schools of various grades.

Generally speaking, the aim of the higher-grade technical school is the fitting of managers, technical directors, etc., of large establishments, and of owners, agents, etc., of smaller ones. Pupils on entering must possess a sum of theoretical knowledge about equalling that of graduates of our best high schools or smaller colleges. In addition to the imparting of further book-lore, is the practical training in shops, laboratories, or experimental stations, usually connected with the institution itself. The average duration of the courses is three years. The lower-grade schools purpose turning out young men efficient enough to become lower officers and higher employees in large establishments, of foremen and master mechanics, and of future owners or partners in small technical or industrial workshops.

Apart from these schools, and not included in the number given above, are the so-called *Fortbildungsschulen,* or commercial and technical continuation schools. Of these there is one in almost every town of any size, and their province is to give apprentices, while learning their trade, an opportunity to acquire those theoretical branches, especially drawing, mathematics, languages, which will enable them to rise eventually in the scale of their work. The fees to be paid are uniformly small, not exceeding 50 or 90 marks *per annum* (about 12 to 21 dollars), and in many cases they are reduced or wholly omitted. It has been found most expedient to give the lessons either in the early morning, from seven to nine (before business hours), or else in the afternoon between two and four, in which latter case the consent of the employer must be obtained, and is scarcely ever withheld. This type of school differs, of course, a good deal according to circumstances. Thus, some of them are maintained by the efforts of the body of those benefited. This is the case in Hamburg, where the *Verein für Handlungskommis* (Society of Commercial Clerks) wholly pays for the upkeeping of a continuation school, in which six modern languages are taught, namely, Danish, Russian, English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The average course of these schools lasts three years, coinciding with the terms

of apprenticeship; but in Saxony the course is one of four years. Saturdays and Sundays are free from lessons. With many thousands of German lads these schools afford the only chance to fit themselves for better-paid work.

A fair showing of what the higher-grade commercial school teaches is furnished by the curriculum of the institute at Leipzig, as follows:

	First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.
German	4	3	3
English	5	4	3
French	5	4	3
Mathematics	3	3	3
Mercantile arithmetic	5	3	2
Physics	3	2	..
Technology	..	..	2
Chemistry	..	2	2
Study of commodities	..	..	1
Geography	2	2	2
History	2	2	2
Commercial science	..	2	2
Counting-house work	..	2	..
Correspondence	..	..	2
Bookkeeping	..	..	2
Political economy	..	..	2
Drawing	2	2	..
Gymnastics	2	2	..
Lessons per week	33	33	31
Non-obligatory Subjects:			
Italian	..	2	2
Shorthand	2	1	1

It will be noticed in this list that the use of the typewriter forms no part of this curriculum at all, and that shorthand is optional, whereas in this country, for example, both these accomplishments would be considered as indispensable to a thorough modern business education. The typewriter, however, is not yet a very popular instrument in Germany, and the more leisurely business methods dispense, in many cases, with the use of shorthand. The aim is, quite evidently, to give a thorough all-around education to the embryo merchant, with such special knowledge as he will require some time in the future. Hence the great emphasis on modern languages, history, geography, chemistry, physics, drawing.

Tuition fees are low at all German schools and universities; for the higher and lower grade technical and commercial schools they average between twenty and fifty dollars *per annum*. Of course,

these fees are not sufficient to maintain the schools, nearly all of which are in the enjoyment of certain endowment funds, as well as of state or municipal aid.

After graduating from one of these lower technical schools or else, more commonly, on completing the course of nine years at one of the "*gymnasiums*" (colleges), "*real-gymnasiums*" (colleges where more attention is paid to modern languages, physics, chemistry, etc.), or "*real-schulen*" (colleges wherein classics are not taught at all), the pupil enters one of the technical high schools. There are nine of them, respectively at Berlin, Dresden, Brunswick, Aix-la-Chapelle, Darmstadt, Hannover, Karlsruhe, Munich, and Stuttgart. Together, these institutions have an average annual attendance of about 20,000, whereof Berlin has 4,464, Munich 3,226, Karlsruhe 2,187, Hannover 2,065, etc. Diplomas are granted (after an average three or four years' course and a successful final examination) in architecture, structural engineering, mechanical engineering, electro-technics, industrial and administrative engineering, surveying, forestry, or in several of these branches at once. The title of "*Diplom-Ingenieur*" is conferred upon those who have shown themselves possessed of a sufficient scientific grounding to enter their chosen field with some distinction. Since 1899, the centenary of the Berlin institution, by authority of the Kaiser, technical high schools are also empowered to grant the degree of "*Doktor-Ingenieur*" to those graduates who, on the strength of a dissertation embodying original research, have proved themselves worthy of it. In Bavaria, the degree thus acquired is called "Doctor of Technical Sciences." The social student life at these technical high schools is closely modelled after that at the German universities. The average cost of a three years' course at one of them varies between 800 and 1,500 dollars, with the greater frequency inclining towards the first-named figure, which would make the average individual expense (everything included) about 300 dollars *per annum*. Between 20 and 25 per cent. of the attending students are foreigners, Russians furnishing the largest quota, with English-speaking students next in number.

A special field is covered by the high schools and academies for mining (3, situated, respectively, in Berlin, Clausthal, and Freiberg), forestry (5, respectively, in Münden, Eberswalde, Tharandt, Aschaffenburg, Eisenach), agriculture (4, located, respectively, in

Berlin, Bonn, Hohenheim, and Weihenstephan), veterinary surgery (5, in Berlin, Hannover, Munich, Dresden, and Stuttgart), and applied art (13, of which three are in Berlin, and one each in Düsseldorf, Cassel, Königsberg, Munich, Dresden, Breslau, Frankfort-on-Main, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe and Weimar).

However, of greatest interest, doubtless, are the new commercial high schools, because they express most clearly the latest phase of this educational development as well as the strongest longing of the material side of the German modern mind, the longing for commercial hegemony. The movement for the establishment of these institutions can be traced, in its first beginnings, to 1879. At the head of it at that time was the late Gustav von Mevissen, a wealthy, progressive and brainy "captain of industry" in the Rhine district. However, the first commercial high school was the one in Leipzig, founded late in 1898, and this was followed, a year or two later, by others started in Cologne, Frankfort-on-Main, and Aix-la-Chapelle. At present, the success of the first three named is firmly enough grounded to show that institutions of this kind will be an important factor hereafter in accounting for German aspirations. The establishment of similar institutions at Berlin, Rostock, Hamburg, Hannover and Düsseldorf is under consideration.

The earliest, the one at Leipzig, began with an attendance of 95, of which 20 were foreigners. The attendance had grown by 1904 to 561, of whom 298 were Germans, 263 foreigners. The noted Professor Hermann Raydt has been its rector from the start. In his prospectus he states the aim to be a twofold one, viz.:

"(1) To give to young men who already possess a certain degree of mental maturity, a wide and thorough general and commercial culture;

"(2) To give to professors and teachers already instructing in commercial schools, an opportunity to perfect themselves theoretically and practically in any particular branch."

Among those admitted as hearers to lectures are students of Leipzig University. A very large percentage of the attendants, however, is drawn from among teachers and professors as well as graduates of other institutions. The principal subjects taught are theoretical and practical political economy, including coinage, weights, measures, banking and stock-exchange business, com-

mercial politics, commercial statistics, credits, transportation, and insurance; the science of finances, including taxation, public credit, and customs duties; knowledge of substances of goods and technology; commercial geography, economic history, general law knowledge, commercial law, law of exchange and maritime law, law of bankruptcy, international law, colonial policy, etc. Eight modern languages may be studied in more advanced stages.

The institution at Cologne, inaugurated in 1900, is similar in scope to the one in Leipzig. Its attendance is now about 1,100, whereof, however, only about 300 are matriculated, while the remainder are mere auditors, even women being admitted on certain conditions. The school in Cologne came into being on the strength of a foundation fund of about 5,000,000 marks donated by Mevissen, besides which the municipal government of Cologne contributes annually a sum of $10,000 or more.

A year later, in 1901, the Academy of Social and Commercial Sciences was started at Frankfort-on-Main. This institution is somewhat different in scope, being intended to benefit not only persons in commercial pursuits, but also administrative officials, public and private, and others. An endowment fund of 2,000,000 marks from the K. C. Jügel estate, as well as smaller bequests and municipal aid, largely pay expenses. The curriculum is nearly the same as at the Leipzig institution, and the attendance is at present about 500. The institution at Aix-la-Chapelle, probably owing to the proximity of Cologne, is not in a flourishing condition, and will ere long probably be merged in the other.

One feature is common to all these commercial high schools. The students are taught how to think independently for themselves. They have taken the word of Goethe for motto: "*Ich wüsste nicht, wessen Geist grösser und gebildeter sein müsste als der Geist eines echten Kaufmanns*" ("I do not know whose mind ought to be larger and more cultured than the mind of a real merchant"). And a French authority, X. Torau-Bayle, lately wrote, in the "*Revue de Paris*," that "the structure of technical education in Germany is complete from the bottom up —that is its great superiority."

But there are many voices in Germany herself lifted up against this theoretical excellence. A number of German authorities of the first rank, among them Professor Fick, claim that an organized attempt to teach commerce theoretically in all its branches,

from the lowest to the highest, has more evil than good in its wake, and that "captains of industry" are born, not artificially trained. There may be something in this view of the case, and details are not lacking to incline the impartial observer to the belief that, for many ambitious and able young men, the overburdening of the head with formulas and cut-and-dried theory about trade and industry means to rob them of much of their initiative and originality of mind. But then, say the defenders of this thorough system of drilling, the students visiting the commercial high schools are but a very small percentage of the German (and foreign) youth who annually turn to mercantile pursuits as their chosen field. Largely these young men are the sons of wealthy or well-to-do merchants, manufacturers, shipowners; and the higher point of view they are taught to take in respect of trade, by means of these special studies, the wider horizon that opens for their minds, will do much hereafter for them when they themselves come to assume direction of affairs. Probably, again, there is much in this claim. At any rate, it will be interesting to watch events and to note whether the friends of these new institutions have predicted aright. There is a general opinion abroad that Germans, as a nation, are inclined to attach too much weight to purely theoretical knowledge. Still, there is no denying that the schoolmaster was the victor both at Sadowa and Sedan, and that the better theoretical equipment of the young German merchant, manufacturer, and technician has stood them in good stead during the last two decades in overcoming all the natural disadvantages of soil and climate of their country in the open-to-all race for the capture of the world's trade.

As an illustration of this, perhaps, it deserves mention that we on this side of the water, though usually showing but scant respect for theoretical aids to trade, first adapted one such aid to the uses of our growing foreign commerce. I refer to the Commercial Museum at Philadelphia, a model institution which the Germans made haste to imitate at once. Every American export manufacturer and trader admits the immense benefit which this Philadelphia institution has been to the nation at large. Similar museums now exist in a half-dozen of the industrial centres of Germany, and together they are doing much to help the nation in its dealings with foreign customers. These museums, too, might be called so many schools. WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

THE PERMANENCE OF AMERICAN RAILROAD PROSPERITY.

BY H. C. G. BARNABY.

THE railroad problem of to-day differs materially from the problem of ten years ago. To keep abreast of the times is not easy, progress and change are so rapid. It is necessary to understand the altered conditions, in order that we may appreciate the permanence of our railroad prosperity.

In the growth of railroad enterprise in the United States, there have been two distinct epochs; and we are now in the midst of the third. When railroad history began, venturesome capitalists pushed new lines into undeveloped country. If one line was successful, other energetic men rushed for the same field. Competition cut rates. High rates were at the start the sole source of profit, because traffic was light; but the traffic which at high rates supported one road could not at low rates support two roads. Both failed. Other roads, built into newly discovered mining districts, prospered while the boom lasted, and then ceased to operate. The process took some twenty-five years before the country was opened up and definite trunk-lines of travel were established. The mistakes of inexperienced promoters led to financial losses. Receiverships and reorganizations distinguished a second epoch in railroad history, a period which we may say ended when the last of the reorganized trunk-lines, the Baltimore and Ohio, was returned from the receiver's hands. This reorganization period corrected sins of capitalization. Fixed charges were reduced, bonds being replaced by stocks which did not pay dividends; and the money previously paid out in annual fixed charges was spent yearly upon the structure. Operating expenses, embracing heavy maintenance charges, absorbed nearly all of gross earnings for years. The railroads were finally re-

turned to their owners much improved physically. The third and present epoch in our railroad history, commencing about seven years ago, has met with an entirely new situation which is only gradually being appreciated, a situation an understanding of which is absolutely essential to an intelligent view of the outlook.

The first railroad problem was to open up the country and to establish lines of travel. The present railroad problem is to cheapen the cost of transportation, in order, first, to increase net profits at prevailing rates and, finally, to reduce rates. That low rates cause an increase in traffic is generally true. As our interior manufacturers are enabled to send their products to seaboard at lower rates, they can offer them for sale in foreign markets at lower prices. The development of foreign commerce reacts in turn upon the railroads, causing them to haul an increasing tonnage to seaboard. When the enormous possibilities of profit, as this country enters the world's markets, are appreciated, we shall understand why vast expenditures have been made by our railroads to shorten and cheapen the long haul. The development of foreign commerce is not the central idea in the minds of railroad magnates; but they realize that domestic traffic will also be increased by the methods which are being introduced in the struggle for foreign markets.

The building of new railroads in this country is practically at an end. Such construction as is now going on is chiefly for the piecing out of old systems, and the enlarging, by double tracking, of existing lines. The first steps in developing the modern railroad situation were based upon the conviction that new construction had gone far enough. A proper understanding between the various railroad managements was necessary to stop the building of branch lines or feeders tapping territory already well taken care of by other roads. Competition was not to stop, but it was to be governed to the point of avoiding loss. To that end agreements were entered into, and harmonious relations became common between opposing managements. A "community of interest," as it was called, was established. It is well known, as a business principle, that concessions may often be made with profitable results when a fighting attitude would bring loss. Agreements among railroads, however, never had gone very far, and never had been allowed to stand in the way of the progress of any road. When a new township started in territory contiguous to several dif-

ferent railroads, the old policy was for all the near-by railroads at once to build branch lines to the new township. Manifestly, traffic could not be heavy enough even to maintain these many lines. They were, therefore, all run at a loss, and the loss had to be paid by the parent road. Several receiverships were occasioned by such ruinous branch-line construction. The new policy was to apportion the new township or mining district to a single road, so as to make profitable operation possible. It even went further, and caused the abandonment of existing branch lines that were unnecessary.

The next step was more important,—the ownership of stock of one railroad by another, either to the point of absolute control and amalgamation, or to the point of partial control which allowed the shaping of the policy of the road controlled. Stock ownership was far more effectual as a means of securing harmony than were "gentlemen's agreements." The dominant railroad in any one section of the country was able by stock ownership to control the policy of all the neighboring roads. The railroads became grouped in this way into vast systems. There was no longer a possibility of the ruinous competition that had all along proved so disastrous, and that had so occupied the attention of railroad officials that they could accomplish little toward furthering larger ambitions. The competition now became of that wholesome kind which benefits all, a competition among large systems to offer the best facilities for through traffic. That is the situation of today. We shall discuss it more fully after we have examined some other features of the development of the past few years.

While the problems of control and of amalgamation were being worked out by the banking interests, railroad officials were perfecting, on their individual roads, modern methods of transportation. There is a theoretical physical condition of a railway on attaining which expenditures for betterments will cease. That condition calls for a level track with no curves, heavy steel rails, the most approved ballast, bridges of solid masonry or heavy steel, a perfect signal system and an equipment of the most modern locomotives and steel cars. It is to approach this ideal condition that present and past betterments are intended. How far the rebuilding is to go has to be determined by the needs of each road separately, and the determining point is the money advantage to be gained.

There is reason why railroads are continually building and rebuilding, instead of at the outset constructing an enduring structure. The policy is governed by the economies which will be made possible by an enduring structure, balanced against the amount of interest which will have to be paid upon the money borrowed for rebuilding. The Pennsylvania Railroad finds it profitable, at cost measured in millions, to build of solid stone a bridge wide enough to accommodate four tracks, because traffic is so heavy that the steel and wooden bridges are constantly needing expensive repairs. The resulting economy in maintenance expenses more than pays the annual charges upon the money borrowed, and a portion of the Pennsylvania Railroad structure is, in addition, made absolutely permanent and free from future need of repair. If, however, the Colorado and Southern Railroad, or another road with equivalent traffic, should put any section of its structure in perfect condition, the business handled would be too small to pay the added interest charge. Upon this general basis every railroad management, after a careful estimate of the traffic requirements of the near future, plans the class of betterments which will result in the largest showing of net profits.

To make the idea a little clearer, assume that a given railroad has fifty miles of track to relay with new rails, replacing old ones worn out. To put in some kind of a rail is imperative. Perhaps the company has plenty of money and can afford to pay for rails weighing a hundred pounds to the yard. Nevertheless, the decision is to lay sixty-pound rails, because the traffic is not sufficient to show a net annual return upon the larger outlay. The same kind of problem is met in every department. If a new railroad is being built, wooden bridges may at first be constructed. Upon light traffic profits may be made from the start. When the bridge wears out, the growth in traffic may justify a stauncher structure. Some years later, a permanent steel bridge may be erected profitably, whereas an earlier improvement of this sort would have been an extravagance.

During a series of prosperous years, we have grown so accustomed to railroad improvements that we sometimes fall into the error of thinking that such expenditures are essential to the continuance of the railroad business. A few years ago, people marvelled at the improvements railroads were introducing, and talked of the economies which would follow their completion.

Sentiment, however, has undergone a change. Not only is it contended that the increased cost of labor and of supplies will offset any cheapening in other items making up the cost of transportation, but it is even argued that the great cost of necessary improvements will not be curtailed for years to come. It is this flexibility of sentiment which gives value, at this time, to a study of facts. If, as has been said, betterments are planned because of the expected demands of business, conversely, whenever depression comes, it is manifest that each railroad will stop those alterations which tend to accommodate a greater traffic, and will content itself with replacements of a more modest sort.

There is good ground for saying that future fluctuations in net earnings will not be nearly so great as formerly. This is an important feature of the present railroad situation. Stability of rates is better assured now than ever before. The unification of control and the general recognition, among dominant interests, of the necessity for rate maintenance, may be counted upon to postpone for a long time the period of lessening earnings. It would be possible to submit figures and computations involving hundreds of millions of dollars and billions of ton-miles to prove the importance of rate maintenance, but the following rough presentation is just as convincing. Call the average rate for transporting a ton of freight one mile, about eight-tenths of a cent. This minute sum of money is the measure of the bulk of the railroad revenue. A general rate war, occasioned by a lessening of traffic, might cut this rate to seven-tenths of a cent. The result would be a shrinkage in railroad gross earnings of about twelve per cent.; but statisticians tell us that the depression of 1893 and 1894 caused a reduction in railroad gross earnings of only fifteen per cent. Is it not plain, therefore, that the rate situation has a great influence upon the question of reduced earnings? It is not unlikely, indeed, that, with disastrous railroad rate wars out of the question, any future general business depression will be less severe; for nothing tends so surely to advance the country's welfare as does railroad prosperity, which is now upon a more enduring basis.

It would be a departure from the purpose of this discussion to enter more fully into the problems our railroads will face in hard times. If hard times shall come, railroads will stand their ground better than ever before, simply postponing their plans;

if prosperity shall, on the contrary, increase, the plans will merely be hastened. The point for intelligent inquiry is rather as to what the plans are and how near they are to accomplishment. Many who have given thought to the question agree that, at some distant day, the railroad industry will be so firmly intrenched on a profit-making basis, that all railroad securities will be locked up by investors and kept at a high valuation. It is certain that progress is slowly tending in that direction, and that each year removes the railroad industry still further from the harmful influence of business ups and downs. It may be stated unquestionably that nothing can occur to place our railroads in the position they occupied ten years ago, for there is a vast difference between the structure of a new enterprise and the solidity of an industry which has had drastic reorganization and has stood all tests. A permanent change has also come in general business; for this country, as a great World Power, is destined henceforth to do a vast business through lean years as well as rich.

Our railroads are developing commerce with Europe and with Asia. They used to be fully occupied with problems at home. This difference is the chief difference between the past and the present. To find better foreign markets for our products, we must solve the problem of getting our products to those markets so cheaply that the transportation cost will not raise the selling price to a prohibitive figure. The shoes manufactured in New England are sold all over the globe. But it is something of a problem to transport them across this continent, thence to Asiatic or Australian markets, and then to sell them at a price that will compete with the native product. We can produce iron and steel at lower cost than can any other country. The problem is, after its production, to pay for its transportation to foreign markets, and still to undersell the competitor who has no freight to pay.

The above has to do with the exportation of our own products. Another ambition before our railroads is the handling of traffic which has no relation to us, the building up of an entirely new business by offering the shortest and cheapest route between Europe and Asia and Australasia. We are ambitious to have England send her products to Japan by way of our continent, and to have our railroads carry the goods sent by Australia, China and the whole of the Far East to France, Germany and England. We are already carrying much of the freight that

needs rapid delivery. The aim is to carry also the freight that needs cheap delivery. Our railroad systems must compete for this traffic with the ships at sea, and must also prepare to meet the prospective competition of the Panama Canal.

Every inch of progress that is made towards securing traffic that does not originate or end in this country is a milestone of progress towards permanent railroad success. It matters not how many billions of dollars' worth of exports and imports pass between Europe and Asia. The figures would avail us nothing. Every one is aware that the total is large enough to occupy every energy and ambition of our railroads for years in the struggle to carry even a portion of it. It is patent, also, that every ton of such freight that is carried adds weight to the statement that business depression in off years will not hereafter cause railroad earnings so violently to decrease. The claim often made that traffic has become so diversified that crop roads will no longer suffer keenly from short crops will be strengthened, as miscellaneous traffic is developed in the manner outlined. We lack the ability to foresee the extent of future traffic increases, but we need not ignore the steps which our railroads are taking to secure a larger and more permanent tonnage.

Broadly considered, shortened lines and economy of management are the means to the one real end, reduced cost of transportation. It is necessary to note the distinction between low rates and low transportation cost. The rate is the charge made for carrying freight; the cost of transportation is the expense incurred in the service. The difference between the two is the profit. Seven years ago, the rate situation was threatening and almost uncontrollable. Conflicting interests caused reduction after reduction, and the margin of profit became small. It was then that the great problem of rate maintenance was solved. Combinations of our railroads into larger systems in harmony with one another did away with the incentive to cut rates. Rates, however, were already low and could hardly be restored. The next task was to reduce the cost of carrying freight, per ton-mile, to its proper relation to the prevailing rates, and to secure facilities for the proper handling of a greater traffic over the same lines, so that the aggregate of many profits, however small, might produce a large total. Then followed the greater problem of reducing the mileage by means of cut-offs, reduced grades and

eliminated curves, so that the rate for the long haul, although the same per mile, would be less for the full distance. If rates are to be about constant, any reduction of transportation cost by economy in operation will add to the net earnings by reducing expenses; and a reduction in the charge for the long haul, caused by shortening the route, will result in attracting a greater tonnage and will increase gross earnings.

An example of the work done to shorten routes is the improvement work upon the Central Pacific Railroad. The gigantic engineering task of building a permanent line across Great Salt Lake, in order to cut off the useless mileage around the lake, and the almost equally stupendous task of tunnelling through Battle Mountain, are instances in which millions of dollars have been spent to accomplish a lessening of distance. On the other hand, the large expenditures of the Pennsylvania Railroad are intended more to accomplish economy in transportation cost, by affording sufficient tracks, equipment and terminal room for the unimpeded handling of freight. To lessen the cost of carrying a ton of freight one mile by economy of operation, is to make possible in the end still greater reduction in rates. Shortening the railroad distance between Atlantic and Pacific ports will increase the business of our railroads as carriers of the world's commerce.

Fine, however, as are the distinctions between the various economic problems in railroad management, they are all carefully studied, and betterments are based upon scientific conclusions. The average train load is being increased; the heavier the train that can be hauled with the services of one train crew, the smaller the cost of carrying each ton of freight. An endeavor is being made to develop traffic in both directions, so as to avoid the sending back of long trains of empty cars. Granger roads used, of necessity, to operate extravagantly during crop-moving months, because the immense tonnage of grain was almost all carried eastward, and the cars had to be returned west empty. Now the westward movement of merchandise is very heavy, and an effort is always made to have the westward traffic heaviest when the rush is greatest to the east.

In emphasizing the claim that railroad amalgamations and betterments have been made with the object of attracting and of accommodating a traffic greater than has yet appeared, there

is no intention to look slightly upon the progress already made. The real ground for insisting upon the permanence of railroad prosperity lies not in the future more than in the past. The future was before us twenty years ago as truly as it is now. But the interim has been filled first with failures and discouragements, and, finally, with the past eight years of such progress as makes impossible a return of the early embarrassments. It is the accomplishment of the past which makes possible the near attainment of future ambitions. Railroad gross earnings increased from $1,092,395,437 in 1895 to $1,977,638,713 in 1904; while the mileage was growing to 211,074 miles from 179,154 miles. Meanwhile, rates decreased from 8.39 mills per ton per mile to 7.90 mills, and were, in 1899, as low as 7.26 mills. Gross earnings are the best measure of prosperity, when rates are not advancing, because they reflect the volume of increased business.

It is good for the railroads that the remuneration of labor and the *per capita* wealth of the country are greater than ever before. A rich community is a money-spending community, and the railroads always get the lion's share. It matters not that, in the raising of labor's wages, the railroads have had to share the additional expense. Increase in the cost of labor and of supplies is always concurrent with good times. It is better to prosper and spend much than to spend little but to fail despite the economy. This country's position in the front rank of steel-producing nations, and as the foremost manufacturing nation, as well as its growth in population and in industry, are the surest evidences of the new order of things. Population-growth alone means the settlement of the country with permanent communities, which, through bad times and good, will have to purchase the necessities if not the luxuries of life, and the railroads will have to handle the traffic. Manufactures exported from this country amounted, in 1905, to $543,607,975 in value against $159,000,000 in 1892; growth in the manufacturing industry is the barometer of enduring progress.

If it were necessary to prove every point, the subject would become too involved; some things must be taken for granted, among them that the country has forever taken its place among the leading nations of the world. The one object of this discussion is to outline the probabilities in the railroad world, which our leading railroad men are expecting. There is no intention of giving

a speculative character to the discussion or of predicting events with any positiveness. Too much argumentative literature is written, merely in order to influence sentiment. What is needed is a clear exposition of the railroad problem and of the outlook for continued prosperity, without relation to stock-market possibilities.

One phase of the future which is certain of attainment, however problematical the other possibilities may be, is the reduction in expenses which will occur when the principal improvements are completed. It is a strong point against the charge of extravagance in making improvements that much of the cost is being paid out of earnings, instead of from borrowed money. When the outlay shall finally cease, it will cause a scaling down of the percentage of expenses great enough to make large additions to net earnings. Many examples could be introduced to prove that the average sum of money spent annually out of earnings for extraordinary betterments is equal to a considerable percentage of total gross earnings, and is in many cases sufficient to pay substantial dividends upon stocks now paying nothing. The very possibility of cessation of these outlays is some insurance of the security of present dividend payments, which in many cases are being earned more than twice over.

There are certain to be further changes in the railroad map as time develops. Further concentration of ownership, and the rounding out of incomplete systems are mere matters of time. Current developments are all in that direction. Transcontinental systems will be perfected, and the route from coast to coast will be shortened.

H. C. G. Barnaby.

A NEGLECTED NOVELIST.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

If a novel be the presentation of an individual conception or vision of the universe, and valuable in as far as it is true and complete, one often wonders why, instead of feeding upon the frothy and superficial productions which issue each month in such copious flow, fresh and ink-dripping, from the press, people should not turn back to the more leisurely and carefully created expositions of a past generation.

It is difficult to speak of George MacDonald as a mere novelist. He was so much of a man, a prophet, a preacher, a seer, that, when one thinks of him, his novels fall into the background, and one remembers his eager and serious pursuit of his Father's business; his childlike simplicity and gentleness; his poetic and prophetic insight into life and character; his power over the weak, the erring, the despairing; his wonderful gift of beautiful living. For those who remember his face and knew his voice, his novels may seem an inadequate expression of his attitude towards life, limited and enclosed, as they must necessarily be, by environment and existent conditions; and not until that reaction from the sterner and narrower forms of Calvinism fades a little further and becomes less immediate fact and more history, can he take his rightful place amongst the Victorian novelists.

Apart from any other consideration, the bulk of his work is very great. He wrote, besides his novels, some of the most fascinating and charming volumes for children that exist in the English language. There are few books indeed that stand beside "At the Back of the North Wind," "Gutta Percha Willie," "The Light Princess" and "Curdie and the Goblins" in charm and dignity and valuable interpretation of life for the little folk.

As a poet, he is not to be overlooked; and certain stanzas of "The Diary of an Old Soul" and some of his Christmas carols are unique in their simple, direct and beautiful expression of the soul's relation to its Creator. But, despite the fact that there are critics by no means to be despised who have spoken of him as the successor of Wordsworth, and who have compared him to Tennyson, his medium was, nevertheless, that of a flowing, unpremeditated and poetic prose rather than measured language, and he was a better discerner of the quality of poetry, as witness his England's Antiphon, than he was a poet himself.

To posterity, then, who can no more know him as a personality, he must be handed down as a novelist, and his vision of the world must be reconstructed from "Robert Falconer," "Sir Gibbie," "David Elginbrod," "Donal' Grant," "Malcolm," etc. Yet, in reading these books, it is well worth while to remember that their author lived his ideals before he set them down. The disheartening sensation that we are dealing with the vagaries of a dreamer, a man who, living apart in the world of the writer, has set tasks for other folk to do, must first be cleared away. His simplicity, his charity, his self-denial were unstinted, his sense of the brotherhood of man, of the very underlying unity of all souls in one human soul, which is the foundation of goodness, was secure; and his zeal to find and to serve a Supreme Master was an unquenchable fire. From middle age on, he suffered from extreme ill health; during his visit to America, in the seventies, he was frequently entirely incapacitated; but his courage, his patience, were alike indomitable. In one family where he visited several weeks during that American tour, he was known as the "long baby," because the children, accustomed to a very active and energetic father, were surprised at seeing him almost all day on the lounge or the bed, cared for by his wife or son. He accepted the title with his usual quick understanding of childish conceptions, and for some years he was in the habit of sending communications "from the Long Baby to the Little Babies." There was a deeper truth in the nickname than the children or the owner perhaps realized. George MacDonald retained to the end the childlike heart, the unsophisticated consciousness, the single-minded search for truth and goodness. He was entirely without conventional compromises.

His novels, then, are presentations of the ideal life as he con-

ceived it, rather than a photographic description of life outside himself. He had to an unusual degree external vision, powers of perception and observation; but the main trend of all his novels is to present a theory of life, a justification, literally, of God's ways to man, an explanation of evil, a possible way of weaning man from despair and misery. Compared with Thackeray, MacDonald is very much a spiritualist, with the stress of emphasis laid entirely on the relation of man to his Maker; compared with that other great ethical novelist, George Eliot, his theories are more elaborated and more definitely religious and anthropomorphic. Indeed, if one reflect upon it, it is strange to think how much other-worldliness he managed to weave into the web of his stories and yet keep them concrete and firm upon the earth.

This quality of concreteness, so necessary to the novelist, the quality which, indeed, gives the novel its body and power of conviction, comes out most in MacDonald's delineation of the old-fashioned Scotch peasant character, and in his descriptions of village and country life. How minutely observed, how keenly characterized, was old Mrs. Falconer with her calm forehead and erect carriage, her soft hands and precise dress, the little wooden stool upon which her feet always rested, her stern benevolence and slow recognition of rectitude.

"She wore a plain cap of muslin lying close to her face, and bordered a little way from the edge with a broad black ribbon, which went round her face, and then, turning at right angles, went round the back of her neck. Her gray hair peeped a little way from under this cap. A clear, but short-sighted, eye of a light hazel shone under a smooth, thoughtful forehead; a straight and well-elevated, but rather short nose, which left the firm upper lip long, and capable of expressing a world of dignified offence, rose over a well-formed mouth, revealing more moral than temperamental sweetness; while the chin was rather deficient than otherwise, and took little share in indicating the remarkable character possessed by the old lady."

A living type of an old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian, her dealings throughout are in line with her appearance—her stern, ungracious but reliable charity, her yearning love for the erring son, and her heart-broken prayers to the awful Deity whom yet she worshipped.

Over the lost son she prayed:

"O Lord, could na he be eleckit yet? Is there nae turnin' o' thy decrees? Na, na, that would na do at a'. But while there's life there's

houp. But wha kens whether he be alive or na? Naebody can tell. Glaid wad I luik upon's deid face, gin I cud believe that his soul was na amang the lost. But eh! the torments o' that place! and the reik that gangs up forever and ever, smotherin' the stars, and my Andrew doon i' the hert o't crying! O Lord! I canna say 'Thy will be doon!' But dinna lay it to my chairge; for gin ye was a mither yersel' ye widna pit him there!"

Then, when the false news of the son's death came, she sent to the school for her grandson Robert. When he entered the room she greeted him with:

"'Close the door, Robert. I canna let ye gang to school the day. Ye maun lea' him oot noo.'

"'Lea' wha oot, Grannie?'

"'Him, him, Andrew—yer faither, laddie—I think my hert 'll brak.'

"'Lea' him oot o' what, Grannie? I dinna understan' ye.'

"'Lea' him oot o' oor prayers, laddie, an' I canna bide it.'

"'What for that?'

"'He's deid.'"

Then, a few days later, when Robert, reading the daily chapter, came upon Christ's words, "I pray not for the world," she said, "*He* was o' the world, and if Christ wadna pray for him, what for suld I?" For the theology to which she subscribed had a great power of hardening the heart.

This theology, with its terrors of Hell forever at hand, its tendency toward hardening character in a set and, however upright, yet an unlovely mould, was the condition which produced all of George MacDonald's novels. Against a background of stern Calvinism he has set some character who interprets God as the God of love and mercy. In the first of his novels, David Elginbrod himself is the wise and canny interpreter of God. David is a grand Scotch peasant-king, as the novelist calls him, and supposed to have been a descendant of the German mystic, Jacob Boehme. He is also the descendant of that Martin Elginbrod who had the "some fearsome" epitaph written upon his own tombstone:

"Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod;
Hae mercy o' my soul, Lord God,
As I wad do, were I Lord God,
And ye were Martin Elginbrod."

To the liberal and emancipated thinkers of to-day there is nothing shudderingly irreverent in this demand upon the Creator

to live at least up to a human standard of kindness; but, to the stern upholders of the stern and wrathful God of Israel of that time, it seemed a very daring appeal. The clergy of those days were more concerned for the justice and glory, than for the mercy and love, of God. A churchgoer then "wad hae heard a heap about the glory o' God, as the thing that God Himsel' was maist anxious aboot uphauding; jest like a prood crater o' a King; an' that he wad mak' men, an' feed them, an' cleed them, an' gie them braw wives an' toddlin' bairnies, an' syne damn them, a' for's ain glory."

To combat this theory of a merciless God damning men "a' for's ain glory" was then the theme of novel after novel. David taught Margaret and Sutherland the wisdom and love of God, and these went out into the world, smoothing the pathway, unknotting the tangles, clearing away the evils and ameliorating the tragedies of life wherever they went with their acquired light. In "Robert Falconer," the communication is more direct, and Robert wins to the surety that love can conquer and rule the world, out of his own doubts and griefs, and then presents his more enlightened theology against the sterner and older order of his Grannie. In "Sir Gibbie," the little dumb boy was born an heir to the kingdom of light, and from the beginning he knew no life but that of love and service. An exquisite conception is that of the little cherub, Sir Gibbie, growing up in the streets of the city, uncared for, living like the sparrows on chance crumbs, yet, under the protection of Providence, the self-appointed guardian of all drunkards. Out of the love he had borne for his drunken father, he developed a perfect passion for playing guardian angel to drunk folk.

"If such a distressed human craft hove in sight, he would instantly bear down upon and hover about him, until resolved as to his real condition. If he was in such distress as to require assistance, he never left him until he saw him safe in his own door. The police asserted that wee Sir Gibbie not only knew every drunkard in the city, and where he lived, but where he generally got drunk as well—that one was in no danger upon whom Sir Gibbie was in attendance, to determine, by the shove on this side or that, the direction in which the hesitating, uncertain mass of stultified humanity should go. . . . He was least known to those to whom he rendered the most assistance. Rarely had he thanks for it, never halfpence, but not infrequently blows and abuse. . . . A certain reporter of humorous scandal, after his third

tumbler, would occasionally give a graphic description of what, coming from a supper party, he once saw about two o'clock in the morning. In the great street of the city he overhauled a huge galleon, which proved, he declared, to be the provost himself, not exactly *water*-logged, and yet not very buoyant, but carrying a good deal of sail. He might possibly have escaped very particular notice, but for the assiduous attendance upon him of an absurd little cock-boat, in the person of wee Gibbie. . . . Round and round the bulky provost gyrated the tiny baronet, like a little hero of the ring, pitching into him, only with open-handed pushes, not with blows, now on this side and now on that—not after such fashion of sustentation as might have sufficed with a man of ordinary size, but throwing all his force now against the provost's bulging bows, now his overleaning quarter, encountering him now as he lurched, now as he heeled, until at length he landed him high, though certainly not dry, on the top of his own steps."

In each book there is one simple person to whom the meaning of life, or, better, the philosophy of MacDonald, has been revealed, as in "Sir Gibbie" to the little baronet who had the reputation of being "not a' there," and to the old peasant woman Janet, who had gotten "so far above time and chance that nothing really troubled her, and she could wait quietly." She and Sir Gibbie were tarred with the same stick. As the canny farmer said, "They'll dee weel eneuch i' the ither warl', I doubt na, whaur naebody has to haud aff o' themsel's." No one has applied more continuously and consistently than has MacDonald the Socratic dictum that "no evil can befall a good man." Janet and Sir Gibbie, David and Robert perfectly exemplify this truth. If we sometimes smile at the anthropomorphic turn of the phrases, we who chiefly feel of the creative force that "His ways are not as our ways," we must at least admit that MacDonald's religion is identically the religion of all mystics in all time, and that his interpretation of life must stand or fall with the yogis of the East, Plotinus, Jamblicus, Proclus, Boehme, Tauler, "the little poor man" and a host of other illustrious lovers and believers. His intimacy with his Lord and Creator was as theirs, he spoke to Him more frankly, more often, than to any earthly friend. Janet never used the word "prayer"; she spoke of it as "holding the gate open." "O Lord," she prayed when she believed her husband to be drowning in the great floods, "Gin my bonnie man be droonin' i' the watter, or deein' o' cauld on the hillside, haud's han'. Binna far frae him, O Lord. Dinna let him be fleyt." For to her, not death, but the fear of death, was evil, for fear

was faithlessness. The presence in thought of the eternal good was to her the only reality, and was more and better than life, nay, was *life* itself.

"The one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in love with the forces at work—to do every moment's duty aright—that being the part in the process allotted to us, and let come —not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the eternal thought wills for each of us, has intended in each of us, from the first. If men would but believe that they are in process of creation and consent to be made—let the Maker handle them as the potter his clay, yielding themselves in respondent motion and submissive, hopeful action with the turning of His wheel—they would erelong find themselves able to welcome every pressure of that hand upon them, even when it was felt in pain, and sometimes not only to believe, but to recognize, the divine end in view, the bringing of a son into glory."

His theory of evil is that of all mystics; it is the finite mind that cannot see the whole, and mistakes the helpful and beneficent process for an end in itself, instead of the soil which must be the food of the flowering. Life was to him the waking of the human soul to knowledge of itself in the mirror of its thoughts and feelings, its loves and delights, seeing Nature reflected by slow filmy unveilings, in the mirror of humanity, her highest self.

In the attitude towards the visible world once more we find MacDonald's was the mystic's consciousness—the great love of space, the sense of spirit in the winds and storms, the love of trees and flowers, shade and sunshine, stars, waves, even the black interstellar spaces as the habitation of spirit, the visible garment of the Creator. To wee Sir Gibbie "a cold wind, a small forsaken solitary wind, moist with thin fog" was a friend to be met as he wandered about corners at night, and to be pitied because it seemed an aimless wanderer, while he was about the blessed business of serving. The very rocks and heather and the faces of the sheep reflected Divine Love.

"He would sit, motionless as a ruined god of Egypt, on a stone of the mountainside, islanded in space, nothing alive and visible near him, perhaps not even a solitary night-wind blowing and ceasing like the breath of a man's life, and the awfully silent moon sliding up from the hollow of a valley below."

The projection of the soul into the nature around, and nature's power to relieve the soul in turn of the narrow confinements of self, he knew well:

"When a man turns to look at himself, that moment the glow of the loftiest bliss begins to fade, the pulsing fireflies throb paler in the passionate night; an unseen vapor streams up from the marsh and dims the star-crowded sky and the azure sea; and the next moment the very bliss itself looks as if it had never been more than a phosphorescent gleam—the summer lightning of the brain. For then the man sees himself but in his own dim mirror, whereas, ere he turned to look in that, he knew himself in the absolute clarity of God's present thought out-bodying him."

MacDonald's five senses were very unevenly active. The main part of his knowledge and emotion comes to him through the eyes. He *sees* everything. The first few chapters of "Sir Gibbie" are entirely visualized; they describe scenes and people as they are presented to the eyes. It is significant that the opening sentence of "Robert Falconer" is: "Robert Falconer, schoolboy, aged fourteen, thought he had never *seen* his father." Then follow various memories in which he had glimpses of him. This predominance of vision is carried further in the visualized dreams that come to the characters. These dreams are very vivid and significant and definitely seen, as Robert's dream of seeing the tall man, in a blue coat with bright buttons, about to open the lid of the bureau; the little elderly man, in a brown coat and brown wig, who sought to remove his hand; the stalwart figure, in the shabby tartans, with a hand on the head of either of the others; and the stately Highlander, with his broadsword by his side, who laid his hand on the other's arm. Here was the fifth generation watching four generations of forebears, three of them trying to hold in control the evil intention of the fourth. This significance of vivid dreams passes over frequently into warnings and admonitions, and in "The Portent" to marked cases of second sight. A clairvoyant faculty nearly always belongs to an habitual visualizer.

Far behind sight, but second in importance, comes hearing. Despite the love of music, and above all of organ music, the amount of hearing in MacDonald's novels is very small. The sound of the human voice is rarely alluded to. The sounds in nature, taking into consideration the passionate love of the author for the outdoor world, are rarely defined. The singing of the burn occurs several times in "Sir Gibbie," echoes occur twice, but in the wind he notices the freshness and feeling of it against the skin rather than its rushing song. Smell, which plays so

large a part in the sensibilities of the French psychological school, notably in de Maupassant, is almost quiescent. It occurs two or three times when hungry people smell food; and I remember that he brings in the smell of a pine forest in "Robert Falconer," and oddly connects it with the pervasive sense of divine truth, as a thing in itself so invigorating that "some one must mean it." Of dermal sensations he has chiefly the feel of water and of wind against the flesh. Indeed, a large part of all his novels is the health-giving property of outdoor life, of exposure to wind and weather. Many of his educational theories are forecasts of modern well-tested truths.

His diction is overrun with words belonging to the heart—"heart-break," "heart-rending," "heartache," the "heart of a story," "heart of the Father," "love," "tenderness," "mercy," "the everlasting arms," "nestling," "the heart of being," etc.; but the word "mind" and the terms pertaining to mentality are almost lacking. Of his style in general one cannot say that it excels in precision or sophisticated elegance. His sentence structure is loose; his grammar, alas! not above reproach. But when he falls into the strong, sweet speech of his early life, into the Scots tongue, he is simply unparalleled. Epigram, wit, depth of emotion, profound significance and a tenderness such as one might fancy unutterable, flow from his pen. His wealth of moral maxims is not to be overlooked. The books are full of short, pithy bits of concentrated wisdom, as:

"Ilka crater 'at can ates ilka crater 'at canna; but the man 'at wad be a man, he manna."

"The first thing a kindness deserves is acceptance; the next is transmission."

"There can be no better auxiliary against our own sins than to help our neighbor in the encounter with his. Merely to contemplate our neighbor will recoil upon us in quite another way."

"Gin the Lord lat auld age wither me up, He'll luik after the cracks Himsel'."

"A word is a word, but its interpretations are many; and the understanding of a man's words depends both on what the hearer is and on what is his idea of the speaker."

"Emulation is the devil-shadow of aspiration."

"The only hope of understanding lies in doing."

Of a kite, Robert says,

"It's queer 'at things winna gang up ohn hauden them down."

When one has said so much of MacDonald, one turns again to question why he is neglected. Compared with the people who are writing novels to-day,—and counting Meredith and Hardy amongst those who have ceased to produce,—he is a very giant amongst pigmies. If his anthropomorphism is somewhat distasteful to a more sophisticated age, it is easily translated into the speech of the purest mysticism. He was to his own age shockingly liberal, and to ours he is amazingly orthodox. When another generation or two shall have passed, certain religious peculiarities will have become historic quaintness, and a fuller appreciation than he has yet had is awaiting him.

His subject is a large one—namely, the coming to consciousness, not of the mind, but of the soul, of man. It is so large a subject that it admits of calm and meditative treatment. There is little or no literary cleverness, tricks, manners and gesticulations. If one call up Falconer or Elginbrod to mind, one remembers them large, patient, slow of movement and speech, but with no small nervous habits of body, like Deronda's grasping of his coat collar. Sir Gibbie, indeed, being wholly a spirit of love, into whom no notion of suspicion or hatred had ever entered, was in the habit of dancing for joy; but, in the main, the large characters are conceived theoretically and abstractly; they stand for a given frame of mind rather than a bodily attitude or gesture. In dealing with the Scotch peasant, the whole method is changed, and is concrete and realistic, and full of that wealth of detail which rises at the slightest touch of the spring which opens the door and lets in the flood of early memories.

The rare beauty of MacDonald's novels is their gift of wide horizon and repose. From the clever, mannered, nervous, swiftly moving stories of our own day, to turn back to his work is like coming out of the heated glare of the theatre into the blessed sunlight and the open meadows.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY W. D. HOWELLS, GERTRUDE ATHERTON, AND PRESIDENT J. H. FINLEY.

THE thing least essential to one's pleasure in reading the little critical essays of Richard Hutton* is that you should agree with his prejudices or his judgments. In most of the instances it will be to your credit if you can agree with a critic so kind and so wise, but he would be the last to condemn you if you could not conscientiously think with him. This is a great comfort in reading him; for, after all, one likes to live. He has never the air of saying the last word on any point. Apparently, he knows that there are a great many words, and that the most of them, perhaps the best of them, are provisional merely. This, I hope, is only another way of saying that he is very liberating and enlightening, though I hope also that it is not pretending that he is always so. He would not be human, he would not even be English, if he did not err sometimes where doubt is a better thing than faith; but oftenest the reader will be the better for his company up and down a literary period including many of the great Victorians and some of the great Lincolnians, if we may honor our greatest writers with the name of our greatest President. Dickens, Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin, Bagehot, Clough are some of the Englishmen of whom he discourses, mostly after their deaths, when he is no longer incommoded in what seems a very gentle nature by the fear of his truth hurting them, and Emerson and Longfellow are the Americans with whom distance as well as death helps him out. To these, he adds, rather surprisingly, Harriet Beecher Stowe, of whose world-known, indefinitely undervalued novel he has the inspiration to say, in speaking of book-

* "Brief Literary Criticism." By the late Richard Holt Hutton. Selected from "The Spectator" and edited by his niece, Elizabeth M. Roscoe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ishness in literature, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is "a book of fresh out-of-door genius if ever there was one," and, therefore, to be classed with the masterpieces, which the indoor folk, the bookish folk, can never achieve, or recognize till they are dead.

But inspirations are not much in Mr. Hutton's way. One feels that he would have been rather shy of one if he had seen it or heard it coming his way. Yet now and then one so almost entirely agrees with him as to believe that he is all but entirely inspired, as, for instance, in his note on a passage of Mr. Sidney Colvin's Life of Keats. I call it a note, for the essay is so light as to be scarcely more than that, but it happens to be of the spiritual compass, the intellectual compass, of whatever is much larger than a note. In faulting Keats, on the side where he is alone vulnerable, for "the fine excess" which the poet held poetry should "surprise" by, and where he is least Greek, the critic suggests his own most admirable characteristic. There is no excess in him, he rather constantly surprises by his sanity, his charity, his generosity. A word expressive of all three of these qualities would be the synonym of criticism at its best.

Timidity is as far from this excellent critic as severity. He could say of Longfellow, one of the most perfect artists who have lived since those of the Greek anthology, that he finally "gained that singular grace of perfect simplicity—simplicity both instinctive and cultivated—which rejects everything adventitious, with a sure and steady antipathy," and he could say this at a time when much English criticism, unconscious of its own commonplaceness, was eagerly endeavoring to make itself good by calling Longfellow commonplace. Mr. Hutton courageously recognized at this awful moment, and in the midst of dangers which involved any lover of the poet with him, that Longfellow had "the simplicity of a really great classic, with all its points in relief, and with nothing of the self-conscious or artificial tone of one who wants to draw attention to the admirable insight with which he has grasped the situation." After this, one may allow the critic his belief that Longfellow "was not a great poet." To have the simplicity of "a really great classic" is almost enough.

The volume which has been compiled, with what seems very good judgment, from the author's contributions to "The Spectator" through a long series of years, is very representative

of that journal in temperament and principle. In one light, it is a collection of book notices, but book notices with such a difference that one sees at once the word will not fit. It is rather a group of delightful essays on literary men and literary subjects, prompted mostly by the death of the men and the life of the subjects. No trivial person or theme is here, to tempt the author to triviality, but the gentle dignity of all the discussions is as far as possible from the gravity which burdens the reader as from the austerity which browbeats him. There is a perpetual good-humor in the book, not perhaps the sunniness which would have suited it less, but the quiet shade of the indoor afternoon, and the soft lamp-light of the evening. The author thinks, and says in the first of his papers, that the greatness of English literature is because of its unbookishness; but there is one glory of the moon, and another of the stars; and while creative literature may well be unbookish, the criticism of it can hardly be blamed for its bookishness, or found the poorer for it. At any rate, though the author is always willing to have his theme in the public square, where untechnical people may help him judge it, he himself speaks as a scholar and a lover of study. He lets an air of discussion pervade his criticism. He does not lay down the law, nor harshly dispute others' opinions.

One could go on reading such books as his indefinitely, and could well wish that minor criticism could always be of some such make. There must and there will be, to the end, the spacious review, the elaborate study, the exhaustive analysis of this piece of this literature or that. In these the critic can return and return again to an author, classic or modern, but the book notice, which visits a new book or a new author, and has an early say about either, may well be of the modest bounds of the essays in this pleasant volume. If they could be always of its illimitable spirit, that would be an advantage which is not unimaginable, and which one might like to forecast for the work in the department here opening. I could wish all my fellow contributors the good taste, the good temper, the good nature with which Mr. Hutton bore his knowledge and his wisdom. I could not always promise so much for myself, but for the critics beginning young here, I do not see why I should not hopefully invoke his spirit for their own advantage and their readers'.

W. D. Howells.

It is little to our credit, and ranks among the idiosyncrasies of literature, that three of the best works on American history, if not the three very best within their by no means limited range, should be by Britons: Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Trevelyan's "American Revolution," and now Mr. Frederick Scott Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton: An Essay on American Union."* The reason cannot be because a long perspective is necessary for historical building, for British historians have dealt as adequately with native blocks and teeming foregrounds; nor can it be that the calm judicial mind of a foreigner can best interpret a young country's struggle from chaos into national life, giving all the heroic surgeons their rightful niche, throwing the limelight upon achievements and events of the most significance to posterity; for we have calm judicial minds of our own, and no other foreigner save the Briton has ever written of us with a complete intelligence and sympathy. I fancy that a greater personal leisure and the inherited method of treating history in a spirit of serious and noble deliberation, combined with the larger vision acquired by contemplation of a deep historic background of infinite variety, explain the phenomenon in a measure; to say nothing of the sap that, welling from a common root, inclines the ancient tree to regard with an indulgent and paternal sympathy its precocious shoot across the way.

American historians, with few exceptions, are without repose in their style (dulness is no substitute), and that lofty attitude of mind and wide vision that leave the accident of personal nationality out of the question. The reason is, not only that the hurry of a young country sends its waves even to the study, but that, in nine cases out of ten, our histories and biographies have been turned out on the order of a publisher or to meet the requirements of a "series." Generally, they are intolerably dull, cut and dried, lacking altogether the warm human magnetism and the aristocratic leisure that make the best work of the British historians so delightful. When I was writing my own study of Hamilton, I was obliged to drink quarts of tea in order to wade through the published biographies of him. Never was a man so unfortunate in his would-be interpreters. Saving his son, whose pen was dipped in drab and who escaped an absolute

* "Alexander Hamilton: An Essay on American Union." By Frederick Scott Oliver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

neutrality by the violence of his prejudices alone, I found all of Hamilton's biographers perfunctory, bored, utterly without insight and sympathy. His wonderful personality seemed to have hidden itself with his dust in Trinity Churchyard, and those commissioned to write of him merely boiled down John Hamilton's mountain of words—drinking quarts of tea, no doubt—recognizing nothing beyond the bare bones of his achievements, and, while giving a few lines to the romantic circumstances of his birth, making not the slightest effort to dissipate one of the most interesting mysteries in history. No wonder Hamilton lay forgotten for a hundred years, and even for long after the three or four provocative lines in the "American Commonwealth"; although one might have fancied that the many fine paintings of him would have talked their own story into a thousand brains as ardent and sympathetic as his own.

Had Mr. Oliver's book appeared fifty years ago, Hamilton would have continued to be as vivid a beacon-light for coherence as Jefferson has been for disintegration; for high impersonal ideals, as his arch-enemy has been for the Declaration of Independence gone mad. Hamilton was by far the truer Democrat of the two—as a young student of Knox College demonstrated during last year's annual debate at the Hamilton Club of Chicago—because he had the good of the entire Republic at heart, was absolutely catholic and impartial in his arrangement of the nation's affairs, while bending all his energies toward making it so compact and solid that it should be impervious to assault without and within. His mind was universal, impersonal, unselfish; Jefferson's was sectional, beset by fads and enthusiams, but with a gift of pose and prose that has enabled him to drive the illogical masses in the United States even to this day.

Nothing could have counteracted this pernicious force in American affairs, and enabled us to approach within a measurable distance of an ideal republic, but the persistence of the spirit of Hamilton, the ever-present realization that the entire country ran on his wheels, that its prosperity and greatness, its primal impulse of energy,—an energy in which we take a not too modest pride,—sprang from his brain; nothing but the inspiration of his extraordinary life, from nameless boyhood to the making of a nation destined to have no rival but Great Britain; of his poverty, his honesty, his free and ardent gift of the best that was in him, that a

loose cluster of States, abominably beset in every vital inch by as unpatriotic a people as history records, should be dragged from disease to health, wounds stitched, wrenched-off members strapped to the trunk, become a nation, and the nation have at least a chance for its life. And during a long and critical period, when we had so much need of him again, he was buried under a mountain of débris.

There is no life of which we have any record as inspiring as Hamilton's; and, to repeat, could Mr. Oliver's biography have appeared long since, it would have been an incalculable boon to the country. It is so broad, so generous, so just to both sides in its analysis of the great struggle for liberty, its estimates of all the actors in that picturesque drama, it is so evidently a labor of love in an infinite leisure, above all so classic in style, and so interesting as mere reading, that, in an era when the American public was more addicted to serious books than now, it would have become a handbook at once and exerted a powerful influence.

But it by no means comes too late. I am told that Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's really remarkable life of Lord Randolph Churchill has not sold a sufficient number of copies in the United States to pay for the typesetting. If that be true, the American public ought to be ashamed of itself; and there could hardly be a sadder commentary on the frivolity and shallowness of mind which concentration upon purely material things has bred, than in this neglect of a psychological and historic revelation of importance to all men, and of a fascinating story told in a literary style of the first order. There is, however, at the present moment, a second reason for the neglect of such a book. Since the war with Spain, the people of the United States have been so infatuated with themselves that they have taken no interest, literary or otherwise, in mere outlanders. This new ego, as rampant and vulgar as the yellow-rich, has bestowed an unprecedented popularity upon some of the dullest historical novels and social studies ever written, transformed Americanism into rank provincialism, and driven more than one man and woman, bored to extinction, out of the country.

But this very apotheosis of self will save Mr. Oliver's book from the fate of Mr. Churchill's. After all, Hamilton, even though denied the felicity of being born on the sacred soil of the future United States, became indisputably an integral part of

American life; and when the country awakes to the knowledge that it would have been considerably less without him, the day of his deification will not be far off. Meanwhile, the better class of Americans, those that ever hold themselves aloof from the periodical nonsense of their fellows, will welcome this book of Mr. Oliver's, not only as one of the few adequate biographies, and an almost inspired piece of literary workmanship, but as an illuminating account of a man and a period so often the victims of biased minds and indifferent pens.

But it has a still more significant chance of taking immediate rank as a classic. I hear constantly of Hamilton clubs being formed by young men all over the United States, frequently receive letters announcing an intention to make of the life and work of Hamilton a serious study as a preparation for the career of politics and the further dissemination of his precepts. These young men will be the first to welcome Mr. Oliver's book, and it will play a large part in their development; impressing them, as it cannot fail to do, with the fairness of its estimates; whereas the same deductions in the work of an American might, knowing the intense bias of most of our writers, leave them open to doubt.

I have only one criticism to offer, or rather one correction. Mr. Oliver, on page 15, remarks that it is impossible to accept Hamilton's illegitimacy as a matter of certainty. There is not the slightest doubt of it, as I demonstrated in the preface to "A Few of Hamilton's Letters." An examination of the Protocol of the Dealing Court in Christianstadt for the year 1768 (Archives of Copenhagen, Iceland Division) set this question at rest forever; the language, more legal than polite, is final. I insist upon this point, not only because it makes the career and achievements of Hamilton the more remarkable, but because it is of the greatest value psychologically in interpreting his singular and complex character.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THERE have appeared this year two noteworthy books, which together trace the history of the *university* from its origins in mediæval times to its evolved life, divers activities and problems in the present time and in our country. The first of these is Professor Friedrich Paulsen's work, in English translation, on

the German universities;* and the second, President Gilman's story of the genesis and life of the American university.† The path of this evolution, as the titles tell, leads by way of Germany; and not through the loved quadrangles of the great English universities which gave scholarly lineage, pattern and spirit to our American college. The university in the United States is, in its most recent development, more closely related to the German than to the English type in organization, atmosphere and aim. The number of American scholars who have studied in German universities has been great; and they, with others who have studied sympathetically at home the growing achievement of these institutions, not only in the training of scholars, but in the discovery and discrimination of new truth, have had much to do with the making of our present higher educational history. Out of this intimacy of academic relationship, other ties have been made or strengthened. Ambassador White is quoted to have said that it is due principally to Germany's universities that she has been looked upon "as a kind of second mother country."

The existence of this relationship, historical and sentimental, gives Professor Paulsen's intrinsically interesting book a special value and interest to American scholars, and especially to teachers and college and university executives and trustees. It not only presents in a systematic way the varied experiences through which the German university has come into its ascendency among the world's universities, as a place of both teaching and research, but it discusses also such subjects as the relation of the university to the state, society and the church; the functions and difficulties of the university teacher; the freedom of teaching and the freedom of learning; methods of study; examinations, student societies and the professor's and student's relation to politics. Throughout these discussions and incidental expositions of the internal life of his own nation's universities, he keeps an honest pen, discerning the evil and the good, and he keeps also a patient, imperturbable, optimistic spirit. I know of no book discussing university problems and their solving which I can more

* "The German Universities and University Study," by Friedrich Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin; authorized translation by Frank Thilly, Professor of Psychology in Princeton University, and William W. Elwang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "The Launching of a University, and other Papers: a Sheaf of Remembrances." By Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., President Emeritus of Johns Hopkins University. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

heartily commend to others who are working at these same problems.

There is an exhibition of the splendid spirit of the author in the chapter on the relation of the university to the church. Himself not of the Catholic faith, he makes answer to those who covet the distinction of the church of that faith: "I will not even renounce the hope that the German spirit may once again impart quickening intellectual and religious life to the Catholic Church as such"; and he takes hope of what has come about in this church "in countries where the English tongue prevails, especially America." This hope leads him to support the maintenance of a dual theological faculty, rather than the establishment of a purely Catholic university.

One of the hopes which we in America cherish is that the colleges and universities will preserve and foster a wholesome spirit of democracy; and it is comforting to our hopes to be assured that in Germany the universities are democratic. To this assurance, however, another is added, which is only measurably gratifying. While the universities "exclude none and put all upon an equality," there is created by them an "intellectual aristocracy," an "official nobility," consisting of all who have gone through a university and secured *entrée* to one of the learned or administrative vocations. This is gratifying as marking the substitution to some extent of intellectual achievement for wealth or lineage as a social standard. And the prize is so great that there is chronic overcrowding of the learned professions and a depressed economic condition within them,—so great that the author advises that the positions of state officials (and these include the teachers or many of them) ought not to be made too attractive from a financial standpoint. But, with all this, it is noted on the other hand that, within the student body, the "efforts of a social aristocratic group to isolate itself are constantly becoming stronger," and that the number of students drawn from the lower classes is diminishing. This latter tendency seems at one point to be approved by him, but he is also sensitive to the danger of excluding the poorer classes from the academic world, and the menace of such a policy to the solidarity of the nation.

That which will interest most strongly those who have to do with university administration in the United States is his consideration of the relation of the university to the state. The Ger-

man institutions are state institutions, founded, supported and administered by the government; but they are also independent corporations, in which instruction is given, search after new truth made and its results published to the world, with practically no interference on the part of the government. "The professor, once appointed, is left practically entirely to his own judgment and conscience." In referring to the American university, Professor Paulsen speaks of it as of the English type transplanted,— "an autonomous corporation with whose internal management the state has nothing to do . . . self-governing . . . and by reason of endowments, self-supporting." One type of American university is indeed here defined: but there is another quite as vigorous with a population almost as great—the State university. Professor Thilly, the translator, makes clear the incompleteness of the author's characterization when, in his preface, he laments that there is more "paternalism" in the universities of this free country than in military Germany. If Professor Paulsen had consulted his translator, instead of the Harvard professor whom he quotes, I think he would not have made the further statement that our universities "are tending more and more to lay aside the character of State institutions . . . this taking place first in the Eastern States, but now also in the Western." The tendency, certainly in the West, seems to be strongly in the direction of the development of the State university, though in its government it is gradually approximating, in its freedom from external interference, that of the non-State institutions.

But, whatever the tendency may be here, it would appear that in Germany there is both a greater freedom to teach and a greater freedom to learn; there is less interference with the teacher, there is less compulsion from without upon the student. The latter is due in some measure, no doubt, to the fact that our universities in their collegiate departments undertake some of the work of the German gymnasium, and so have students of less maturity. The former implies a hampering here, whether of honest caution, partisan fear or personal selfishness, which in Paulsen's view is inimical to the highest development of the university and its greatest good to the state.

And this brings me to say a delayed word of the distinguishing feature of the German university. It is that it is a place both of research and of teaching. "Like the English university, it offers

a broad, deep course in the arts and sciences." "Like the French *facultés*, it offers technical instruction for the learned professions." It performs the function of both of these through its four faculties associated as a unit. But it does more. Besides being a school of instruction, it is the most important seat of scientific work in the state and the nursery of scientific investigation. It is both an *academy* and a higher *institution of learning*. The German university professor is "both a scholar, or scientific investigator, and a teacher of knowledge." And it is stimulus to this dual service that this book will give, more than all else, to American teachers and American scholars.

When one has read this rather compendious book, I would then commend to his reading the delightful sequel (for it follows historically and logically upon the other) which is presented in President Gilman's story of the launching of Johns Hopkins, the first university in the United States to be established upon lines following somewhat closely upon those of the universities described by Paulsen (though with but two faculties—philosophical and medical), the first institution to be organized here primarily for graduate work. Many reminiscences (from which the memories of the anxieties and perplexities of the first days have been for the most part excluded, that, as he intimates, they may die with him) are gathered, not alone from his experiences at Johns Hopkins, but also from those which were associated with the life and progress of other universities from Yale to the University of California. I do not know how to give intimation of the charm of these collected essays and addresses without somewhat detracting from it. It is largely of others that he has memories. It is of his associates that he speaks,—little of himself and his own great accomplished task. There are memories of Sylvester, Rowland, Adams, Craig and others who have gone from that first body of scholars; of some who are still teaching in the university; of distinguished scholars who visited her halls; and of scores of others who helped to do the great work of his day. It is a book whose pages were gathered for colleagues and friends, and especially for those whom he knew as students; and, as I am, happily, in one at least of those fortunate groups, I find its every page a source of pleasure. But it must carry its good far beyond those groups and into years far beyond his or their living.

J. H. FINLEY.

"CONISTON"

REVIEWED BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

READING "Coniston"* is very like spending a week in a remote New England village, stopping one's newspaper and keeping away from the post-office. There is so much going to and fro in the world, there is such a mass of foreign news every morning, there are so many strange faces in the streets and so many unfamiliar names on the signs, that we often forget the older America and lose sight of the fact that there were once upon a time communities of "Americans" in Richard Grant White's definition of that word—those whose ancestors came here before the Revolution. It is better, on the whole, to have the outlook and breadth of sympathy of citizens of the world; but it is very pleasant to live in a place where you know everybody and everybody knows you, and your grandfathers had the same acquaintance with one another in their day.

Coniston was a community of this sort. It was made up of men and women who were descended from English-speaking ancestors; they had been neighbors for generations; they knew about Paris and Vienna only by report, and the reports were very unfavorable to the moral tone of those cities; they had no Maeterlinck to perplex nor George Bernard Shaw to confuse them; they were not troubled by psychology, and the fog of Oriental religions had not descended upon them. Around the centres of village life—the store, the post-office and the church—the tide of life ebbed and flowed with the quiet motion of inland waters; the tumult of the sea was afar. There were great hills, and there was that reach of sky which no New England community lacked; and there was an abundance of human nature. The word "American" means a good deal more than it did even

* "Coniston." By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

a generation ago, and a deeper and wider meaning will be read into it thirty years hence; but Coniston was a very pleasant place because there the word had its old meaning. There are still such places North and South; and, when the novelist who understands his business begins work in one of these communities, he stands in small need of foreign capital.

Mr. Churchill has always had a decided bent toward what may be called "Americanism"; that is to say, toward those movements in public life which have expressed distinctively American impulses, and those types of character which are the products of our soil and conditions. He has an instinctive feeling for the underlying and definitive forces in the country; and it is no assumption to say that he carries the map of the continent in his imagination and his memory. It is easy to find flaws in the construction and style of "The Crossing" and "The Crisis"; they would gain by condensation and by greater sensitiveness to diction; but no one can read them with an open mind and fail to recognize the presence of the historical imagination on an unusual scale, and the power of treating incidents of national significance in a dramatic way.

In these stories of national scope there is, in places, a lack of sharp individualization; the stage dwarfs the actors. In "Coniston," on the other hand, there is close, detailed and exact definition of personality; by localizing his story Mr. Churchill has gained in concentration, sharpness of outline, convincing clearness of characterization. Without changing his style he has given it a shorter focus, and by narrowing the field of vision brought his figures more distinctly before the eye. "Coniston" is as definitely an American story as "The Crossing" or "The Crisis," but it is a cabinet study as contrasted with a picture for the gallery; a local, rather than a continental, interpretation of the American spirit.

This explains the pleasant feeling of intimacy with the people which soon overtakes the reader of "Coniston"; the sense of dealing with real folk and not with dummies or caricatures. It is so easy to exaggerate the humorous side of rustic life that a good deal of very clever drawing of rural subjects is vitiated by overemphasis of shading. In "Coniston," on the other hand, there is no lack of humor, but there is that human sympathy without which humor distorts and corrodes. Any one who knows the

village store will recognize the loungers who exchange opinions and touch one another's weaknesses with awkward but well-directed witticism at that ancient exchange of gossip and other less interesting commodities. The loose-jointed talk which goes on among people who know so much about one another that a fund of common knowledge may be assumed, the raking fore and aft in which friends alone feel at liberty to indulge, the sly approach of which the victim remains unconscious and the guffaws with which the success of the well-worn device is greeted, —how admirably Mr. Churchill renders these facts of village life; and with what vividness he draws the features and gestures and reproduces the accent of the members of the informal club which regards itself as the arbiter of local affairs!

Of this old-time American rural village life Jethro Bass, the central figure and responsible but eminently likable hero of "Coniston," is the impersonation. The college-bred minister and squire represent its aristocratic tradition; Jethro Bass is the child of its democratic conditions. Without education, capital, influence or experience, but with ample resources of pluck, persistence, shrewd knowledge of men, native sagacity and a humor that is as directly a product of the soil as its crops, this self-made politician, who never made a speech nor lost his guileless innocency of manner, becomes the master of a State, and deals on even terms with the heads of great railroad systems. His deceptive stutter, deep-going rusticity and beguiling simplicity make him the object, but never the victim, of the schemes of more sophisticated but far less subtle persons than he; while his habit of winning without showing his cards, his original and individual humor, and his loyalty to persons if not to principles, make him a companion of whose methods it is impossible to approve, but who never for an instant becomes uninteresting or ceases to appeal to our sympathies. So much human nature has rarely been put into one person as Mr. Churchill has put into this old-fashioned country "boss," and reformers will do well to study this exponent of the Andrew Jackson conception of politics. In human interest, closeness of characterization and thoroughness of construction, Mr. Churchill has made a great gain in "Coniston"; a fresh, original and refreshing story of native American quality and spirit.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *August, 1906.*

IF this Government can help it, the second Peace Conference at The Hague will not end in failure. British naval and military policy for the moment is avowedly directed towards making that Conference a success, or at least towards throwing the responsibility for its breakdown, if breakdown there be, upon non-British shoulders. The temper of the present House of Commons is emphatically a Peace Conference temper. That is to say, it is more earnestly set than any Parliament of the last thirty or forty years on establishing, if possible, some international common ground for the reduction of armaments. Since the philosophical and somewhat dreamy Radicalism of the middle nineteenth century was swamped in the tides of Imperialism, there has been no Government so possessed by the large humanitarian spirit. In this it reflects, beyond question, the general trend, momentary or otherwise, of public opinion. We are witnessing a certain reaction against Imperialism, both as a policy and as a school of thought. The lesson of the South-African war has bitten deep. The continuous fall in consols and the stagnation in the money-market, which persist in spite of great activity in ordinary commerce, are doubtless referable to more than one cause. But, at the head of the various factors that have combined to produce them, every one places the effects of the struggle with the Boers. When people find consols all but down to 87, when their income tax still stands at a war level, when they consider how utterly their hopes of regeneration in South Africa have been belied—largely, no doubt, because those hopes were extravagant—and how complete a mockery has been made of the high, patriotic and really Imperial emotions with which they entered

on the conflict of 1899 by the importation of Chinese labor under semi-servile conditions, it is natural that they should turn with impatient disgust from a policy that has borne such bitter fruit. The rise of the Labor Party is a rough-and-ready measure of their alienation from the Imperialism of the last two decades. Putting national well-being above national security, and insisting that what England does at home is vastly more important than what she does in South Africa or anywhere else, the Labor men have fostered and intensified the spirit and the conditions to which they owe their success.

I do not say that even the Labor men can rightly be described as being for peace at any price. In the clash with Turkey a few months ago, there was a virtual unanimity of agreement, both in and out of the House, that, if the Sultan did not yield to diplomatic pressure, force would have to be employed against him. But it is fair to say that the Labor Party as a whole views with intense suspicion every indication of a forward policy, either in Colonial or foreign affairs, regards itself as the special guardian of the native races throughout the Empire, is meticulously critical of all moneys that are not voted for the purposes of social reform at home, and particularly of moneys that are spent on what it considers the unproductive form of armaments, and is apt to judge all such questions by standards that are more empirical than Imperial. The nation, as a whole, does not go so far as the Labor section. But three influences besides those I have mentioned are propelling it perhaps three-quarters of the way. One is a profound conviction, buttressed by innumerable facts, that in one great department of national defence, the Army, the country is not by any means "getting its money's worth." In the last ten years, military expenditure has increased by about $45,000,000 *per annum,* without any proportionate increase in military efficiency. The second influence which stimulates the reaction against Imperialism is the advocacy, by some of the first soldiers of the age, of compulsory military service. The country feels, for one thing, that it cannot keep on indefinitely maintaining a voluntary army on its present extravagant basis. It feels, for another, that, unless proof can be furnished that economy and efficiency are not incompatible, it may be driven into the conscription which it loathes. Both motives urge it towards a substantial reduction of the Army estimates. And there is a third contribu-

ting influence more potent still. If armaments continue to absorb more and more of the revenue of the State, there will be little or nothing left for a constructive policy of domestic reform, unless Protection is called upon to pour money into the national treasury. In the general problem of defence, therefore, is involved, not merely a desire to set the world an example by being the first to reduce armaments, not merely an effort to extract twenty shillings' worth of utility from every pound spent, but a determination to ward off both Conscription and Protection.

The Government shares in and sympathizes with all these aspirations, and they have found within the last few weeks emphatic expression. On July 12th, Mr. Haldane introduced his Army scheme. It reduces the regular army by 20,000 men and knocks off nearly $10,000,000 a year from the estimates. At the same time, by rendering the militia liable to service abroad and by using it for transport, ammunition, medical and other services (where at present only regulars are employed), Mr. Haldane claims that an expeditionary force 154,000 strong, fully equipped, and capable of instant mobilization, will be evolved if his plans are adopted. For wastage during the first six months of a war, Mr. Haldane looks to the militia, one battalion of which is to stand behind every regular battalion of the home army. For further expansion he falls back upon the volunteers, who are henceforward to be organized on a county basis and placed under the control of local associations. I am not enough of an expert in military matters to criticise this scheme. It has been dubiously received; but that means nothing. Mr. Haldane has one advantage on his side which his predecessors at the War Office were denied—he has time. The Government will last until the Septennial Act puts an end to its existence; and unless some incalculable political upheaval occurs, it will return to power, though with a diminished majority. Mr. Haldane, therefore, may reasonably be sure of from six to twelve years in which to translate his plans into practice; and, from what I know of him and from what I understand of the principles on which he is working, I feel a strong personal confidence that, long before he leaves the War Office, it will be recognized that he has solved the Army problem. His scheme, at any rate, preserves the voluntary system, makes for economy and efficiency, introduces, so far as the volunteers are concerned, the invaluable stimulus of healthy local

competition, and fully accepts what is known in England as the "blue-water principle"—the principle that this country may safely rely on its navy for home defence, except in the limited case of raids by small parties, which can be met and repelled by volunteer forces. These are the outstanding features of the scheme; and except to those who believe that some form of compulsory service would be as much a physical and moral, as a military, gain for England, they are sufficient. If Mr. Haldane proves unable with all the circumstances in his favor to apply them successfully, then the voluntary system of enlistment will have received a staggering, if not a fatal, blow.

After the Army, the Navy. British naval policy has hitherto been regulated in accordance with the "two-Power standard." That is to say, the Admiralty and Parliament have made it their business to see that the British Navy was more than equal to the combined fleets of the next two strongest naval Powers. No matter who the next two strongest Powers might be, no matter whether a combination between them for the purpose of attacking Great Britain was or was not a political possibility, no matter what their relations with one another or with Great Britain might be, our policy has been to add their fleets together and then see to it that our own was greater than the result. That policy has now been thrown over by the present Government. The Prime Minister declared on July 27th, during the debates on the Navy Estimates, that, when applied without reference to political likelihood, the two-Power standard was "of an almost preposterous kind." That is a very important statement, because it introduces into the calculations of the Admiralty a new set of factors. They have now to consider the strength of the British Navy in relation, not to any possible, but to any probable, combination that may be brought against it. Ship-building, in other words, is to be governed from year to year by the Government's forecast of the course of international politics, and the two-Power standard, instead of being a fixed and unalterable rule, is for the future to serve only as a "rough guide." "When you talk of the two-Power standard," said the Prime Minister, "you cannot quite get out of your mind who the two Powers are. When we hear elaborate calculations made as to what France is building and what Germany is building, is it really a very likely combination that France and Germany should be allied and should go to war with us?" Those

words are the knell of the two-Power standard, in the accepted meaning of the phrase.

Acting on the new theory of allowing strategy to be dictated by politics, the Government have been able to effect a saving of over $12,000,000 in this year's naval programme. When they came into office, they took over the estimates and programme prepared by their predecessors. They have reduced both. Instead of four "Dreadnaughts," they are going to lay down three; instead of five ocean-going destroyers, they propose building two; the coastal destroyers they leave at the number contemplated by the late Government, namely, twelve; but, in place of twelve submarines, they only intend laying down eight. In this way a saving of two and a half millions sterling is effected. Moreover, with a special view to its effect on The Hague Conference, the Government propose for 1907-8 a ship-building programme that is wholly conditional on the results of the Conference. "Instead of the four armored vessels," said the Secretary to the Admiralty, "which it was originally intended to lay down in 1907-8, we propose to make provision for two armored vessels only, but with the proviso, to be stated in the Estimates, that a third armored vessel is to be laid down if the proposals in regard to the reduction of armaments laid before The Hague Conference prove to be abortive. Further, the amount to be taken for new vessels to be laid down in 1907-8 is to be limited to a small sum, and they will not be commenced till a late period of the year, and this emphasizes to The Hague Conference the good faith of the British Government in its desire to bring about a reduction of armaments."

It is, of course, impossible to say how far this example will influence the deliberations at The Hague. But there can be no question that in setting it the British Government is acting with perfect sincerity and with a whole-hearted desire to see it followed. Their way of going about it may be, as Mr. Balfour said it was, somewhat unsophisticated. "How," he asked, "do you prove your good faith to The Hague Conference by saying, 'It is quite true we have diminished our Army expenditure, but our striking force is fifty per cent. stronger'? How do you produce this feeling of implicit belief in the pacific intentions of England, if you say, 'We have cut down the Navy Estimates, but we have got a fine fighting Board of naval lords, and they tell us we are fully

equal to any two of you, even after the reduction'?" For that, it has to be borne in mind, is the claim which the Government makes on the authority of the four Sea Lords who constitute the Board of Admiralty; and it is this claim that most interests the country. The Sea Lords who last October recommended the original programme are the same Sea Lords who now recommend its reduction. Were they extravagant last October, and are they merely rational now; or were they rational ten months ago and are they risking the supremacy of the sea by their parsimony to-day; or has anything happened since last October to justify them in revising their estimates? These are the questions that the country is very earnestly asking itself. I believe, as a matter of fact, that the ship-building programmes of certain foreign Powers have not advanced so quickly as last year seemed probable; but it can hardly be doubted that what has chiefly influenced the Sea Lords to cut down their original programme is the advent of a new Government avowedly bent on economy. The realization of this has somewhat shaken the confidence of the country both in the Government and in the Board of Admiralty; the more so as it is fully grasped that the "Dreadnaughts" belong to a class apart, discredit all existing types of battle-ship, will be the first line of the future, cannot be joined in a squadron with other types without sacrifice of their special efficiency, and are of such overwhelming superiority—four "Dreadnaughts" are reckoned to be fully equivalent to eight vessels of the "King Edward" class—that the Power which first secures a squadron of the new leviathans will have command of the sea. For that reason, the country would rather have seen the original programme adhered to, and economies effected in other directions. That course has not been followed, and it seems certain that by 1910 the country will have fallen considerably below the two-Power standard in the new type of ship, and may conceivably possess only two or three more than France. But the country, conscious of its enormous lead at sea, is not greatly disturbed by the prospect, though it could have wished it otherwise. Meanwhile, by reducing both the Army and the Navy, and saving in all some $20,000,000 a year, the Government has contrived to carry out its pledges to the letter. It may mean a greater expenditure in the future—for I am bound to say that The Hague Conference is already discounted; but, for the moment, all is well; and the session closed

on August 4th with a record of legislative achievement unparalleled since the days of Gladstone's first Ministry.

ST. PETERSBURG, *August, 1906.*

MY forecast of the fate of the Duma has unhappily come to pass; before the end of the month of July, the first Russian Parliament ceased to exist. As far back as the week when the Witté Cabinet received its notice to quit and was succeeded by the Administration of Goremykin, I ventured to predict that Duma and Government would quarrel irreconcilably, and that the people's representatives would be sent back to their homes without having left the Statute-book of the empire better than they had found it by a single measure. From that firm conviction I never swerved. In my last letter, while the deputies were still full of hope drawing up lists of Liberal Ministers and distributing the various portfolios among their friends, I wrote: "Whatever the attitude of the deputies, the final result will probably be the same. The Duma will be dissolved and new elections ordered, over which the Government will presumably do more than merely preside." And it could not be otherwise. The Duma and the Cabinet were two opposite poles, a pair of negations between whom reconciliation was impossible. The only question was how the break would come, whether the leading party in the legislature would deliberately seek or avoid it. As for the Government, it was firmly resolved to leave the odium of responsibility to the lawmakers turned lawbreakers.

At last the clash came, and came as a surprise to the very group that had provoked it. The Constitutionalists had done their utmost to bring it about; yet, when at last it had become inevitable and imminent they hugged the strange delusion that everything was moving smoothly and that their day of triumph was at hand. For hours, nay, for days, the palace chronicles affirm, Professor Muromtseff and several leaders of the Constitutionalists held themselves in readiness, with specially starched collars and cuffs, and the most correct thing in ties, awaiting His Majesty's gracious summons to Peterhof. The speeches, too, annalists aver, had also been carefully prepared, which would be addressed to the unwonted ears of the monarch who was henceforth to be weaned from power, and taught to reign but not to govern. He was to be transformed into a golden figurehead on

the ship of state. "The Duma deputies," Count Tolstoy was just then saying, "produce a comic impression upon me, because they resemble children who play at being adults." The prophet's cutting remarks were resented by politicians, but in this case, perhaps, he was not wholly wrong. Certainly, the picture of the pale faces of the deputies, rendered tragically solemn by the imaginary shadow of coming responsibility and by the courtly stiffness and dazzling whiteness of glazed starch, waiting confidently for what could not come, is not altogether devoid of a comic element. For, in lieu of the invitation to Peterhof, of the special train and court carriages to convey them thither, there came merely a brief notice to quit. A more bitter cut of the keen irony of Fate it would be difficult to imagine.

Towards the Russian nation Fate is even still more cruel. Take one of many instances. The Tsar, despite his grave defects, means well to his subjects, and has endeavored to show it in a very clumsy manner. Having recognized the terrible evil which the old system of misrule had wrought to the nation, he was making heavy personal sacrifices to remedy them. Thus, he voluntarily limited his absolute power; he solemnly promised to share it with the people; and he was really willing to work together with the nation's chosen spokesmen. But he dropped a little gall into the wine he set before them when he appointed Goremykin and Stishinsky to be the chief members of his Government. Thereby he undid what he had done. It was like constructing a piece of complicated machinery, and then destroying its mainsprings. On the other hand, the Duma was animated at the outset by intentions of the kind with which the floor of Tartarus is said to be paved. For here, too, there was a deadly solvent of all fruitful action,—the revolutionary spirit which, at first fitfully and then permanently, took possession of the men who had shortly before been moderate Liberals. It ought to have been manifest to everybody gifted even in a moderate degree with political sense that, between a Government which thus personifies reaction and a representative assembly which puts its faith in revolution, there could be no *modus vivendi*. This fact the clearer-headed members of the Government discerned from the outset and discounted accordingly; but the political instinct of the deputies was so far at fault that they believed firmly all would end well for them, and a Liberal administration be substituted for the Goremykin Cabinet.

Sancta simplicitas! It reminds one of the *naïveté* of Strauss, the Tübingen rationalist, who first shocked the entire Christian world by his Life of Jesus, and then applied for a cure of souls in Würtemberg, for which he considered himself perfectly fitted. And his disappointment was great when it was refused to him on the ground that he was not a Christian. Justice compels the impartial observer conversant with the ins and outs of Russian politics to state that, in all this, both sides are to blame. The Tsar, when dismissing Witté's Cabinet, probably intended to govern either in a more or in a less Liberal sense than theretofore. In the latter case, his only intelligible course was to appoint official advisers who would gradually nullify the liberties which he had just bestowed; and, in the former, he should have had recourse to real progressive Ministers. In fact, he did neither one thing nor the other. On the one hand, he declared his resolve to continue to uphold the innovations which he had recently introduced; but, on the other hand, he raised to the post of Prime Minister an unflinching advocate of the old *régime* and to the position of Minister of Agriculture the recognized enemy of land reform. One cannot hope to explain such acts on any theory other than that Fate has taken the *dramatis personæ* of the Russian Tragedy into her own hands, and is treating them as puppets.

The Constitutionalist Democrats, commonly nicknamed "Kadets," formed the leading group in the Duma. They were more numerous than any other, better acquainted with parliamentary government, well organized and possessed of larger funds, of which they are said to have expended one million and a half rubles (about $750,000) in the elections. Naturally, they looked for some return. For, professing to have at heart the establishment of legality in the land, they felt confident that the Tsar would soon find it to his interest to appeal to them to stay the inroads of anarchy. He doubtless would have done this if the Kadets had been independent. But it was obvious from the first that they were borne in on the crest of a revolutionary wave, at the highest point of which—where they were—was mere foam, and that underneath the spray were the depths of darkness. They could not dispense with the support of the extreme and revolutionary parties whom they were constantly forced to conciliate. The Kadets, unhappily for themselves, deemed it consequently necessary or advantageous to employ two sets of weights and

measures, to speak in two idioms, to smile sweetly upon the revolutionists and to wink significantly at the moderates. And they were ultimately overtaken by the fate which threatens all who strive to serve two masters. During the election campaign, for instance, they circulated two different versions of their proclamation, one to the educated burgher who respects property, and the other to the peasant who will not respect it until he has wrested the land from its present owners. In the former declaration, they promised to pay for the land which they would take away and distribute among the peasants. In the latter, they undertook to sequester the soil and hand it over to the horny-handed tiller, free of all charges, and without any compensation to the present landowners. In a word, they blew hot and cold, and termed it "parliamentary tactics." That was an unwise proceeding on the part of men whose cause claims to be identical with that of truth, justice, and liberty. And as the party began so it ended. In discussing the appeal to the people which was the proximate cause of the dissolution, they voted that the word "fair valuation" of the land should be struck out. And it was. What that means is obvious. Now, a popular cause should be tarnished by no pettifogging, no tergiversations. Its word should be "yea" or "nay." Like Cæsar's wife it should be above suspicion. If the Kadet party had been this, the Tsar, who knows that the past cannot be recalled, who desires to be reconciled to the present and safeguarded in the future, would have requested them to take over the reins of government. But, if he believed that he could never trust Count Witté, he felt absolutely sure that he could put no confidence whatever in the Kadets.

For, besides talking in two different languages to the electors, did they not recoil from offending the very anarchists lest these should withdraw their support? When the abolition of corporal punishment was being discussed several weeks ago, the Kadets were asked by an earnest advocate of law-born liberty to condemn all murders indiscriminately by whomsoever committed. But the champions of legality and order refused. The deaths decreed by the Government they would stigmatize as immoral and abominable, but not the revolutionary *Vehmgerichte* that secretly condemned an unsuspecting and innocent man to death without hearing him, and then blew his brains out, sometimes in presence of his wife and children. They would not execrate or blame Rus-

sians who fired upon passengers in railway cars or wrecked whole trains by way of establishing a reign of terror. Now, could the Tsar, however liberal-minded, fail to note that significant refusal? Can he be blamed for not delivering himself up to the mercies of that political party? These shifty tacticians, in whose ranks were many clever theorists and self-sacrificing patriots, maintained their character to the last. When from lawmakers they were about to become lawbreakers and to issue a proclamation over the heads of Ministers to the Russian nation, an amendment was proposed by M. Ephremoff to this effect: "The Imperial Duma warns the population against all rioting and condemns violence from whatsoever it emanates." It was a warning calculated to tranquillize the population. It was also certain to reassure the Tsar and the peaceful elements in the empire. But the Kadets were hostile to the salutary exhortation, and in the Duma only forty-six deputies voted for it. All the others, therefore, were not absolutely opposed to rioting and the employment of violence. That was the unavoidable conclusion, and the Government drew it.

Yet the Duma, which refused to utter the quieting *quos ego* to the revolutionary winds, fulminated anathemas against the anti-Jewish rioters of Belostok. Why? A matter of tactics, says the moderate press. In the former case the Kadets would have endangered their future; in the latter they were promoting their own interests and attacking those of the Government. Double weights and double measures. And it was really those tactics which undermined the authority of the Kadets as a force of order and peace in the land, and warranted their enemies, on the Left as well as on the Right, in setting them down as revolutionaries, as the orators of the party of violence, as the forerunners of insurrection. And for a party whose real strength lies in its love of law and order and its loyalty to the constitution, such a *rôle* as that is simply ruinous. The revolutionists, of whom they admittedly stood in awe, treated them as tools that could be put to almost any use. On the 29th of July, shortly before the dissolution of the Duma, a very radical journal wrote:

"We are on the eve of a decisive step. We have it in our power to push the Duma on to the revolutionary road. The ranks of the burghers are quaking. Their right wing is prepared to retreat, is making ready to play false to the public cause. It behooves us to do everything we can to cut off their retreat."

The threat was serious, the boast was true. Down to that day, the Duma had, in lieu of attempting to solve urgent problems, instead of reforming the electoral law, giving equal rights to the Jews, satisfying the reasonable demands of the Poles, turning religious toleration into religious freedom, fought the Government and it did little else. Still, in spite of weak impulses and fitful velleities, it had theretofore very wisely confined the struggle to the constitutional domain. But, at last, intoxicated by its own eloquence, the Parliament forgot its *rôle,* neglected its interests, and, worse still, pushed aside the interests of the Nation and set itself to draw up an appeal to the people. That act was illegal, it was an encroachment upon the prerogatives of the Tsar. Perhaps it was necessary? Perhaps; if so, that is its justification. But in that case a revolution was necessary. Now, what could have rendered a revolution indispensable in the course of a single uneventful day? The fatal measure taken by the deputies was doubtless explicable as the result of great excitement. But, none the less, it seemed to impartial outsiders morally wrong and tactically unwise. It was a sin against the constitution which the Kadets claimed the almost exclusive right to defend. It was lawbreaking instead of lawmaking.

Again it must be admitted that the Duma had had provocation and precedent from the Tsar's advisers, whose policy was to the full as eccentric as its own. For example, the right of appeal to the country belongs exclusively to the Crown. Yet the Cabinet issued its famous declaration, addressing the Russian people directly over the heads of the deputies.

But, however often the Cabinet might have violated its own laws, the Parliament at least ought to have given an example of submission to them. Therein lay the secret of its influence, as Samson's strength had its source in his hair. And, since the address to the nation and the more violent appeal which was drawn up in Finland, the Kadet party has lost its prestige.

That is but one of the unpleasant aspects of the matter. There are others which are still more deplorable. Thus, the only praiseworthy motive which the Duma could have had in addressing the nation unconstitutionally was to wield its influence over the masses beneficently. Therefore it possessed, at least in its own estimate, considerable influence over the people. But why was that suasive power never used to hinder crime, to end the reign of

terror? Nay, why was it put forth to arouse the population against the authorities, who, though indeed contemptible, are the legally constituted powers in the Empire? Why shower down sparks on a powder-magazine if your object be really to hinder an explosion? In truth, the Duma's appeal to the people was not intended to work as a sedative. It was just the contrary. And for that reason it was a suicidal act on the part of the legislature. The Government wielded brute force only, whereas the Duma in general and the Kadet party in particular professed to rely solely on moral influence. Yet in an evil hour deputies forfeited their moral power and challenged their adversary to mortal combat. Of course, the Government accepted the challenge, and will use the armed force at its disposal if . . . In that "if" we may find the line of cleavage between revolution and evolution. If the army is loyal, the monarchy is safe. If the troops in Finland and the marines in Cronstadt may be taken as a fair sample of the rest, the Empire is on the eve of disappearing.

It was in Finland that the deputies, after the dissolution of the Duma, called upon the people henceforth to pay no taxes and provide no recruits. Here they clearly showed how thin the partition was that divided them from the revolutionists. This second proclamation was at bottom a call to insurrection as the *mujik* understands it. And, in truth, there was no need to urge him onward. He was already busy pillaging by day, burning by night. Manors, old family seats, art treasures, country houses, and even granaries filled with corn were being burned down without ruth. The flames gave light to panic-stricken women, old men, children who were trying to escape with their lives. In Bobroff alone, fifteen such enormous bonfires turned night into day, leaving impressions the memory of which will not soon die. The peasants burned the very corn, for lack of which many of their own brothers are starving. Truly, if the deputies of the Duma had any influence over the peasantry, religion, patriotism, humanity, would have enjoined them to wield it unhesitatingly in order to put an end to this pandemonium of anarchy.

They were besought to do so by their own constituents. Letter after letter came imploring them to interfere. Deputy Gvozdieff, for example, of the Province of Tula, received a petition containing a vivid description of the agrarian riots there, and imploring him to induce the Duma to calm the people. They had uttered

strong words when the Jews of Belostok were attacked, and they would doubtless do as much for the Christians.

A telegram was sent from Zadonsk by the voters there beseeching the Duma to take measures to stop all agrarian rioting, and to do this at once, before even the land question should be solved. But to these and similar cries of despair there was no response. Or, rather, there came one at last in the shape of the exhortation to the rioters to trample on the law!

In this way Duma and Government, the two institutions to whom the Russian people looked for succor in their dire straits, took to fighting each other, and adjusting their public policy to the exigencies of party tactics! Riots and bloodshed are now the order of the day. From all this lawlessness the country is suffering unspeakably. In consequence of strikes, of fires, of the stagnation in industry, prices of necessaries have risen. The manufacturing firms refuse to bear the losses inflicted by strikes, and so the peasant and the workman have to bear them. The firm of Zindel, for example, has netted during the financial year just ended 24½ per cent. on its capital of six millions, while Morozoff's Glukhoffsky Works have yielded 36½ per cent. interest. These results were obtained despite the war, the armed insurrection and the series of strikes. How? Simply by raising the prices of cotton and other stuffs which the poorer classes are compelled to buy. Eighteen months ago a yard of printed calico cost about 5½ cents; now it cannot be had for less than 7. Other stuffs have risen in like manner from 4 to 5½ cents, from 5¼ to 7⅛, and from 14 to 17¾. The raw cotton heretofore used in Russian manufactures amounted to $260,000,000 a year; at present only $200,000,000 worth are employed; statisticians have calculated that the tax thus paid by the peasantry of Russia to the strikes amounts to about $37,500,000. And it is increasing, for prices are still going up.

Again, the Duma, having exhorted the people to lawlessness, seems to have lost sight of the fact that the masses contain conservatives as well as revolutionists. If killing be no murder when committed by these, it must be equally blameless or praiseworthy when accomplished by those. If in Poland a train was held up and two generals shot dead by revolutionists, solely because they were generals, it is to be feared that prominent Liberals will be shot dead by Russian "patriots," who take the opposite side.

Already a beginning has been made. Professor Herzenstein, the author of the agrarian bill favoring expropriation, has been shot dead in Terioky, a little Finnish watering-place near St. Petersburg. It is to be feared that this is only the first step. Once let public opinion applaud political murder, and the moral sense of the community becomes distorted. In Russia, we are in presence of civil war carried on by means of assassination, incendiarism, mutinies of troops. If the army, or any large body of it, goes over to the revolutionists the days of the Dynasty are counted. In Sveaborg the soldiers have mutinied, in Cronstadt the marines, in the Caucasus the troops are reported to be disaffected, in Peterhof itself a regiment of the Guards recently proved disloyal and was publicly disgraced.

Meanwhile, the Tsar appears to be conscious of the seriousness of the peril. He has dismissed the three reactionaries in the Cabinet, and is appointing moderate Liberals in their places. The present Premier, Stolypin, is himself a moderate Liberal and an honest man. He hopes to carry the next elections, as a chess-player may hope to cry "check" and "mate" in a fixed number of moves. But, before that, he himself may meanwhile be check-mated. While Stolypin is busy in the constitutional sphere, the struggle is quickly passing to the revolutionary. If there be still any hope of warding off a sanguinary uprising, it can be done only by giving the Jews equal rights, by satisfying the just demands of the Poles, the Little Russians, the Armenians, Georgians, Lithuanians and Letts, by bestowing additional grants of land on certain categories of peasants, and by giving entire religious liberty to all. Against some of these concessions, however, the Emperor has set his face. For example, he has pledged his Imperial word not to consent to expropriation, and he is known to dislike the Jews. Still, if Mr. Stolypin should be more successful in coaxing him to give way than Count Witté was, things may perhaps improve. But the chances are slender. Why, above all things, did the Tsar fix March for the opening of the new Duma, instead of simply giving that as the time limit before the expiring of which the new legislature would assemble? Is it, in truth, because he is the man of Fate? I feel convinced that the new Duma must assemble before next March, or else it will not come together until a red wave of revolution has swept over the land.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *August 22.* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

NINTY-ONE years ago THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was inaugurated as a quarterly. In that form it served its purpose and fulfilled its mission admirably for a period of sixty years. It then became a bi-monthly, and in 1878 a monthly, in which form it has rendered continuous service of no mean value to the present time. It now becomes a fortnightly in consonance with the spirit of the generation. From this day forward THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will have a distinctive policy. Its motto, "*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur,*" hallowed by age, and scrupulously safeguarded throughout its long and honorable career, stands. It will continue more earnestly than ever not only to permit, but to seek, expression of the best thought upon subjects of vital importance, from every conceivable point of view. But, in addition, it will hold and utter frank, unbiased, independent and, we hope, intelligent opinions of its own. Simultaneously will be incorporated in it a department charged with the consideration of serious current literature. Beginning with this number, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW becomes, so far as we know, the only fortnightly magazine in the English-reading world.

THURSDAY, *August 23.* President Roosevelt's True Position.

WE confess to a natural liking for close reasoning, but we must say that the fine-spun logic of "Q" in this number, subtly simple though it is, is to our mind far from convincing. It may be, and in some cases doubtless is, true that, in striving for actual meaning, context, environment, temperament and what not must be accorded even greater importance than the mere letter of assertion. But, beneath all, at the very root, is motive, respecting which the clever analyst is curiously silent, possibly from ignorance. We happen to be in a position to supply the deficiency and, in-

cidentally, perhaps put a stop to a discussion which cannot fail to annoy a public servant who already has a sufficiency of troubles.

While the world was acclaiming the President's success in effecting peace between Japan and Russia, the remark was made to him that one certain outcome of that extraordinary achievement would be a mighty popular demand that he succeed himself. With simple candor he rejoined that he thought not, and he added that he had no illusions regarding the matter; that at that moment he was at the apex of moral authority and personal popularity; that he could not stay there, and could not hope to go higher; therefore, in these respects he must necessarily take the down grade. Whatever his conception of duty should impel him to do, in the effort he was bound to make to solve great problems, would engender bitter feelings and make enemies. There was no escape from that result. Consequently, as President, he should be far less efficacious and far less popular at the end of his term than at that time. He had appreciated that certainty on the day of his election, and he realized it more fully then, when at the pinnacle, than ever before. In view of these circumstances, it would be surprising if it should not be apparent to the next Convention that another could bear the standard with a better prospect of success. In any case, he personally was convinced that all he could accomplish as President would be achieved during his present term, and he simply would not accept a renomination.

Now, as "Q" would say, what is the deduction? That there could arise no possible contingency that might make it necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to heed a unanimous mandate of his country? Certainly not. The West *may* rise in armed rebellion against the East, as once upon a time the South did rise against the North; or we *may* be in the throes of a death struggle with Great Britain and Japan; or the Almighty *may* extinguish half of our population by a scourge of famine. In such an event, a transcendent duty would confront Mr. Roosevelt, and he, of course, would answer the call. But it is silly to imagine that such happenings are so likely that they need be even thought of. To a demand for continuance in service, for any reason less vital to the welfare of the Nation, such as might and quite likely will come from politicians to "save the party," which means "from office-holders to save their places," it may be accepted as a finality that no heed whatsoever need be anticipated from Theodore Roosevelt. The

work begun he will continue on the floor of the United States Senate.

FRIDAY, *August 24.* One Disadvantage of Great Riches.

ONE pathetic phase attending the accumulation of great riches is the necessity of dying. A millionaire recently deceased never used the word "death," and always resented its utterance in his presence. We know another man, quite as rich in worldly goods, who suffers from the same dislike in a degree even more intense. A standing order maintains in his household that all obituary notices be clipped from newspapers before they reach his eye. It is not because he is fearful of consequences in the hereafter, for he sincerely believes himself to be a good man, and if his name were given the consensus of opinion would be that he has lived a better life than the majority of human beings. Having this conviction, and being satisfied further that he can rely upon the justice at least of the One in whose image he himself was created, he feels no apprehension of an untoward fate. He simply cannot bear the thought of dying. He loves to live to do good. It may be that, being human, he enjoys the distinction of his exceptional opportunities, and that, like Thomas Jefferson, he objects to going even to Heaven as one of a flock. The greatest of philosophers pronounced the building of a church or chapel by a rich man an act of cowardice. Mark Twain calls it hedging. But this man is not a coward; nor does he feel the necessity of currying favor with the Almighty. It simply is that the consciousness of what he can do now is present in his mind in every waking moment, and the apprehension that he may be less efficient in the beyond is what troubles him. A shrewd analyst of character once remarked that the reason why our present Chief Magistrate occasionally compromises with forces that he himself pronounces immoral and even vicious, is that he is constitutionally incapable of dying with a cause, being firmly convinced that even partial accomplishment is preferable to a mere possibility of complete resurrection. Whether or not this be true in the case of the President, it probably does apply to that of the very rich man. In business, it is the difference between certainty and speculation. Proverbially, the gambler does not fear to die. Death is only one of his many hazards. But the truly good man, having much to lose, not only in worldly possessions, but in opportunities for

doing good, is tormented often to the limit of endurance by his inability to pierce the clouds. Doubtless, if there were any prospect of success, a large fund could be raised to promote a Society of Inquiry that could discover what Crœsus is now doing, and whether or not, or in what way, he is enjoying himself. Those who have less to lose naturally have smaller cause for worriment. So on the whole not only the merely well-to-do, but the very poor, may comfortably assume a reasonable equality in the distribution of happiness during earthly existence. As to the immediate value of material possessions, probably Disraeli was not far wrong when he declared that the most contented man is he who is known to have an income of five thousand pounds and who really has twice as much.

SATURDAY, *August 25.* A Novelist in Politics.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S novel, "Coniston," seems to us by far the best he has yet written. His people may be less romantic than the earlier creatures of his imagination, but they are more human and closer to the soil. Jethro Bass will surely live as a masterful type of a class rapidly passing into oblivion. It is a pity that at the last, in order to serve his sentiments, he was obliged to betray his latest ally; but, after all, it is difficult to perceive how else the way could have been cleared for the happy union of two loving hearts, a consummation, of course, essential to the satisfaction of the reader. It is not surprising that Mr. Churchill, who is young and ambitious like his namesake in England, should have been impelled by his chivalrous sense to avenge Jethro, and himself attack the railway monopoly which unhorsed his hero.

As a candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, we consider it unlikely that Mr. Churchill will go far, because of the fact that the old settlers on the granite hills not only are somewhat set in their ways, but undoubtedly regard him, although perhaps favorably and as a good advertisement for the State, as an acquisition so recent as to render political aspiration slightly intrusive, but that is wholly a local matter which certainly does not call for fun-poking from outsiders. The not unkindly satire of the New York *Evening Post* finds excuse in its cleverness, but the *Christian Advocate* sadly erred when it remarked: "To elect a man Governor because he has written a novel, unless he would have been

eminently suitable to elect if he had never written a novel, is as absurd as it would be to make the present Poet Laureate of England Lord Chief Justice." These words taken literally express a sound judgment, of course, but they really convey an impression which in the circumstances is unpardonable. We are not familiar with the editorial utterances of the *Christian Advocate,* but do not doubt they are of a class that deplores constantly the low state of American politics as indicated by the characters and purposes of office-holders. It ought, then, to rejoice over, rather than slur, a creditable candidacy. Such animadversions are quite as effective as greed itself in maintaining a low level of political life, in that they tend to bring public service under contempt. That Mr. Churchill is an amateur in politics is so much the better. We have had a sufficiency of professionals. He is at least intelligent, earnest, high-minded, a close student of political conditions and he has even served a valuable apprenticeship in the Legislature of his State. Would that there were more like him ready, willing, and eager, not only to accept, but to seek, honorable political preferment from their fellows! To all such is plainly due the moral support of religious journals especially, in place of caustic observations tending to their discouragement.

MONDAY, *August 27.* American Journalism of To-day.

THE versatile Emperor of Germany is the latest critic of modern journalism. He deplores especially the lack of preparation on the part of those who engage in the business of moulding public opinion. To obtain recognition in the ministry, the law, medicine, or even dentistry, years of application resulting in tangible evidence of proficiency are required. This, he thinks, is as it should be, but in journalism, he asserts, a lad of twenty may sally forth, note-book in hand, make a collection of baseless rumors, and forthwith produce and publish articles which may set the world on fire. The Emperor is not the only one who cherishes this delusion respecting the method of making newspapers. Even in this enlightened country, many otherwise well-informed persons regard with a species of awe the smart young man seeking an interview. They behold in him one who possesses mysterious power and authority. As a matter of fact, he is only a gleaner of wisps of information, which in common with thousands of others find their way into the winnowing-machine. The man be-

hind, unseen by His Majesty and fellow critics, is the editor. It is his intelligence and judgment, hardened in the most severe school of mental development known to civilization, that determines what shall or shall not be given to the public. No other profession requires so perfect a combination of undoubted integrity, alert intellectuality and dispassionate mental balance; nor, in this country at any rate, does any other calling possess these qualities in so high a degree.

It is usual in the present day to deplore the so-called tendencies of American journalism, especially as manifested by newspapers of what is known as the yellow or drab variety. That there is substantial basis for this opinion is sadly apparent, but the most casual analysis quickly demonstrates that the percentage of evil is exceedingly small, and is too often recognized as typical simply because it is more blatantly in evidence. Study and reflection promptly dispel the illusion. Take, for example, the group of standard public journals whose announcements appear upon the advertising pages of this REVIEW. Ponder day by day, as we do with keen enjoyment, their editorial utterances, and very little time will be required to convince a fair mind that in self-respect, breadth of vision, quality of diction, true patriotism, hatred of wrong and love of right, fearlessness, accuracy of statement, and like qualities, they never before fulfilled their mission so worthily. The quality which first impresses one making this perusal is the striking individuality of each. Not so many years ago it was anticipated and freely predicted by masters of the craft that New York would soon become the heart and leader of American public journalism, and that all newspapers published elsewhere would be subordinated. But that time has not yet arrived, and, in point of fact, it seems more distant than ever.

We said that the most notable trait of these newspapers is individuality. Upon glancing again over the list and making a quick comparison with the journals of former days, we are disposed to revise this judgment and to pronounce acquired independence their most distinguishing attribute. Thirty years ago each of these great newspapers was bitterly partisan. To-day every one, without exception, is free and independent of political parties, cliques, and all contaminating influences. Best indication of all is their extraordinary and growing prosperity, conclusively demonstrating general public recognition and ap-

proval of true worth and creditable methods. If it be true, as Count Witté observed, that the newspapers are our real rulers, there need be no doubt of the tendency of the Republic towards saner and better government. The sea of American journalism was never so clear and clean as it is to-day. The yellow journal is but a bullfrog on the bank.

TUESDAY, *August 28.* The Record of a Bad Example.

IT will be a disappointment to Mr. Upton Sinclair to learn that he was not a pioneer in the discovery of the use of wrong labels upon packages of meat products. Years ago there was a Mr. Dickens, who prowled through queer places in England and wrote down his impressions. His literature was less violent than Mr. Sinclair's, and some might say that it was more artistic. The saving grace of humor, in any case, was never lacking. For example, Mr. Pickwick, attended by his faithful servant, sought rest and recreation in the shade of the trees. And then,—but let Mr. Dickens proceed:

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clock-work!"

"So he is," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. "Good boy, that. I'll give him a shilling, presently. Now, then, Sam, wheel away."

"Hold on, sir," said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. "Out of the vay, young leathers. If you walley my precious life don't upset me, as the gen'l'm'n said to the driver, when they was a-carryin' him to Tyburn." And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost dispatch.

"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquizing, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. "Wery good thing is weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it an't kittens; and after all, though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference?"

"Don't they, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not they, sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat. "I lodged in the same house vith a pieman once, sir, and a wery nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap, too—make pies out o' anything, he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep, Mr. Brooks,' says I, when I'd got intimate with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be wery fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a-winkin' at me; 'they an't in season till the winter, though,' says he. 'Not in season!' says I. 'No,' says he, 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean?' says he. 'That I'll never be a party to the

combination o' the butchers, to keep up the prices o' meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, a-squeezing my hand wery hard, and vispering in my ear—'don't mention this here agin—but it's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a-pointin' to a wery nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beefsteak, weal, or kidney, 'cordin' to the demand. And more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one of 'em a mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes, and appetites wary!'"

WEDNESDAY, *August 29.* **The Value of a Little Knowledge.**

WE know a man who has great interest in and little knowledge of things scientific. Fortunately well-to-do and free from the necessity of constant endeavor, he is able to acquire such information respecting modern developments as he can comprehend, and to make various and devious experiments of a nature which would be regarded generally as impracticable and wasteful. Such an one could not but be greatly stirred by the discovery of the mysterious force known as radio-activity. Forthwith he sought and obtained all existing data, few though they proved to be, respecting the qualities and adaptability of this incomprehensible energy. For a long time mystified and beginning to despair, he was greatly cheered by the news from Austria that the learned scientists of the Continent, in conference assembled, had discovered that the light of the sun was radio-active, and that water surfaces exposed to the sun's rays became charged with this mysterious force; therefore, he reasoned, there must be a material value and peculiar remedial and strengthening qualities in water surfaces.

How to demonstrate his theory was most perplexing, but he finally hit upon a plan. Through his woodland and meadows ran a brook. Presently he built a dam at such a point as to create a sheet of water of considerable size, upon which the sun's rays fell as constantly as the perpetual whirling of the earth permitted. Over the dam naturally and necessarily there dripped a steady stream of water from the very surface which he suspected to be surcharged with radio-activity. It happened that, being an American, the builder had a wife who had many nerves, one child who had what is often referred to as an everlasting cold, another afflicted with weakness of the spine, and a third who had indulged his tastes so lavishly that he had seriously impaired the operation of his digestive organs. He

himself suffered from no complaint except chronic laziness, but he could not ignore the fact that even this minor and unreprehensible complaint had been noted at intervals, and, indeed, somewhat freely commented upon, by members of his family group, more especially perhaps by the ubiquitous and, of course, inestimable sister-in-law. The excellent purposes which he had conceived as a consequence of his theory he carefully refrained from announcing. When the dam was completed and all was in readiness for the actual test, having full knowledge of the inherent curiosity of human and especially feminine nature, he arose one morning an hour or two after the sun had made its appearance and beaten upon the surface waters of the pond, and proceeded stealthily to a platform which he had constructed furtively beneath the dam. There he revelled in the falling water with great glee, knowing full well that his action would be observed and surely imitated by those constantly tormented by the suspicion that he, or somebody else, might obtain some benefit or enjoyment of which they were balefully deprived. Cannily, as morning after morning he repeated the operation, he smilingly but firmly resisted all attempts to draw from him information respecting the effect of his experiment, but his anticipations were in due course of time fully realized. One by one the members of the family group fell under the spell; and, after the first somewhat terrifying experience, all yielded to the fascination of the buffeting of their bodies by surface waters presumably charged with radio-activity. And, curiously enough, it came to pass that nerves passed out of the real head of the family, leaving a sweetness of disposition notable theretofore by its absence, the perpetual cold of the second in authority disappeared, the weak spine became strong from what the commonplace family physician, knowing nothing of radio-activity, declared to be water massage, and the collegian recovered so completely from his indigestion that he was enabled to resume his position in the crew. Even the altogether admirable sister-in-law, who had begun to view with apprehension the multiplication of weighing-machines, succumbed to the hardening process of radio-activity bountifully applied, and with the firm determination characteristic of American ladies thus disposed, persisted with sufficient success to justify hope in an effort to attain slenderness.

Thereupon the impracticable theorist rejoiced greatly until, to his horror, he awoke to the fact that his own tendency to indolence was slowly but surely being dissipated. Nevertheless, he chuckles gleefully over his unbetrayed discovery of a universal cure, and never misses an opportunity to make a test upon an unsuspecting ailing friend. He declares upon his honor that his experiment has proved successful in every instance. And, oddly enough, he is, although impracticable, a truthful man.

THURSDAY, *August 30.* Mark Twain's Autobiography.

THE proverbial irony of fate was never more clearly marked than by the fact that the life of the world's greatest humorist has consisted of a succession of personal tragedies. From the very beginning, when, at the age of three, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, now known to the world as Mark Twain, was forgotten by his parents, and left alone in a forsaken house, to the fateful day which lost to him, then ripe in years and reputation, the most sympathetic and helpful of companions, each milestone has recorded a bereavement that would have exhausted or embittered an ordinary mind. It was inevitable that intervals of great despondency should enter into a life period so darkly defined, and such, indeed, has been the case, to the regret and sorrow of those who have been blessed with his intimate acquaintanceship. But in his breast there lived a spirit which rose triumphant over all depressing emotions, and still continues, after half a century, to make joy for more millions of human beings the world over than any other now existing. An attempt, even by one accomplished in the art, to analyze the character of this unique human genius would be futile. Its phases are too multifarious. There is humor preeminent, wit unexcelled, philosophy rare, if uneven; repugnance, often violent, to wrong in any form; instinctive and invariable, though occasionally ill-timed, revolt against oppression of humanity whether by God or man; all supplemented by the reasonableness of a comrade, the kindliness of a friend, the devotion of a lover and the sweetness of a child. These are qualities which only those possessing the privilege of intimacy with him can fully appreciate, but it is surely a boon of inestimable value to all who have laughed or cried, or at times become indignant, even savage, with Mark Twain, that having well passed the allotted period of physical life his mind remains so clear, his heart so strong,

and his art so masterful, that in peacefulness and with greater ease than ever before he is enabled to paint in beautiful diction the impressions that have illumined and, in turn, cheered and saddened his existence. It is a wonderful autobiography that he is writing,—wonderful, because of the variety of experiences it depicts, wonderful because of its truth, its sincerity, its frankness, its unhesitating and unrestricted human feeling. Much has been done, much remains to be done. It was the author's determination, at the beginning of his great task, that no part of his memoirs should reach the public until he should have passed away, but he finally yielded to the persuasions of those who were convinced that there might be pleasure for himself, as well as for an unlimited number of admirers and friends, in the presentation of such portions as could by no possibility give offence to any one now living.

The first of these chapters selected appears in this REVIEW. Other portions to follow in succeeding numbers will embrace all phases of personal experiences, characteristic comments upon passing events, the rollicking humor of early days, the wit of others known and appreciated, philosophies and foibles of the present generation, significant features of the most interesting period of American development, attachments at home, acquaintanceships abroad, all painted deftly and simply with no regard for sequence or stereotyped narration, but with the consummate art of the master. We have read perhaps a quarter of the million of words which will finally be written, and are convinced that a life story of such surpassing interest was never told before.

FRIDAY, *August 31.* **Secretary Root in South America.**

A WISE Minister of State has been described as one who "should recognize evils from afar so as to prevent their growth in time, and should be able to discuss the disposition of people and what may be hoped for from peace and feared in war." It is a happy circumstance that the United States seems to have such a Minister of State in Mr. Elihu Root. Barring possibly the mission of Benjamin Franklin to France, no visitation by an authorized representative of this nation has been productive of so much probable benefit to so great a number of somewhat dissociated peoples as that of the Secretary of State to the South-American republics. In common, we believe, with a vast majority of Amer-

ican citizens, we have never been greatly disturbed by governmental attacks, however wrongful in theory, upon presumed monopolies or privileged corporations within the borders of our own territory. Only upon the assumption that cowardice might take possession of the courts established under the Constitution and that the spirit of equity in the minds of the people might become extinct, could apprehension of any very serious harm be justified. In our relations with other countries, however, there has undoubtedly developed a tendency towards abruptness of method, due to the possession of overwhelming power and authority, calculated to give rise to grave concern. Physical conditions and vast material resources have been and are now recognized as adequate safeguards against deliberate seeking of conflict with us by other Powers. The only danger has seemed to lurk in the extension or possible misapplication of the doctrine, resting upon a basis none too stable, enunciated by President Monroe. It is obvious that this principle could not be rightfully sustained by a nation having regard for a people's right to govern itself in its own way, except by the desire and with the cooperation of the sister republics of South America. Nor can it be denied that in recent years there has arisen in that section of the hemisphere a sense of resentment against what the inhabitants construed as a paternalistic, or even dictatorial, attitude on the part of the United States. It has been the honor and privilege of Secretary Root to dissipate this impression. That he has succeeded in his mission to a degree far exceeding the anticipations of even the President or himself, seems to be firmly established by the reports from the various countries which he has visited. His achievement of the most far-reaching importance doubtless is the apparently perfect understanding which he has reached with Señor Drago, who has come to be recognized as the foremost statesman of South America. The immediate result is expected to be a proposal to The Hague Convention, affirming the adherence of the republics of the two Americas to the principle of arbitration for the settlement of difficulties liable to arise between themselves, and asking for an expression of opinion upon the question of determining up to what point the use of force, for the recovery of public debts, can be authorized. It is in fact within the range of probability, although as yet there is no official information to that effect, that Secretary Root has gone so far as to pledge the cooperation of this nation in insisting with

the South-American republics that the use of any force whatsoever be denied as a matter of principle. But whatever may be the exact terms of the understanding, there can be no doubt that a tacit agreement, assuring common action on the part of all of the republics, including our own, has been reached. This in itself is a great accomplishment, and one which could have been effected only by the exercise of exceptional sagacity and consummate tactfulness. The inevitable effect will be the hastening of the economic and political development of the Southern republics, which in turn cannot fail to be followed by closer commercial relationship between the North and South Americas of inestimable value to both. From the present outlook, it would seem that history will record no such service to civilization in the Western Hemisphere by an individual officer of State, since the somewhat tentative pronouncement of President Monroe, as has just been rendered by Secretary Root.

SATURDAY, *September 1.* Mr. Bryan's Candidate for President.

VIEWING from afar his native land, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, by nature optimistic, detected unmistakable signs of the growth of an altruistic spirit in the hearts of his unduly well-to-do countrymen. To the mere making of large contributions to even laudable purposes, he observed in a recent conversation, he attaches no great importance; but the apparent seeking by the very rich of ways so to employ a portion of their excess as to accomplish the greatest good he regards as most significant. Their difficulty lies less in intent than in ignorance. They, or at least many of them, really wish to set a praiseworthy example by beginning a voluntary distribution of wealth; but their habit of mind forbids contemplation of any method that might involve waste. The danger of becoming a victim of imposition is also a constant deterrent against experimentation. A beaten path lighted by experience would be highly appreciated; but none can be found; the cultivation of the habit of giving is too recent. Suggestions can be had in plenty, of course, from those who have only advice to give, but only as a rule to be pronounced worthless by the stronger and perhaps narrower judgment of the accumulator and possessor. Opinions surely do differ greatly in such matters. There is scarcely a touch of similarity, for instance, between those of our greatest givers. The reader doubtless has particular views;

so have we; so has Mr. Bryan; so has everybody. Mr. Bryan's, by the way, both because of their novelty and of his exceptional personal prominence at this time, possess a peculiar interest. In giving at all, he maintains, one should give his best, and in the cases of successful builders of great properties or "captains of industry," as they are called, brains and experience, not the mere money product thereof, fill the requirement. Moreover, to be effective, one must be free and must be known to be free. Reducing the theory to practical application, Mr. Bryan hopes to live to see the day when a man who has acquired wealth by personal energy will divest himself of all interest in properties affected in any way by legislation, and invest the entire proceeds in the bonds of his country. Then there could be no question of singleness of purpose or of interests, sentimental or pecuniary, and the exceptional talent already demonstrated by notable success in private endeavor could be applied in such a way as to produce the maximum of results. There would be no pecuniary sacrifice—only a transfer of moneys invested into other and better securities, although at a lower rate of interest, for moral effect. This is the time of all times in history, to Mr. Bryan's mind, when the Nation needs as its President a man combining the splendid executive capacity proven by the upbuilding of a great industry with the altruistic spirit manifested by an act definitely and conclusively establishing his sincerity. In the conversation alluded to, Mr. Bryan added that he would a thousand times rather help to elect a man thus equipped than become President himself. It was impossible to resist the temptation to suggest that if all of our industrial captains should yield to the allurements, there would not only not be enough government bonds to go around, but too little money left in private investment to keep the cars running and the factories going. It suffices to add that, while evincing full appreciation of this danger, Mr. Bryan did not seem to regard it as imminent. We have no hesitation, therefore, in submitting the proposal for the respectful consideration of those who may be concerned.

MONDAY, *September 3.* The Power of Sentiment.

WHAT is the impulse that causes wide-spread protestation against changes in spelling? There is nothing revolutionary in the proposal. Comparison of the words of Chaucer with those

now used shows the extent of evolution wrought by time without arousing resentment. Indeed, the fact is universally recognized that a language, like a human being, must undergo constant change or cease to live. Moreover, all admit that the spelling of hundreds of English words is not only unnecessarily confusing, but really absurd. And yet, as we have seen recently, an attempt to effect a general simplification or even a minor modification invariably incites a storm of disapproval. Why? Advocates of the so-called reform insist that all reason supports their effort and that opposition, therefore, must rest necessarily upon prejudice. But this is assertion rather than argument, and capable of use with equal force by the other side. We wonder if sentiment does not lie closer to the root of the antagonism than either reason or prejudice. Language itself becomes a part of one's being almost as early as love, and is cherished accordingly. The written word lags behind the one spoken, but soon becomes as dear. Even the reformers pause before reverence and inconsistently retain the "u" in "Saviour," while eliminating it from other words of like ending. It is a pretty saying that a rose by another name would smell as sweet, but it is not true. Mary Jane would not be Mary Jane if called Maud, and nobody would recognize John addressed as Clarence. The reformers seem to establish the rightfulness of their cause and the absurdity of opposition by noting the evolution in spelling in the short time that has elapsed since this inscription was written for the most famous of known tombs:

> "Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbeare,
> To digg the dust encloased heare;
> Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
> And curst be he yt moves my bones."

But who would manifest the daring or have the heart to suggest the change of a single letter?

TUESDAY, *September 4.* Optimism Regaining Sway.

WE are really becoming optimistic. A year ago the country seemed to be a veritable den of iniquity. As exposure succeeded exposure, scandal had followed scandal so rapidly that one was left gasping for breath. Yellow journals could not be printed in sufficient numbers to satisfy the avidity of the masses. A muckrake had become the sole requisite of success in the making of

periodicals. Ignorance vied with irresponsibility in desperate reaching for notoriety, in emulation of a conscienceless gambler who had blazed a lurid way. Shame was written upon honest countenances; depression rested upon the American spirit; the very atmosphere was surcharged with portent. There came no sudden change, but with almost mechanical certainty the clouds lifted one by one, until at last it seems safe to declare that sanity has resumed its wonted sway. The period has been one of excessive trial but of inestimable service. Now, with a sigh of relief, the intelligent, patriotic citizen begins to feel satisfied that the greatest of evils in our business and political being have been revealed, and he can join with his fellows in demanding correction, not in haste or passion, but soberly, rationally, insistently. Already it is evident that mere negative virtue will no longer fill the requirement of political preferment; exceptional and proven high-mindedness is exacted, as the autumn elections will surely demonstrate. So, too, in business is apparent a deeper sense of personal responsibility and keener appreciation of the value of a fair name. To be honest rather than smart has become good form. Hence the gradual but obvious yielding of pessimism to a feeling almost buoyant. Presently, having taken our severe lesson permanently to heart and sternly resolved that never again shall arise the need of such another, we may, by the grace of God, be permitted again to see the sun in all its pristine glory.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER.

MARK TWAIN.

For information concerning this distinguished contributor, the reader is referred to the body of the REVIEW, which, during the coming year, will contain chapters selected from his Autobiography.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

is one of the best known of living American authors. He was born in New Orleans in 1852, and studied at Columbia College, where he graduated in 1871. He was admitted to the New York bar, but he turned from law to literature, to which, for many years, he has devoted an indefatigable and versatile pen. In 1892, he was appointed Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University. He is prominent among the supporters of the so-called "spelling-reform" movement.

JOHN BARRETT.

There is probably no American who has done more than Mr. Barrett to make this country appreciate its great opportunities and responsibilities in the lands that border the eastern shore of the Pacific. For years he has devoted himself closely to the study of the Far East, and of the methods by which the conditions existing in that part of the world can best be turned to account for the advantage of America. From 1894 to 1898, he was United States Minister to Siam, and in a successful effort to secure a settlement of an American claim against that country he obtained the first clear interpretation of the scope of extra-territorial jurisdiction in Asia—a service for which he was specially thanked by the President of the United States. He was one of the United States Delegates to the second International Conference of American Republics held in the City of Mexico. He was American Minister to Argentina in 1903-4 and to Panama

in 1904-5. Since May 1, 1905, he has been American Minister to Colombia.

Ida Husted Harper

is an Indiana woman of New England parentage. She studied at the University of Indiana and, later, took almost an entire course at Leland Stanford University. She has travelled extensively and written for many of the leading newspapers and magazines. For several years she was one of the editors of "The Indianapolis News," and for five years edited a department in "The New York Sun." Mrs. Harper prepared a State monograph for the Columbian Exposition, and read papers before several of the Congresses. In 1899 she was sent to the International Council of Women in London as speaker on "The Women Journalists of the United States" and was elected Chairman of the International Press Committee. She was delegate and speaker at the International Council of Women which met in Berlin in 1904. Mrs. Harper is author of the "Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony," and, jointly with Miss Anthony, of the last volume of "The History of Woman Suffrage."

Urbain Gohier

has made himself famous — his enemies say infamous — in France by his vigorous attacks on the military spirit and on the present Continental system of obligatory military service. He may be considered the leader of the extreme wing of the anti-military party in France. He has been brought before the courts several times for his attacks on the army. M. Gohier's volume, "*L'Armée contre la Nation,*" has gone through many editions, and is considered the most vigorous presentation of the abuses in the French army that has ever been printed. He was tried for this work, but acquitted by the jury. He was also brought to trial for violently attacking the Sultan on the subject of the Armenian atrocities. But the Turkish Embassy at Paris thought it wise not to push the matter to a conclusion, as it was plain that M. Gohier was sure to be acquitted.

Charles A. Conant,

Treasurer of the Morton Trust Company, has long been a student of monetary and economic problems, and has written several books on such subjects, including "A History of

Modern Banks of Issue, with an Account of the Economic Crises of the Present Century," "The United States in the Orient: the Nature of the Economic Problem," etc. In 1901, Mr. Conant was appointed by Secretary Root Special Commissioner to the Philippines, to investigate coinage and banking conditions there. His report in favor of a gold-exchange standard was adopted in principle in the Philippine Coinage Act. At the invitation of the Mexican government, Mr. Conant visited Mexico in March, 1903, with Professor Jenks of Cornell and Mr. Edward Brush of New York, to confer with a committee on the reform of the currency and the best means of securing the cooperation of other Powers in giving stability to the currency of the silver-using countries. His appointment on the American Commission was in part an outgrowth of his familiarity with the subject thus gained.

ARTHUR BRISBANE,

widely known as one of the most brilliant of American editors and writers, was born in Buffalo in 1863. He was educated in the public schools, and spent five years studying in France and Germany. In 1883, he joined "The New York Sun" as reporter, and later became the London correspondent of that paper. For some time he was editor of "The Evening Sun," and he was connected with "The New York World" for seven years as managing editor of different departments. Since 1897, he has been editor of "The New York Evening Journal."

ANDREW CARNEGIE

is no stranger to the readers of the REVIEW, to whom he has given frequent proof that the vast industrial enterprises which were created by his genius were not great enough to absorb his intellectual energies. Though born in Scotland, he is an ardent American and an enthusiastic admirer of the principles upon which the Republic was founded. His philanthropic works are known of all men. Indeed, the United States and his native land are studded with monuments of his munificence, in the shape of free libraries and other institutions of a similar kind, which are designed to further the education and general advancement of the people. Among the most signal of his services to mankind will be reckoned

the foundation of a Peace Palace at The Hague, destined to be the permanent home of the international Court of Arbitration.

FAUSTINO GUERRA PUENTE,

or General Pino Guerra, is the leader of the Cuban *Alzados* or Insurrectionists, and is in command of one of the most formidable bands of insurgents engaged in armed revolt against the Palma Government.

F. TREVOR HILL

is a member of the New York bar. He was born in Brooklyn in 1866, educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and graduated from Yale in 1887 and from the Columbia Law School in 1889. With S. P. Griffin he wrote "Miniatures of Balzac," and he is the author of a number of novels, including "The Minority," "The Web" and "The Accomplice."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

is a native of Liverpool, England. He was engaged in business for seven years, but abandoned business for literature. For some time he has resided in the United States, devoting himself to journalism and literary work. Among the works which bear his name are "Painted Shadows," "Odes from the Divan of Hafiz," "An Old Country House," "Perseus and Andromeda," "Sleeping Beauty," "The Life Romantic," "Rudyard Kipling, A Criticism" and "George Meredith."

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

was born in Chicago. She is the daughter of a Unitarian minister, and was educated in France, Germany and England. Later, she studied for two years at the Conservatory of Leipzig, and for two years in Birmingham, England. She has lived in Virginia since 1887, and has been a contributor to "East and West," "The Chap-Book," "The Century," "The Outlook," "Poet-Lore," "The Times-Democrat" of New Orleans, "The Boston Transcript" and "The Evening Post" of New York. For several years, she has been a reader and adviser of one of the leading publishing houses, and has regularly contributed editorials to "Harper's Weekly."

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY—II*.

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

II.

MY experiences as an author began early in 1867. I came to New York from San Francisco in the first month of that year and presently Charles H. Webb, whom I had known in San Francisco as a reporter on *The Bulletin,* and afterward editor of *The Californian,* suggested that I publish a volume of sketches. I had but a slender reputation to publish it on, but I was charmed and excited by the suggestion and quite willing to venture it if some industrious person would save me the trouble of gathering the sketches together. I was loath to do it myself, for from the beginning of my sojourn in this world there was a persistent vacancy in me where the industry ought to be. ("Ought to was"

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is better, perhaps, though the most of the authorities differ as to this.)

Webb said I had some reputation in the Atlantic States, but I knew quite well that it must be of a very attenuated sort. What there was of it rested upon the story of "The Jumping Frog." When Artemus Ward passed through California on a lecturing tour, in 1865 or '66, I told him the "Jumping Frog" story, in San Francisco, and he asked me to write it out and send it to his publisher, Carleton, in New York, to be used in padding out a small book which Artemus had prepared for the press and which needed some more stuffing to make it big enough for the price which was to be charged for it.

It reached Carleton in time, but he didn't think much of it, and was not willing to go to the typesetting expense of adding it to the book. He did not put it in the waste-basket, but made Henry Clapp a present of it, and Clapp used it to help out the funeral of his dying literary journal, *The Saturday Press*. "The Jumping Frog" appeared in the last number of that paper, was the most joyous feature of the obsequies, and was at once copied in the newspapers of America and England. It certainly had a wide celebrity, and it still had it at the time that I am speaking of—but I was aware that it was only the frog that was celebrated. It wasn't I. I was still an obscurity.

Webb undertook to collate the sketches. He performed this office, then handed the result to me, and I went to Carleton's establishment with it. I approached a clerk and he bent eagerly over the counter to inquire into my needs; but when he found that I had come to sell a book and not to buy one, his temperature fell sixty degrees, and the old-gold intrenchments in the roof of my mouth contracted three-quarters of an inch and my teeth fell out. I meekly asked the privilege of a word with Mr. Carleton, and was coldly informed that he was in his private office. Discouragements and difficulties followed, but after a while I got by the frontier and entered the holy of holies. Ah, now I remember how I managed it! Webb had made an appointment for me with Carleton; otherwise I never should have gotten over that frontier. Carleton rose and said brusquely and aggressively,

"Well, what can I do for you?"

I reminded him that I was there by appointment to offer him my book for publication. He began to swell, and went on swell-

ing and swelling and swelling until he had reached the dimensions of a god of about the second or third degree. Then the fountains of his great deep were broken up, and for two or three minutes I couldn't see him for the rain. It was words, only words, but they fell so densely that they darkened the atmosphere. Finally he made an imposing sweep with his right hand, which comprehended the whole room and said,

"Books—look at those shelves! Every one of them is loaded with books that are waiting for publication. Do I want any more? Excuse me, I don't. Good morning."

Twenty-one years elapsed before I saw Carleton again. I was then sojourning with my family at the Schweitzerhof, in Luzerne. He called on me, shook hands cordially, and said at once, without any preliminaries,

"I am substantially an obscure person, but I have at least one distinction to my credit of such colossal dimensions that it entitles me to immortality—to wit: I refused a book of yours, and for this I stand without competitor as the prize ass of the nineteenth century."

It was a most handsome apology, and I told him so, and said it was a long-delayed revenge but was sweeter to me than any other that could be devised; that during the lapsed twenty-one years I had in fancy taken his life several times every year, and always in new and increasingly cruel and inhuman ways, but that now I was pacified, appeased, happy, even jubilant; and that thenceforth I should hold him my true and valued friend and never kill him again.

I reported my adventure to Webb, and he bravely said that not all the Carletons in the universe should defeat that book; he would publish it himself on a ten per cent. royalty. And so he did. He brought it out in blue and gold, and made a very pretty little book of it. I think he named it "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and Other Sketches," price $1.25. He made the plates and printed and bound the book through a job-printing house, and published it through the American News Company.

In June I sailed in the *Quaker City* Excursion. I returned in November, and in Washington found a letter from Elisha Bliss, of the American Publishing Company of Hartford, offering me five per cent. royalty on a book which should recount the adventures of the Excursion. In lieu of the royalty, I was offered the al-

ternative of ten thousand dollars cash upon delivery of the manuscript. I consulted A. D. Richardson and he said "take the royalty." I followed his advice and closed with Bliss. By my contract I was to deliver the manuscript in July of 1868. I wrote the book in San Francisco and delivered the manuscript within contract time. Bliss provided a multitude of illustrations for the book, and then stopped work on it. The contract date for the issue went by, and there was no explanation of this. Time drifted along and still there was no explanation. I was lecturing all over the country; and about thirty times a day, on an average, I was trying to answer this conundrum:

"When is your book coming out?"

I got tired of inventing new answers to that question, and by and by I got horribly tired of the question itself. Whoever asked it became my enemy at once, and I was usually almost eager to make that appear.

As soon as I was free of the lecture-field I hastened to Hartford to make inquiries. Bliss said that the fault was not his; that he wanted to publish the book but the directors of his Company were staid old fossils and were afraid of it. They had examined the book, and the majority of them were of the opinion that there were places in it of a humorous character. Bliss said the house had never published a book that had a suspicion like that attaching to it, and that the directors were afraid that a departure of this kind would seriously injure the house's reputation; that he was tied hand and foot, and was not permitted to carry out his contract. One of the directors, a Mr. Drake—at least he was the remains of what had once been a Mr. Drake—invited me to take a ride with him in his buggy, and I went along. He was a pathetic old relic, and his ways and his talk were also pathetic. He had a delicate purpose in view and it took him some time to hearten himself sufficiently to carry it out, but at last he accomplished it. He explained the house's difficulty and distress, as Bliss had already explained it. Then he frankly threw himself and the house upon my mercy and begged me to take away "The Innocents Abroad" and release the concern from the contract. I said I wouldn't—and so ended the interview and the buggy excursion. Then I warned Bliss that he must get to work or I should make trouble. He acted upon the warning, and set up the book and I read the proofs. Then there was another long

wait and no explanation. At last toward the end of July (1869, I think), I lost patience and telegraphed Bliss that if the book was not on sale in twenty-four hours I should bring suit for damages.

That ended the trouble. Half a dozen copies were bound and placed on sale within the required time. Then the canvassing began, and went briskly forward. In nine months the book took the publishing house out of debt, advanced its stock from twenty-five to two hundred, and left seventy thousand dollars profit to the good. It was Bliss that told me this—but if it was true, it was the first time that he had told the truth in sixty-five years. He was born in 1804.

III.

. . . This was in 1849. I was fourteen years old, then. We were still living in Hannibal, Missouri, on the banks of the Mississippi, in the new "frame" house built by my father five years before. That is, some of us lived in the new part, the rest in the old part back of it—the "L." In the autumn my sister gave a party, and invited all the marriageable young people of the village. I was too young for this society, and was too bashful to mingle with young ladies, anyway, therefore I was not invited—at least not for the whole evening. Ten minutes of it was to be my whole share. I was to do the part of a bear in a small fairy play. I was to be disguised all over in a close-fitting brown hairy stuff proper for a bear. About half past ten I was told to go to my room and put on this disguise, and be ready in half an hour. I started, but changed my mind; for I wanted to practise a little, and that room was very small. I crossed over to the large unoccupied house on the corner of Main and Hill streets,* unaware that a dozen of the young people were also going there to dress for their parts. I took the little black slave boy, Sandy, with me, and we selected a roomy and empty chamber on the second floor. We entered it talking, and this gave a couple of half-dressed young ladies an opportunity to take refuge behind a screen undiscovered. Their gowns and things were hanging on hooks behind the door, but I did not see them; it was Sandy that shut the door, but all his heart was in the theatricals, and he was as unlikely to notice them as I was myself.

That was a rickety screen, with many holes in it, but as I did

* That house still stands.

not know there were girls behind it, I was not disturbed by that detail. If I had known, I could not have undressed in the flood of cruel moonlight that was pouring in at the curtainless windows; I should have died of shame. Untroubled by apprehensions, I stripped to the skin and began my practice. I was full of ambition; I was determined to make a hit; I was burning to establish a reputation as a bear and get further engagements; so I threw myself into my work with an abandon that promised great things. I capered back and forth from one end of the room to the other on all fours, Sandy applauding with enthusiasm; I walked upright and growled and snapped and snarled; I stood on my head, I flung handsprings, I danced a lubberly dance with my paws bent and my imaginary snout sniffing from side to side; I did everything a bear could do, and many things which no bear could ever do and no bear with any dignity would want to do, anyway; and of course I never suspected that I was making a spectacle of myself to any one but Sandy. At last, standing on my head, I paused in that attitude to take a minute's rest. There was a moment's silence, then Sandy spoke up with excited interest and said—

"Marse Sam, has you ever seen a smoked herring?"

"No. What is that?"

"It's a fish."

"Well, what of it? Anything peculiar about it?"

"Yes, suh, you bet you dey is. *Dey eats 'em guts and all!*"

There was a smothered burst of feminine snickers from behind the screen! All the strength went out of me and I toppled forward like an undermined tower and brought the screen down with my weight, burying the young ladies under it. In their fright they discharged a couple of piercing screams—and possibly others, but I did not wait to count. I snatched my clothes and fled to the dark hall below, Sandy following. I was dressed in half a minute, and out the back way. I swore Sandy to eternal silence, then we went away and hid until the party was over. The ambition was all out of me. I could not have faced that giddy company after my adventure, for there would be two performers there who knew my secret, and would be privately laughing at me all the time. I was searched for but not found, and the bear had to be played by a young gentleman in his civilized clothes. The house was still and everybody asleep when I finally ventured home. I

was very heavy-hearted, and full of a sense of disgrace. Pinned to my pillow I found a slip of paper which bore a line that did not lighten my heart, but only made my face burn. It was written in a laboriously disguised hand, and these were its mocking terms:

"You probably couldn't have played *bear,* but you played *bare* very well—oh, very very well!"

We think boys are rude, unsensitive animals, but it is not so in all cases. Each boy has one or two sensitive spots, and if you can find out where they are located you have only to touch them and you can scorch him as with fire. I suffered miserably over that episode. I expected that the facts would be all over the village in the morning, but it was not so. The secret remained confined to the two girls and Sandy and me. That was some appeasement of my pain, but it was far from sufficient—the main trouble remained: I was under four mocking eyes, and it might as well have been a thousand, for I suspected all girls' eyes of being the ones I so dreaded. During several weeks I could not look any young lady in the face; I dropped my eyes in confusion when any one of them smiled upon me and gave me greeting; and I said to myself, "*That is one of them,*" and got quickly away. Of course I was meeting the right girls everywhere, but if they ever let slip any betraying sign I was not bright enough to catch it. When I left Hannibal four years later, the secret was still a secret; I had never guessed those girls out, and was no longer expecting to do it. Nor wanting to, either.

One of the dearest and prettiest girls in the village at the time of my mishap was one whom I will call Mary Wilson, because that was not her name. She was twenty years old; she was dainty and sweet, peach-bloomy and exquisite, gracious and lovely in character, and I stood in awe of her, for she seemed to me to be made out of angel-clay and rightfully unapproachable by an unholy ordinary kind of a boy like me. I probably never suspected her. But—

The scene changes. To Calcutta — forty-seven years later. It was in 1896. I arrived there on my lecturing trip. As I entered the hotel a divine vision passed out of it, clothed in the glory of the Indian sunshine—the Mary Wilson of my long-vanished boyhood! It was a startling thing. Before I could recover from the bewildering shock and speak to her she was gone. I thought maybe I had seen an apparition, but it was not so, she

was flesh. She was the granddaughter of the other Mary, the original Mary. That Mary, now a widow, was up-stairs, and presently sent for me. She was old and gray-haired, but she looked young and was very handsome. We sat down and talked. We steeped our thirsty souls in the reviving wine of the past, the beautiful past, the dear and lamented past; we uttered the names that had been silent upon our lips for fifty years, and it was as if they were made of music; with reverent hands we unburied our dead, the mates of our youth, and caressed them with our speech; we searched the dusty chambers of our memories and dragged forth incident after incident, episode after episode, folly after folly, and laughed such good laughs over them, with the tears running down; and finally Mary said suddenly, and without any leading up—

"Tell me! What is the special peculiarity of smoked herrings?"

It seemed a strange question at such a hallowed time as this. And so inconsequential, too. I was a little shocked. And yet I was aware of a stir of some kind away back in the deeps of my memory somewhere. It set me to musing—thinking—searching. Smoked herrings. Smoked herrings. The peculiarity of smo. . . . I glanced up. Her face was grave, but there was a dim and shadowy twinkle in her eye which— All of a sudden I knew! and far away down in the hoary past I heard a remembered voice murmur, "Dey eats 'em guts and all!"

"At—last! I've found one of you, anyway! Who was the other girl?"

But she drew the line there. She wouldn't tell me.

IV.

. . . But it was on a bench in Washington Square that I saw the most of Louis Stevenson. It was an outing that lasted an hour or more, and was very pleasant and sociable. I had come with him from his house, where I had been paying my respects to his family. His business in the Square was to absorb the sunshine. He was most scantily furnished with flesh, his clothes seemed to fall into hollows as if there might be nothing inside but the frame for a sculptor's statue. His long face and lank hair and dark complexion and musing and melancholy expression seemed to fit these details justly and harmoniously, and the alto-

gether of it seemed especially planned to gather the rays of your observation and focalize them upon Stevenson's special distinction and commanding feature, his splendid eyes. They burned with a smouldering rich fire under the penthouse of his brows, and they made him beautiful.

. . . . . .

I said I thought he was right about the others, but mistaken as to Bret Harte; in substance I said that Harte was good company and a thin but pleasant talker; that he was always bright, but never brilliant; that in this matter he must not be classed with Thomas Bailey Aldrich, nor must any other man, ancient or modern; that Aldrich was always witty, always brilliant, if there was anybody present capable of striking his flint at the right angle; that Aldrich was as sure and prompt and unfailing as the red-hot iron on the blacksmith's anvil—you had only to hit it competently to make it deliver an explosion of sparks. I added—

"Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt and pithy and witty and humorous sayings. None has equalled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he couldn't help it, he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around in him; when he speaks the diamonds flash. Yes, he was always brilliant, he will always be brilliant; he will be brilliant in hell—you will see."

Stevenson, smiling a chuckly smile, "I hope not."

"Well, you will, and he will dim even those ruddy fires and look like a transfigured Adonis backed against a pink sunset."

. . . . . .

There on that bench we struck out a new phrase—one or the other of us, I don't remember which—"submerged renown." Variations were discussed: "submerged fame," "submerged reputation," and so on, and a choice was made; "submerged renown" was elected, I believe. This important matter rose out of an incident which had been happening to Stevenson in Albany. While in a book-shop or book-stall there he had noticed a long rank of small books, cheaply but neatly gotten up, and bearing such titles as "Davis's Selected Speeches," "Davis's Selected Poetry," Davis's this and Davis's that and Davis's the other thing; compilations, every one of them, each with a brief, compact, intelligent

and useful introductory chapter by this same Davis, whose first name I have forgotten. Stevenson had begun the matter with this question:

"Can you name the American author whose fame and acceptance stretch widest in the States?"

I thought I could, but it did not seem to me that it would be modest to speak out, in the circumstances. So I diffidently said nothing. Stevenson noticed, and said—

"Save your delicacy for another time—you are not the one. For a shilling you can't name the American author of widest note and popularity in the States. But I can."

Then he went on and told about that Albany incident. He had inquired of the shopman—

"Who is this Davis?"

The answer was—

"An author whose books have to have freight-trains to carry them, not baskets. Apparently you have not heard of him?"

Stevenson said no, this was the first time. The man said—

"Nobody has heard of Davis: you may ask all around and you will see. You never see his name mentioned in print, not even in advertisement; these things are of no use to Davis, not any more than they are to the wind and the sea. You never see one of Davis's books floating on top of the United States, but put on your diving armor and get yourself lowered away down and down and down till you strike the dense region, the sunless region of eternal drudgery and starvation wages—there you'll find them by the million. The man that gets that market, his fortune is made, his bread and butter are safe, for those people will never go back on him. An author may have a reputation which is confined to the surface, and lose it and become pitied, then despised, then forgotten, entirely forgotten—the frequent steps in a surface reputation. A surface reputation, however great, is always mortal, and always killable if you go at it right—with pins and needles, and quiet slow poison, not with the club and tomahawk. But it is a different matter with the submerged reputation—down in the deep water; once a favorite there, always a favorite; once beloved, always beloved; once respected, always respected, honored, and believed in. For, what the reviewer says never finds its way down into those placid deeps; nor the newspaper sneers, nor any breath of the winds of slander blowing above. Down there they

never hear of these things. Their idol may be painted clay, up there at the surface, and fade and waste and crumble and blow away, there being much weather there; but down below he is gold and adamant and indestructible."

V.

This is from this morning's paper:

MARK TWAIN LETTER SOLD.

Written to Thomas Nast, it Proposed a Joint Tour.

A Mark Twain autograph letter brought $43 yesterday at the auction by the Merwin-Clayton Company of the library and correspondence of the late Thomas Nast, cartoonist. The letter is nine pages note-paper, is dated Hartford, Nov. 12, 1877, and is addressed to Nast. It reads in part as follows:

HARTFORD, *Nov. 12.*

MY DEAR NAST: I did not think I should ever stand on a platform again until the time was come for me to say I die innocent. But the same old offers keep arriving that have arriven every year, and been every year declined—$500 for Louisville, $500 for St. Louis, $1,000 gold for two nights in Toronto, half gross proceeds for New York, Boston, Brooklyn, &c. I have declined them all just as usual, though sorely tempted as usual.

Now, I do not decline because I mind talking to an audience, but because (1) travelling alone is so heart-breakingly dreary, and (2) shouldering the whole show is such cheer-killing responsibility.

Therefore I now propose to you what you proposed to me in November, 1867—ten years ago, (when I was unknown,) viz.; That you should stand on the platform and make pictures, and I stand by you and blackguard the audience. I should enormously enjoy meandering around (to big towns—don't want to go to little ones) with you for company.

The letter includes a schedule of cities and the number of appearances planned for each.

This is as it should be. This is worthy of all praise. I say it myself lest other competent persons should forget to do it. It appears that four of my ancient letters were sold at auction, three of them at twenty-seven dollars, twenty-eight dollars, and twenty-nine dollars respectively, and the one above mentioned at forty-three dollars. There is one very gratifying circumstance about this, to wit: that my literature has more than held its own as regards money value through this stretch of thirty-six years. I judge that the forty-three-dollar letter must have gone at about ten cents a word, whereas if I had written it to-day its market

rate would be thirty cents—so I have increased in value two or three hundred per cent. I note another gratifying circumstance —that a letter of General Grant's sold at something short of eighteen dollars. I can't rise to General Grant's lofty place in the estimation of this nation, but it is a deep happiness to me to know that when it comes to epistolary literature he can't sit in the front seat along with me.

This reminds me—nine years ago, when we were living in Tedworth Square, London, a report was cabled to the American journals that I was dying. I was not the one. It was another Clemens, a cousin of mine,—Dr. J. Ross Clemens, now of St. Louis—who was due to die but presently escaped, by some chicanery or other characteristic of the tribe of Clemens. The London representatives of the American papers began to flock in, with American cables in their hands, to inquire into my condition. There was nothing the matter with me, and each in his turn was astonished, and disappointed, to find me reading and smoking in my study and worth next to nothing as a text for transatlantic news. One of these men was a gentle and kindly and grave and sympathetic Irishman, who hid his sorrow the best he could, and tried to look glad, and told me that his paper, the *Evening Sun*, had cabled him that it was reported in New York that I was dead. What should he cable in reply? I said—

"Say the report is greatly exaggerated."

He never smiled, but went solemnly away and sent the cable in those words. The remark hit the world pleasantly, and to this day it keeps turning up, now and then, in the newspapers when people have occasion to discount exaggerations.

The next man was also an Irishman. He had his New York cablegram in his hand—from the New York *World*—and he was so evidently trying to get around that cable with invented softnesses and palliations that my curiosity was aroused and I wanted to see what it did really say. So when occasion offered I slipped it out of his hand. It said,

"If Mark Twain dying send five hundred words. If dead send a thousand."

Now that old letter of mine sold yesterday for forty-three dollars. When I am dead it will be worth eighty-six.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be continued.)

REFORM AND REFORMERS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

When a notorious Tammany official went on the stump and cried "To Hell with Reform," many simple folk were shocked and many less simple pretended to be shocked. But the blatant spoilsman was only voicing violently a sentiment which must often have been felt, more or less clearly, by many an honest man who happened to be endowed with a full share of the invaluable quality for which we have no better name than "sense-of-humor." It was this sentiment which moved Curtis (recalling the Brook Farmers) to assert that "no wise man is long a Reformer, for wisdom sees plainly that growth is steady, sure, and neither condemns nor rejects what is or has been," whereas "Reform is organized distrust." It was this sentiment which moved Lowell (having Garrison in mind) to declare that "there never has been a leader of Reform who was not also a blackguard."

In the "Blithedale Romance," Hawthorne, drawing on his experiences with the same group of enthusiasts that Curtis had associated with, warns us that "no sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he live exclusively among Reformers and progressive people, without periodically returning into the settled system of things, to correct himself by a new observation from that old standpoint." The biographer of Parkman tells us how that clear-eyed and high-minded historian was ever ready to "ride hard against idealists and Reformers," holding that transcendentalism was weakening to common sense and dangerous to practical aims. "The ideal Reformer," said Parkman, "is generally a nuisance when he tries to deal with the broad and many-sided questions involved in the government of nations." Colonel Higginson, after a wide experience of women and men, has assured us that "Reformers are like Eskimo dogs, which must be hitched to the

sledge each by a separate thong; if put in a common harness, they turn and eat each other up." And Emerson, after declaring that he liked best "the strong and worthy persons who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving," asserted that "the professed philanthropists, it is strange and horrible to say, are an altogether odious set of people whom one would shun as the worst of bores and canters."

Here is a striking unanimity of opinion, and if we are justified in suspecting a sinister motive in the frank desire of the Tammany office-seeker to send below the thing he had reason to hate, we can impute no mean motive to Lowell, to Curtis and to Higginson, who proved themselves active in good works. And if Hawthorne and Parkman and Emerson were never actual leaders in any specific improvement of public affairs, we know them as men of lofty character and of transparent sincerity. Why is it that these men, the very stuff out of which heroic chiefs are made, seem to be united in disliking and in distrusting not only the noble army of Reformers but also the sacred cause of Reform itself? They, at least, had no personal reason to think ill of it; they had no occasion to fear it; they were ever ready to do what might lie in their power to help along the millennium; and, if they held these hostile or contemptuous opinions, we may rest assured they had good and sufficient reasons.

It is not, of course, that they are not friends of progress and that they would not subscribe to Professor William James's declaration that "for morality, life is a war, and the service of the highest is a sort of cosmic patriotism, which also calls for volunteers." It is not that they would hesitate to approve of Whittier's advice to a youth of fifteen: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause." It is not that they were eager to renounce the doctrines of the Puritans and to adopt the practices of the Impuritans. It is not that they were prepared to accept as their own the bitter remark attributed to the late Thomas B. Reed, "When Dr. Johnson said that Patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel, he did not foresee the infinite possibilities of the word Reform." But although Lowell and Curtis and Higginson might not be prepared to echo the sharp saying of that cynical but devoted public servant, none of them would fail to understand what Reed meant and to appreciate the reasons which moved him to say it.

In any attempt to explain this attitude of theirs the first suggestion which forces itself on us is, that the Reformer is very likely to be lacking in the sense-of-humor, without which a man is more or less incapacitated from getting along comfortably with his fellows. By the very fact that he has set his heart upon the accomplishment of a single improvement, he has reduced his sense of proportion. He is likely to resemble the character in Ibsen's "Wild Duck," who is described as "suffering from chronic integrity in an acute form"; and he tends to have a certain likeness also to the character in Turgeneff's "Dimitri Roudine," who took himself so seriously that "he looked like his own statue erected by a national subscription." He feels himself exalted by the elevation of his own aim in life; and it is hard for him not to become convinced that he is right and always right, whereas the rest of the inhabitants of the globe are wrong and always wrong. Slowly but surely, as the years roll by, he comes to the conclusion that he alone possesses the secret of wisdom, and that he alone holds the universe by the tail.

When Charles Sumner was elected Senator, Theodore Parker wrote him, "I hope you will build on the Rock of Ages, and look to Eternity for your justification." Now, when a man is looking to Eternity and building on the Rock of Ages he may very easily accept himself as a prophet and believe that his denunciation of evil is the result of direct inspiration. In time, as he finds his burning words wasted on stubborn ears, he may be moved to the increasing virulence of invective which is prone to call forth, though never to justify, the retaliatory brutality of personal assault. Reform is tarnished, as Religion is stained, when those who declare themselves its followers discover themselves to be lacking in the ordinary decencies of civilization. There is no denying that there are to-day among the so-called anti-Imperialists and among those who are now urging Total Abstinence, as there were half a century ago among the Anti-slavery leaders, not a few, in good standing among their conscientious associates, who have proved themselves reckless in misrepresentation and malignant in imputing evil motives to their opponents. Apparently, some of those who plant themselves on a lofty pinnacle far above the common herd of mankind, to proclaim a higher rule of life than that which the rest of the world seems willing to accept, feel themselves thereby freed from the obligations prescribed for us

all by every-day courtesy, and sometimes even from those imposed by common honesty.

Something of the same unscrupulousness, due to intensity of conviction, has been discovered also in certain religious enthusiasts; and George Eliot,—so Mr. G. J. Holyoake has recently recorded,—held it as a solemn conviction, the result of a lifetime of observation, that, in proportion as the thoughts of men and women are removed from the earth in which they live to an invisible world, they are led to neglect their duty to each other. Whether this opinion of the emancipated novelist is well founded or not, there is justification for the belief that those who focus their thoughts on a single object, in which the rest of us take a less lively interest, and which is to be achieved only by protracted agitation, are very likely to be led after a while to see this single object out of all proportion and overshadowing everything else in the world. In time, opposition enrages them; and they begin to feel that it can be due only to the malign influence of a personal devil. They are firmly assured that he who is not with them is against them; and they are no longer in doubt that he who is against them is an enemy of mankind. Thus it was that Garrison, never a lovely character, was moved to denounce the Constitution of the United States, as "a league with Death and a covenant with Hell." In violence, as in vocabulary, this is really not so very unlike the Tammany outcry, "To Hell with Reform."

Even when the sincere Reformer of this type, the disinterested and public-spirited citizen, is able to refrain from vulgar outbreaks of temper, he may yet yield to the temptation of despising the heads and the hearts of all those who fail to be moved by his appeals and who refuse to look at the world from his special standpoint. It is difficult indeed for him not to feel self-satisfaction in his own superior sagacity and in his own more sensitive integrity; and this self-satisfaction is perilously close to conceit. By the very fact that he sees a need for action which others fail to see, he can hardly help thinking himself more far-sighted than the average. By the very act of taking trouble for the general good, when his fellows stand by inert, he is forced to find himself more public-spirited than other citizens. He is sorely tempted to regard his own coterie of come-outers as the sole reservoirs of virtue and of wisdom.

This leads him to resent bitterly all adverse criticism of his

acts; and it brings him sometimes to the verge of unscrupulousness. Conscious of his own rectitude, convinced of his own disinterestedness, assured of his own sagacity, devoted to the duty of hastening the delayed triumph of his cause, he is sometimes brought to accept the indefensible theory that the end justifies the means. He is sometimes only too willing to "fight the devil with fire." Now, a good man, who was also a wise man, would know that no maxim is falser than that which suggests this method of battling with Satan. Fire is the devil's own element, and he has never any fear of the flames. What he flees from is holy water; and the Reformer who allows the adversary the choice of weapons is a dead man before the ground is paced for the duel.

The Reformer of this type, sincere as he may be, devoted and disinterested, often narrows his outlook till he loses all sense of proportion; and, when violence of speech is followed by unscrupulousness of action, the last state of that man is worse than the first. As he develops these unamiable qualities he is increasingly unlikely to endear himself to his fellow men; and he is thereby thrown back on his associates, many of them already infected with similar failings. Or he is forced to fellowship with himself alone; and thus he is in danger of developing the deadly disease which has aptly been termed "moral egotism." As a shrewd observer has pointed out, "no egotism is so vulnerable as moral egotism; and in no field of action—not even in religion—is its influence more hurtful than in politics." Against this moral egotism few Reformers are immune, only those of complete sanity of body and mind, only those indeed whom nature has happily protected by a double proportion of that universal aseptic for which we have only an inadequate name—"the sense-of-humor."

After all, "the best of men are but men at their best," as the Puritan soldier said long ago; and Reformers of this type, ardent and sincere, although often violent and sometimes unscrupulous, need to be separated sharply from Reformers of another type, who almost justify Emerson's dismissal of them as "canters." Not quite do they justify it; for, although their purpose is less single and although their public spirit is contaminated by self-seeking, they are not altogether humbugs, and they do really believe in what they preach. They are honestly interested in the Reform they are advocating, even though they are far more interested in themselves. They urge it partly for its own sake, no

doubt, but partly also that they may claim credit to themselves for its accomplishment. They do not so much identify themselves with the movement as they identify the movement with themselves. They wish to see the cause conquer, but they are even more eager to push themselves into the best places in the triumphal procession,—not too far behind the big drum. They are ever voluble in interviews and vociferous on the platform; and they are never afraid to march up to the camera's mouth.

Far more than the over-strenuous enthusiasts of the first type do these self-advertising notoriety-seekers of this second type bring discredit on the movements with which they see their advantage in associating themselves. Even if they are not wholly hypocrites, they stand forth offensive in the sight of man. They justify Emerson's liking for "the strong and worthy persons who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving." They justify the hearty contempt which the better class of practical politicians, who are unpretentiously engaged in real work, so often express toward Reformers in general, and which the late Mr. Reed crystallized in the cynical saying already quoted. They are the originals of the sham Reformer whom Ibsen set on the stage in Stensgaard and whom Sardou satirized as Rabagas—although they often have commingled with their self-seeking somewhat more honesty of purpose than we find in the contemptible creatures etched by the Norwegian dramatist and by the Parisian playwright.

They are not plain hypocrites, like Tartuffe, for not only do they lack the depth of that appalling personality, but they are sincere, even if they are shallow. With them Reform is no mere cloak, snatched up hurriedly in the hour of need; it is the garment they have chosen to clothe themselves in, that they may take part in the parade. They are really soldiers in the cause whose uniform they wear, and they are volunteers also, but they have an eye to the bounty and to the pension. That they are marching forward with the flag never prevents them from seeking their own profit, often in devious ways. Some of the most contemptible intriguing it was ever my misfortune to behold was the work of one who was forever "holding high the banner of the Ideal"; and quite the most contemptible act of selfish cowardice within my knowledge was committed by one who stood before the public as the very embodiment of Reform, and who as a

Reformer was perfectly sincere, although undeniably self-seeking. When we come to contrast the two types of Reformer that have been considered, we find that it is difficult to draw a precise line marking off the one from the other. At the head of one type there is stalwart disinterestedness, and at the foot of the other there is shallow self-seeking, but in the middle they shade into each other by imperceptible degrees, since there is often more than a suspicion of self-esteem in the one and more than a leaven of sincerity in the other.

A third type there is, which it is not easy to set off sharply from the second. In this third class, we find the men whose fervor in behalf of a noble cause seems to have its source, more or less, in their desire to get into better company than their reputation would warrant. They seek to put forward their civic virtues as a plea in extenuation for their private looseness or their business laxity. They are the bad men who advocate one good thing, possibly because no man is absolutely bad, but more probably because they see in this advocacy a chance to associate themselves with good men, who would not otherwise be willing to fellowship with them. Reform makes strange bedfellows; and even men of the purest character are rarely over-particular in refusing the aid of voluntary allies whose own record is far from spotless. Perhaps it would be unfair to call them wolves in sheep's clothing, because the wolf rarely appears in that costume until after he has sated his hunger for lamb; but it is not unfair to describe them as black sheep who are seeking to smuggle themselves back into the flock of honest folk. Perhaps, again, it would not be just to dismiss them frankly as self-seeking hypocrites; but there is no injustice in suggesting that they are

> **"Ready to make up for sins they are inclined to**
> **By damning those they have no mind to."**

Sometimes they persist in their own evil practices, while denouncing virtuously the ill deeds of others. For instance, one of the newspapers of New York, which was foremost in proclaiming the necessity of abolishing the spoils system and of introducing the Australian ballot, was at that time the property of a notorious railroad wrecker, who was using its financial columns to support his own stock-jobbing. But more often than not they pretend to have abjured sack and to desire to live cleanly. They re-

semble certain heroines of the modern drama, in that they have "a past" which they want to have overlooked or condoned in the present. Thus, some years ago, there appeared as the chief advocate of a so-called legal reform a lawyer of commanding ability whose own indefensible practices as the counsel of Fisk and Gould had brought him perilously near to being disbarred.

Another example is even more significant. In one of the largest cities in the Union a few years ago, in a truce of the interminable campaign against municipal misrule, suddenly half a dozen young men projected themselves into view as the conspicuous champions of civic virtue in its austerest attitude. They stood up to be counted in favor of a procedure which did not commend itself to older and wiser leaders. They came out broadly in the full glare of the spot-light of newspaper notoriety. But who were these obscure Reformers who offered themselves up like imitators of Arnold of Winkelreid? However futile their act, at least their intention was worthy; and most people dismissed them from mind as merely misguided enthusiasts. But a gentleman with a wide acquaintance and a long memory happened to drop the remark in a club that it was not a little curious that two of these indiscreet Reformers had been partners in business with different friends of his, and that his friends had each of them been forced to dissolve the partnership from disapproval of the practices of the young men who were now prancing into the lists as knights of civic purity. He had mentioned no names; but another member of the club promptly spoke up and asked if Mr. So-and-so was meant, mentioning one of half a dozen. The answer was that Mr. So-and-so had not been in the mind of the first speaker. Whereupon the second said that Mr. So-and-so could be added to the other two; "He was my partner a few years ago, and I broke up the firm because I did not like the way he did business."

The examples of this type of Reformer are far less numerous than the examples of the two other types; but a Reform movement is singularly fortunate that has not among its adherents more than one man of this unworthy character, often thrusting himself into undue prominence. There is yet a fourth group, which is likely to be the largest of all, and also the least useful and the least estimable. This consists of the men and women who are forever longing for novelty for its own sake, and who wish

to see the established order change, merely because it is the established order, and merely because they themselves are too flighty to feel the need of keeping the ancient landmarks. They are not devoted to any one Reform in particular, but to all Reforms in general. They are wholly without the discrimination which warns us that, when a man is marching to a tune inaudible to others, he may be keeping step to the music of the spheres or he may be following the footsteps of the Rat-Wife.

They are the faddists, the freaks, the cranks, who take up with every passing whim of the moment and who tag themselves to the tail of every cause, whether it is wise or otherwise, incapable of espousing a true Reform for its merits, and ready to embrace a sham simply because it has been accepted by others as scatter-brained as they are themselves. To-day they may be vegetarians, who clothe themselves only in animal fibre; yesterday they revered the revelations of the spirit-rappers; to-morrow they will rely on absent treatment for the relief of chronic disease. They vaunt themselves as Theosophists for a season, only to appear the next year as Christian Scientists. We find them plentifully in the Salem witchcraft trials, in the more violent religious revivals, and again in the Transcendental movement. In the pages of Lowell's pungent papers on Thoreau, we have the brilliant record of his recollection of this riffraff of Reform as he had occasion to observe it in his youth. They cling to the skirts of every cause, impeding its advance and making it more or less ridiculous. Sometimes they are numerous enough to capture the control of the organization, which is sure to founder then, even if it was in sight of port. Sometimes they are weak-willed creatures who scarcely know what it is that they really want; and sometimes they are hysteric extremists who, in the apt phrase of the late Charles Dudley Warner, will not be satisfied until the President of the United States is a black woman.

When John Morrissey, prize-fighter and ward politician, once walked from his gambling-house at Saratoga to the town hall to size up a Reform convention then in session there, he came out promptly, declaring that he was not afraid of anything those fellows could do, since they were "only a lot of long-haired men and of short-haired women." What the ward politician treated with contempt, the practical man has no respect for. These feeble folk, light-witted and loud-voiced, are forever warning away the

hard-headed and strong-armed men of affairs, without whose sympathy no cause is likely to make much progress, and without whose active aid nothing lasting is likely to be accomplished. It is only when these men of affairs conquer their disgust for the creatures of this type, and ally themselves with the devoted enthusiasts of the first group, that any Reform begins really to have a chance of success. The enthusiasts supply the moral fervor, and the men of affairs supply the solid common sense, without an abundance of which nothing ever gets itself done in this world.

These men of affairs, not original enthusiasts and tardily converted by reasons which appealed to their intelligence, make up a fifth class of Reformer, the men interested in a specific cause and carrying it steadily to its final accomplishment without haste and without rest. They, and they alone, assure the victory. The original enthusiasts must convert them or nothing will happen; for until they are converted the case is hopeless. When they begin to join in sufficient numbers, the end is near; the cause is won, and the final triumph is then only a question of time. They are not the professed philanthropists whom Emerson shrank from; they are "the strong and worthy men who support the social order," but who have been made to see the danger of some special leak in the ship of state and who are willing to man the pumps and to lend a hand to the caulking, returning promptly to their own work whenever this single task is finished to their satisfaction. When they see that the time is come, they do not hesitate; they enlist "for three years or the war." They take up the good work, heartily, keeping their eye on that, and overcoming their distaste for the company they have to keep. They are resolved to get the job done, even if they have to labor by the side of the freak and of the fraud, of the wild-eyed crank and of the semi-repentant crook.

Mr. Morley tells us that Gladstone had "none of that detachment often found among superior minds, which we honor for its disinterestedness, even while we lament its impotence in result." In other words, Gladstone was a practical politician. He was constructive, and not merely critical. He was not a moral egotist, but a public servant, who helped to get things done. No doubt, the Abolitionists, in spite of their constant wrangling with one another, and in spite of their occasional lack of patriotism, did arouse the attention of the country and did help to centre it on

an evil that needed to be rooted up; but the slaves were freed by Lincoln, the very practical politician, who had at least one characteristic in common with Gladstone, in that he never mistook for "courage or independence the unhappy preference for having a party or an opinion exclusively for one's self." Lincoln was patient and long-suffering; he bided his time; he was at once persuasive and fearless, but he was never needlessly aggressive. He was wholly free from the unpleasant and unprofitable characteristic which Lowell declares to be a possession of too many Reformers—"that vindictive love of virtue which spreads the stool of repentance with thistle-burrs, before they invite the erring to seat themselves thereon."

It is not the amateur enthusiast who achieves lasting results, it is the professional politician of the higher type, a class far more numerous in this country than most of us are prepared to admit. He takes care of his fences, of course, but he serves the public faithfully to the best of his ability. He knows how to get things done, as he does not dwell alone in the clouds but keeps his feet firm on the soil. His idealism is practical, no doubt, but it is real enough. He is always an opportunist, taking the most he can get at the moment, however little it may be, and however insufficient he may deem it. He is not easily discouraged, for he knows only too well that "politics is one long second best"; and he is firmly resolved to get a little more the next time of asking, until which time he possesses his soul in patience, not having his heart set on any single cause. He finds solid comfort in the belief that in the very long run all Reforms are inevitable: they are certain to be established sooner or later; and if they never come to pass, the reason must be sought in the fact that they are not really Reforms, however plausible they may be.

This, indeed, is what most sharply sets off the practical politician of the better class from the narrower and more eager Reformers. He is a professional; and they are amateurs. He is free from the irascible impatience that makes them feverish. He is interested in many movements; and they have centred their energy on only one. He is likely to have far more confidence in the education of public opinion than in any swift overturning due to hasty legislation. Bitter experience has taught him that mere lawmaking is often worse than useless, since a law is never enforced properly when it has not public opinion behind it, and

since the law itself is easily obtained and easily enforced when it is only the crystallization of the wish of the people. The amateurs put far too much faith in special measures and in legislative devices of one kind or another. The professional has a deep contempt for these patent-medicines of lawmaking; and he does not expect human nature to be changed in the twinkling of an eye just because a bill has been passed by the legislature. He does not believe that bad men will renounce their evil ways overnight, or that the millennium will certainly arrive the morning after election.

But the amateurs, the ardent advocates of a single cause, lack this self-restraint just as they lack the sense of proportion. The more hectic and hysteric their impatience, the more bitter their disappointment at the delay of the one Reform they have espoused. And their language is often as bitter as their disappointment; for enthusiasm is like milk, in that even boiling will not always prevent it from turning sour. They are likely to suffer from acute attacks of moral dyspepsia, in which they feel that all is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. They think scorn of the rest of us whom they have failed to convert; and they pour out the vials of their wrath on us. Their exacerbated invective is often sad evidence of the wisdom of Mr. Morley's assertion that "love of truth is, more often than we think, only a fine name for temper." They are prone then to justify Curtis's opinion that "Reform is organized distrust." They are prompt to predict the direst of calamities, since mankind has refused so far to adopt their sole specific for all evils; and not infrequently they seem to regret that their prophecies of evil are not swiftly enough fulfilled.

These unlovely characteristics account for the repulsion which many a worthy citizen feels for the professed Reformers. He dislikes their vehemence; and he detests what seems to him their unpatriotic readiness to vilify their own country. He is swift to smile when he reads the contemptuous words of Emerson and Lowell and Curtis. But he is derelict to his duty as a good citizen if he is content to dismiss the Reformer from his mind and to go on his way self-satisfied, leaving things as they are and letting the affairs of the commonwealth take care of themselves. Eternal vigilance is the price of progress also; and he is not a good citizen if he is willing to relinquish full control to

the professional politicians, who are not all faithful servants of the Republic and who have in their ranks a large proportion of the baser sort, grasping and greedy spoilsmen, holding office for their own pocket all the time.

The mob of Reformers may be made up of men of every degree of sincerity and disinterestedness, and it may include all the varieties differentiated in the preceding paragraphs. Some of its members may be narrow and impetuous; some may be perfervid and foolish; some may be self-seeking and unscrupulous; and only a few may be unselfish and wise and efficient. We may smile at their exaggerations and at their diatribes; we may laugh at their conceit and their absurdities; we may be irritated by their perversities; but it is only at our peril that we stop our ears absolutely to their appeals and their warnings. Reformers, lofty or lowly, perform a needed function; and in the social machine even the eccentric and the crank are useful.

We ought not to let our sense of humor overcome our sense of duty. We may scoff at Reformers if we like, but we ought to work with them, when we must, profiting by their zeal and utilizing their energy. Even if there is warrant for suspicion sometimes, there is ever a core of true disinterestedness at the centre; and, after all, even the long-haired men and the short-haired women may be agents in the uplift which gives a higher hope for humanity in the future. To refuse, once for all, to join hands with Reformers, because of distaste for some of their deeds and of disgust at some of their work, is to stand by while the clock of progress is stopped. It is to help to stiffen the body politic into a Chinese lethargy. It is to renounce the keen pleasure of struggling sturdily for the establishment of justice. It is to lag lazily behind, when nobler men are striving to prove the everlasting truth of a fine saying of Pascal's, which has been rendered into rhythmic English: "Ebbing and flowing, yet ever progressing, the tides of life creep up the sands of Time."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN AMERICA.

BY JOHN BARRETT, AMERICAN MINISTER TO COLOMBIA.

THE people and press of the United States might profitably give more attention to our sister American republics. The ignorance of Latin America that prevails to-day in the United States is almost universal.

It is not an exaggeration to state that a most critical period is at hand in the relations of the United States with the Latin-American republics. There is immediate reason for taking a new view of them, for recasting our ideas of them, and for arriving at a true appreciation of our southern neighbors, their peoples, their politics, their national, commercial and educational development, and their racial or peculiar traits, tendencies and associations as these affect the interests of the United States.

We have been running too great a time on the wrong track, and there is sure to be disaster ahead for our moral prestige and commercial influence unless we switch quickly to the right and safe road. Although this is not a discussion of international politics, which for obvious reasons the writer cannot take up, but rather a consideration of the attitude of our people and press as a whole to these countries, it can be said that nothing more salutary for the inauguration of a new era has happened than President Roosevelt's *coup* in sending Secretary Root to South America. Mr. Root has shown himself a great engineer of international comity and accord. He has had an opportunity to survey the whole field, propose new lines and changes of grade, and, in some instances, tear up old and dangerous tracks.

Our Ministers, Consuls, and Special Commercial Agents in South America have undoubtedly performed excellent work, and their reports are full of important information, but the percentage of persons who read such data is unfortunately too small and

largely confined to one class—exporters and manufacturers. The interest and opinion of these business men are, of course, of considerable influence, but they can accomplish little unless backed by the weight of general public interest and opinion.

We have been giving so much attention to Europe, and our travellers have spent so much time and money there on business and pleasure, that we have not adequately realized the fact that Europe has been devoting itself to a study of South America, that Europeans have been flocking as travellers and investors to all parts of it, and that to-day Europe has a moral and material hold in such countries as Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Paraguay, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, which gives it the major interest in their foreign trade and the chief share in the profits resulting from the development of their gigantic resources.

There can be no criticism of England, Germany, France, Italy and Spain for the efforts they are putting forth in Latin America for the extension of their moral influence and their export trade. They are setting an admirable example to the United States.

The talk about German exploitation of Brazil for colonization purposes is pure buncombe. The writer has visited the southern Brazilian provinces of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina and Paraná, where most of the Germans reside, and he has seen no more reason for Brazil to fear ulterior purposes on the part of Germany than has the United States because Germans form a large percentage of the population of New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee. The Germans make excellent Brazilian citizens, while loving the Fatherland from association and respecting the Emperor for his great personality. Any effort in the United States to arouse feeling against Germany, because of German immigration to South America and the preservation of their feeling of kinship with the Fatherland, is as foolish and harmful as it would be to assert that Italy has colonial intentions in Argentina because one-third of the population of that country are Italians. When it is understood that European nations have no actual intention of acquiring territory in South America, and that the United States has no imperial designs there, the unrest and suspicion resulting from the unfriendly and foolish stories in the European and South-American press will cease.

There is abundant room in Latin America for both European and American commercial and moral expanse; but if the

people of the United States deliberately fail to take advantage of these opportunities, Europeans cannot be blamed for pushing ahead all the more earnestly, nor South-Americans chided because they are more sympathetic towards Europe and Europeans.

If a fiftieth of the money spent in the development of our trade in Asia had been spent to advance our export and import trade with Latin America, that trade would be double or triple what it now is. Our sister republics are nations of like historical sympathies, races of kindred blood. In Latin America we have a field most inviting in every respect. There is no fancied or real peril there of undesirable immigration, there is no possibility in another generation of our encountering dangerous manufacturing rivalry from them, and there is every reason for binding closer the ties of friendship between the peoples of the two Americas.

Far be it from the purpose of the writer to decry the commercial and political importance of Asia. In fact, he has always been a sincere and earnest advocate of the development of our material and commercial interests in China, Japan, Siberia, Korea, Siam, and the Philippines, and he believes that the United States should make all reasonable effort to extend its markets in trans-Pacific lands; but he desires to point out by comparison the advantages that would result if we should give to our sister republics of South America attention, effort and money proportionate to that bestowed upon the fascinating but unrelated empires of Asia.

To convince the man whose mind has a practical turn that the game is worth not only the candle but the brilliant illumination of a whole electric-light plant, as it were, a few statistics are quoted from the excellent report recently made by the Bureau of Statistics. Everybody interested in the purely commercial view of this part of the world should read carefully that monograph, published about July 1, 1906.

That Latin America is worthy of our best efforts at legitimate material exploitation is proved by the fact that its total foreign trade, exports and imports, amounted in 1905 to over $1,700,000,000. Of this magnificent total, $1,000,000,000 were sales and $700,000,000 purchases. Of the first total, the United States bought of Latin America $350,000,000, and of the second it sold to Latin America $189,000,000. There is, therefore, a balance of trade against the United States of approximately $160,000,000. Although these figures show that the United States buys thirty-

five per cent. of Latin America's sales and sells in turn to it twenty-seven per cent. of its purchases, such statistics would be misleading if not analyzed. For instance, this twenty-seven per cent., not large in itself, is made up principally by the group of countries bordering on the Caribbean, and among them chiefly by Mexico and Cuba. In contrast we note that Brazil, the empire republic, with an area equal to that of the United States and a population greater than that of Mexico, bought from the United States only eleven per cent. of its imports; that Argentina, whose foreign trade is now larger than that of either Japan or China, purchased only fourteen per cent. of her imports from the United States; that Chile, which has quadrupled her commerce in a decade, wanted from us only nine per cent.; and that Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia made demands of only six per cent. Peru, which is much nearer the United States,—only ten days from New Orleans—took no more than eighteen per cent., and Ecuador—two days from Panama and eight from New York, but three weeks from Europe by the shortest route—required only twenty-five per cent. Leaving out Colombia and Venezuela with Central America and Mexico, we find ourselves face to face with the disappointing truth that the major portion of South America bought only fourteen per cent. of its imports from us. We could easily supply part of the remaining eighty-six per cent. if favorable conditions were provided.

What is the matter? And by this question reference is not made to our commerce alone. What is responsible for our lack of real understanding of each other, for our failure to strike the note of true mutual confidence, for that intangible but potent factor in our international intercourse which not only acts unfavorably on the moral, and hence on the commercial influence of the United States in South America, but retards the evolution of that splendid sisterly accord and comity which should characterize the Pan-American family? In discussing this vital point, the writer speaks frankly and sincerely, because he hopes for the early dawn of a new era. We may have Pan-American Conferences galore, we may send every Secretary of State to South America, we may be blessed with a succession of Presidents animated by the same high ideals as Mr. Roosevelt, and we may cover every part of Latin America with comprehensive reports of Ministers, Consuls, and Special Agents; but if we do not get at the

basic conditions of the situation, we will be permanently distanced by Europe in this international competition.

Perhaps the strongest influence that works against the United States is the difference in lineage; and yet this difference in lineage is so little regarded by us in our relations and intercourse that it is a far greater obstacle than it should be. The average North-American insistently ignores the Latin point of view, and too often undertakes to impose his own ideas where they are not acceptable. Instead of yielding, he persists, with the result that he not only fails to accomplish his object, but makes it more difficult for the American who succeeds him. There are exceptions to this rule—some excellent exceptions—men who to-day are successful in their different businesses and pursuits, and who make up the list of successful Americans in such cities as Mexico, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Rio Janeiro, and Lima, but they accentuate the necessity of inaugurating adaptable methods.

The North-American overlooks the fact that the Latin-American has been schooled from childhood in an entirely different environment from his own, in the study of a different national history, literature, philosophy, politics and business. As a result, the American does not understand the Latin, nor the Latin the American. Despite our vaunted Yankee adaptability, there is no doubt that the average European more readily accepts the Latin-American point of view than does the North-American.

As corollary to this suggestion, there should be emphasized one feature of the North-American attitude which is most harmful to our prestige and influence, especially in the powerful and progressive republics, like Brazil, Argentina and Chile. As described in one of the writer's recent official reports, it can be rightly called our "Holier than Thou" attitude towards everything Latin-American. Nothing is more irritating than this; and, although the Latin, schooled in politeness, says little about it, he resents it at heart. The constant and even perhaps unintentional or unconscious assumption on the part of our press, of our Ministers and statesmen, of our investors and scholars, and of our business and professional men, that we surpass Latin America in every respect cuts to the quick and does immeasurable harm. It is an undeniable truth that five-sixths of the North-American newspapers and general comment that reach the press and public of Latin America reveal a tone, note or suggestion of patronage

that the Latin-American detects as quickly as the pointer scents his quarry. In addition to this, there is the almost total disregard by North-American newspapers of important Latin-American news, political movements, and national development, while the same papers record in exaggerated terms incipient and abortive attempts at revolution. On the other hand, London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, and Rome newspapers publish more Latin-American news despatches in one week than the papers of New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans do in a month. The editorial comment also in North-American papers often shows such total ignorance of real conditions that excerpts are often reprinted in Latin-American papers and referred to as evidence of Yankee carelessness and lack of real interest.

Very few North-Americans realize the spirit of national pride and patriotism that characterizes the Latin-American. The commercial sentiment of the times has not deadened his sentimental side as much as it has that of other races. He is proud of his country's history, its heroes, its past and present achievements, and of its opportunities; he is chagrined to see that the North-American knows little or nothing of such things, and he contrasts therewith his own knowledge of the history and progress of the United States. It is a pity that our common schools and colleges do not give more time and attention to Latin-American history and development, past and present. How few American boys can tell anything of the achievements of Bolivar and San Martin, and yet it is a grave question if these men did not show qualities of courage and persistency in their field of operation equal to that of George Washington. How few North-American scholars and men of culture or breeding realize the existence in the South-American countries of excellent universities, advanced scientific and commercial institutions, literary societies and groups of progressive thinkers, writers, poets, historians, editors, painters, sculptors, architects, and professors, as highly gifted, and as numerous in proportion to population, as those of the United States and Europe.

Too often the idea prevails in North America that the Latin-American is not quite up to the standard in blue blood and in the essential characteristics of social intercourse. What a sad error! Even in so isolated a capital as Bogota, there is a large refined element of men and women that would grace the most exclusive

salons of New York, London and Paris — in whose veins runs blood that traces back in unmixed purity to the old families of Spain. In every capital of Latin America there is a greater proportion of highly educated people, in the true meaning of the term, than in the average city of the United States, and it is astonishing to find the number of men and women who have been trained in the best schools of Europe. Nearly every high-class Latin-American, whether he be a professional man or a merchant, speaks French fluently as well as Spanish; of how very, very few North-Americans is this true!

The clubs of Buenos Aires are as fine as those of New York, while those of Rio Janeiro, Mexico, Santiago, Montevideo, Lima, and Bogota would meet the fastidious tastes of the club habitués in our average cities. The high-class Latin-American women inspire admiration for their personal beauty and their devotion to family. There is less domestic infelicity in all Latin America than in the city of Chicago. This is not intended to be a reflection on North-American women, to whom all the world pays homage, nor upon Chicago; it is simply a statement of fact.

The statistics of crime for Latin-American cities are so remarkable in comparison with those of similar North-American cities that the less said on that subject the better for Yankee pride. The worst scandals in the politics of Latin America, even when developed in the favoring surroundings of revolutions, do not rival the scandals that are constantly being unearthed in the political and business life of our great republic. Buenos Aires, with one million population, is better governed, at half the cost, than any city of similar size in the United States, while Rio Janeiro, with seven hundred thousand people, spends five times as much money on public improvements as St. Louis or Baltimore, and yet governs itself at smaller cost. Mexico City is a model to many of our large cities in good government, in attractiveness and economy of administration. It would be a good idea if some of the representatives of our American municipal-study societies would visit Latin America as well as Europe.

North-Americans having relations with Latin America must learn either Spanish, Portuguese or French. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that, if this is not recognized and more generally practised, we must give up hope of mastering the field. It is safe to say that ninety-five per cent. of European business men,

travellers or scholars who go to Latin America can speak or write Spanish or French. While Spanish or French is needed for all countries except Brazil, Portuguese or French should be spoken by all those who would satisfactorily visit or successfully do business in that great nation of growing importance in the world's affairs. That the writer is not wrong in urging this point of language is proved by the constant reference of Latin-Americans to the ignorance of North-Americans in this respect. We all know how much an exchange of calls does to promote friendship; we know how much the visiting of an important centre by the people of other places does to promote trade between them; and yet we expect to develop friendship and trade with Latin America when only a few of us go to Latin America, and even fewer Latin-Americans come to the United States.

It is estimated that not one per cent. of North-Americans who travel abroad include South America in their itinerary, while not more than twenty per cent. of Latin-Americans travelling abroad seek the United States in their voyaging. Although more of them come to us, except in the case of Mexico, than we send to them, interchange of travel is so small as to have little beneficial effect. There are several reasons for this condition, among which is our lack of steamship facilities.

On this point, indeed, too much cannot be said, not only because it is very important, but because it can and should be immediately changed. The advantage is now entirely with Europe and the disadvantage is wholly with the United States. This is not in any sense an argument for or against so-called "ship subsidies," but a plain, square statement of fact. At the present time there is not one first-class, fast, up-to-date, express passenger or mail steamer running between any North-American port and the ports of the great nations of South America. In contrast to this, is to be noted the remarkable fact that Europe has nine different lines of large, commodious, modern, fast steamers, giving frequent and excellent service between its chief ports and those of Latin America. Many of these boats will rival those of the northern trans-Atlantic lines in the luxury of their accommodations.

It is true that there seems to be an abundance of freight-steamers between the United States and South America, but no South-American — and the number of these who travel is increasing annually—will take a freight, cattle or small steamer for

the United States, when he has the selection of many lines of passenger, express and fast steamers to all parts of Europe; and, of course, when he is in Europe, if he is a merchant or any kind of importer, he will naturally make his purchases there.

To-day everybody appreciates the vast importance of mail connections and their bearing on trade development. The merchant, or any person in Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay and Chile, who writes a letter to Europe requiring a reply, can get an answer in two-thirds the time needed in average communications with the United States. With such a situation as to travel and mails staring them in the face, it is high time that North-American business interests did something to remove this heavy handicap.

This discussion would not be complete without reference to the International Bureau of American Republics at Washington. While this institution has been doing good work within its limitations, it is to be hoped that its scope and plans will be broadly extended so as to bring direct advantages to all American nations. Special buildings should be erected for its use, and its practical utility enlarged in a score of possible and practicable ways.

The bogie of revolutions is held up so constantly by North-Americans in all they write and say about South America, that the great and peaceful nations, from Mexico to Argentina, feel that a deliberate effort is made to belittle their condition of peace and progress. There is no doubt that the epoch of successful political revolutions has passed in these leading nations. The history of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru and Mexico is proof of this contention, and there is strong evidence that Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Uruguay and Paraguay are tired of civil strife. The recent outbreak in Guatemala, San Salvador and Honduras served to emphasize the state of peace in Mexico, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. There is a tendency in the United States to exaggerate an occasional spasmodic attempt at revolution into a dangerous rebellion, when it is no more serious than some of our strikes or lynchings. If we will be fair in this respect, progressive Latin America will be grateful and appreciative.

It is not desired that this article should appear either alarming or optimistic, but one can detect that the attitude of the greater proportion of the influential Latin-American press is not actively favorable to the United States. The tendency is undoubtedly the other way, although the dignity of such attitude is creditable to

the Latin newspapers. It is self-evident that the press would not have this leaning if it were not supported by the people and winked at by the governments, which exercise more or less supervision over their political comment.

For the last five years, and especially during the last year, the writer has read carefully and regularly the principal newspapers of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru and Mexico, and conducted an extensive correspondence with representative Latin-Americans. He believes that in this way he has ascertained the sentiment of Latin America on many points, particularly those pertaining to the United States. It has also been his experience to serve as American Minister in three Latin republics — including Argentina, whose marvellous progress and growth compare most favorably with that of the United States and Japan—and to attend, as one of the delegates of the United States, the second Pan-American Conference at Mexico in 1901. All this is said in the simplest spirit of modesty, in order to awaken the interest of those who might otherwise regard this argument as superficial, or merely the passing story of a man who holds a brief for our sister republics. It is not for a moment suggested that there are not numerous other Americans, either at home or resident in Latin America, that there are not some newspapers and other periodicals, that there are not other writers, who understand the situation thoroughly and even better than the writer, but it is not to them that this appeal is addressed. The motive of this article is, on the other hand, to reach the great majority of people and papers that have never directed their attention to Central and South America, or have looked with distorted vision or prejudiced opinion.

If the writer has appeared to present the better side of Latin America, while making comparisons, and to point out some shortcomings of North America, he has done so with regard for the facts, for we too often hear only the unfavorable side of Latin America and the great and good things of the United States. This treatment may do Latin America much good in developing a new view and a clearer appreciation of her present status and progress, and it will certainly do no harm to the United States, inasmuch as the Latins already have heard and read volumes on our greatness. It may prompt us to remove the beam from our own eye before pointing out the mote in that of Latin America.

JOHN BARRETT.

SUFFRAGE—A RIGHT.

BY IDA HUSTED HARPER.

When the first organized demand for the suffrage was made by women in 1848, they designated it as a *right*. The leaders of the movement during the succeeding fifty-eight years have continued steadfast in their assumption that, in a republic, the ballot is a citizen's right, and that in the United States women citizens are arbitrarily and unjustly deprived of this right.

At the beginning of our Colonial life, so many qualifications were imposed that about three-fourths of the male colonists were without a vote. By the close of the seventeenth century, however, the views of personal freedom had so broadened that the right of every law-abiding man to individual representation was established in all the colonies (except in case of those without a vestige of property), and disfranchisement was enforced only as a punishment. Those persons who at the present day hold to the flabby doctrine that the suffrage is a privilege and not a right, are recommended to make a study of what happened when England attempted to take from the colonies their "power of consent," or, in other words, their vote. In the whole history of the revolution which began with this first attempt and ended with the surrender of Cornwallis—a period of about forty years—never is the suffrage named but as a *right*. As early as 1741, when it was first proposed by England to tax the colonies, Benjamin Franklin was consulted, and in his answer he said:

"Compelling the colonies to pay money for their own defence without their consent . . . would be treating them as conquered enemies and not as free Britons, who hold it for their undoubted *right* not to be taxed but by their own consent, given through their own Representatives. . . . The colonists do not deserve to be deprived of the *native right of Britons*, the right of being taxed only by Representatives chosen by themselves."

The culmination came in the Stamp Act of 1765. Patrick Henry hurled his defiance at the Mother Country in the Legislature of Virginia. James Otis issued his famous pamphlet declaring that "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny." A General Congress met in New York and adopted a Declaration that it was "the undoubted *right* of Englishmen that no taxes be imposed upon them but with their own consent."

The grievances of the colonists had been heavy and numerous, but this usurpation of the power to levy taxes being the climax explains why, in all their protests, the question of taxation plays so important a part. In October, 1765, the Massachusetts Legislature, in an address to the Governor, declared:

"There are certain *original, inherent rights* belonging to the people which the Parliament cannot divest them of consistent with their own constitution; among these is representation in the same body which exercises the power of taxation."

Two days later, the Legislature passed this resolution:

"There are certain essential rights . . . which are founded in the law of God and Nature and are *the common rights of mankind* . . . that no man can justly take the property of another without his consent, and that upon this original principle the right of representation in the same body which exercises the power of making laws for levying taxes . . . is evidently founded."

The colonists were assured that they were "virtually" represented, and Samuel Adams answered indignantly:

"We have been told that we are 'virtually' represented; that we are put upon a footing with Birmingham, Manchester and other towns in England which send no Representatives and yet are taxed. But have not those towns a *constitutional right* to be represented? And, if they choose to waive it, can that be a good reason for taxing the colonists without representation?"

In a notable speech, James Otis quoted from Lord Coke:

"The very act of taxing exercised over those who are not represented appears to me to deprive them of one of their most essential *rights* as freemen, and, if continued, seems to be in effect an entire disfranchisement of every civil right."

In the writings of Mr. Adams at this momentous period are many such assertions as the following:

"There can be no constitutional right to tax the subject in a body where he is not represented. . . . The Acts of Parliament and the

British constitution consider every individual person in the realm as present in that High Court by his Representative upon his own free election. This is his indispensable privilege. It is founded on the Eternal Law of Equity. It is an *Original Right of Nature.*"

In 1768, the Massachusetts House of Representatives sent an address to the Lord Chancellor of England, which declared:

"The position that taxation and representation are inseparable is founded on *the immutable law of nature;* but the Americans had no representation in the Parliament when they were taxed. Are they not, then, unfortunate in these instances in having that separated *which God and Nature joined?*"

And the Lord Chancellor responded:

"My position is this—taxation and representation are morally inseparable. The position is founded in a law of nature—nay, more, it is itself *an eternal law of nature.*"

The Legislature sent an address to William Pitt, affirming "*the indisputable right* of all men . . . to be present in person or by representation in the body where they are taxed"; and in the House of Commons, January 14th, 1766, he said:

"This kingdom has no right to lay a tax on the colonies. . . . There is an idea in some that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here. . . . The idea of a virtual representation of America in this House is the most contemptible that ever entered the head of a man. It does not deserve a serious refutation. The Commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of this, *their constitutional right,* of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it."

The Massachusetts Legislature memorialized the other Colonial Assemblies on the continuation of the "infringement of their natural and constitutional rights." Virginia joined in defiant resistance. Great Britain, blind and deaf, responded in 1773 by forcing on them the Taxed Tea. The next year witnessed the assembly and proceedings of that revolutionary body, the Continental Congress, which said in its petition to the King, "We do not solicit the grant of any *new right,*" but declared, "The foundation of liberty, and of all free government, is a *right in the people* to participate in their Legislative Council."

It seems incredible that any one could assume that the first colonists regarded the suffrage as other than an absolute *right.*

We come now to another vital period in the development of our nation—that ushered in by the Declaration of Independence. This document was framed by the greatest statesmen of that or any other time in our country's history, and in one immortal paragraph it fixed the status of republican government forevermore:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness; that to secure these rights Governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed;* that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends it is *the right of the people* to alter or abolish it and to institute new Government."

In the arraignment of the King, it says:

"He has refused to pass laws for the accommodation of large districts of people unless these people would relinquish the *right* of Representation in the Legislature, a *right inestimable* to them and formidable to tyrants only."

The sum total of the grievances of the colonists may be comprised in the single statement that Great Britain was determined to govern them *without their consent,* and that such government was an unbearable tyranny. In the words of Franklin:

"Those who have no voice nor vote in the election of Representatives do not enjoy liberty, but are absolutely enslaved to those who have votes and to their Representatives."

Thomas Paine wrote:

"The right of voting for Representatives is the *primary right* by which other rights are protected. To take away this right is to reduce men to a state of slavery, for slavery consists in being subject to the will of another, and he that has not a vote in the election of Representatives is so in this case."

Later, Alexander Hamilton declared in the "Federalist":

"The mode and manner in which the people shall take part in the Government of their creation may be prescribed by the Constitution, but the *right itself* is antecedent to all constitutions. It is inalienable and can neither be bought nor sold nor given away."

And James Madison said:

"Let it be remembered that it has ever been the pride and the boast of America that the rights for which she contended were *the rights of human nature.*"

When the seven years' war was ended, which firmly established this noble principle, the States appointed delegates who met in Philadelphia and spent nearly four months in preparing the Constitution of the United States. Here were gathered the finest flower of the new nation—Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Gerry, Rutledge, Pinckney, Rufus King, Roger Sherman, Robert and Gouverneur Morris—an unsurpassed galaxy of statesmen. On most of the vital points they were able to reach an agreement; but, on all matters relating to suffrage and representation, the arguments were so long and vehement that Dr. Franklin had to beg for moderation and coolness, and at last to ask prayers for this purpose! It was unanimously admitted that "the people would risk every consequence rather than part with so dear a *right,*" but the point at issue was how it should be regulated. Madison expressed it:

"The right of suffrage is certainly one of the fundamental articles of representative government and *ought not be left to be regulated by the Legislatures.*"

In this Constitutional Convention of 1787, the suffrage was universally recognized as the *pivotal right* on which all others turned. Its proceedings show clearly the prevailing sentiment, to let the States regulate this in all matters pertaining to State and local government; but there was a determination on the part of many delegates that the Constitution should control the election of members of the National Congress. A compromise was finally effected, but Section 4 provides that "The Congress may at any time by law make or alter these regulations." When James Madison was questioned later as to the meaning of this clause, he answered that Congress reserved this power because, "should the people of any State by any means be deprived of the right of suffrage, it was judged proper that it should be remedied by the General Government." That is, it could *restore the suffrage* to the people.*

* Let this point be borne in mind when a decision of the United States Supreme Court is referred to, further on, to the effect that the General Government has no control over suffrage.

Luther Martin, Attorney-General of Maryland, a member of the convention, said afterwards to his State Legislature:

"Those who advocated equality of suffrage took the matter up on the original principles of government. They urged that all men, considered in a state of nature, before any government is formed, are equally free and independent, no one having any right or authority to exercise power over another, and this without any regard to difference in personal strength, understanding or wealth; that, when such individuals enter into government, they each have a *right* to an equal voice in its first formation, and afterward have each a *right* to an equal vote in every matter which relates to their government. . . . Every person has a *right* to an equal vote in choosing that Representative who is to do for the whole. . . . If we were to admit that, because a man was more wise, more strong or more wealthy, he should be entitled to more votes than another, it would be inconsistent with the freedom and liberty of that other and would reduce him to slavery. . . . The disfranchised might not feel their chains, but they would, notwithstanding, wear them, and whenever their master pleased he might draw them so tight as to gall them to the bone."

No one, whatever may be his personal opinion, can read the history of our Government up to this point without the conviction that its founders, like the colonists, regarded the suffrage as an inherent, inalienable, absolute *right*. Was Woman included in the magnificent scheme?

We must accept the probable fact that at no time did the illustrious forefathers entertain the idea of including women in their claim of an "inherent right" to individual representation. They conscientiously held that man was divinely endowed with complete authority over woman. Of the equality of women with themselves, in any respect, they had not the smallest conception. The fight for political freedom was made on the ground that those who paid taxes should have a voice in the levying and spending of these taxes. Suffrage and office-holding were based on the ownership of property. The women of those early days were usually married as soon as they were old enough, and by the laws no wife could own a dollar's worth of real or personal property, not even the clothes she wore. All she might have at marriage, all she might acquire, passed at once into the possession of the husband. Thus she had no claim for representation on account of taxation. No schools were provided for girls in Colonial days; they knew only what their uneducated mothers taught them; in the best families they learned simply reading, writing and

enough arithmetic to keep the household accounts, while the masses of them were without even this simple education. The demands of pioneer life on women, added to those of the large families which were the rule, left little time for interests outside of domestic life. Tradition, custom and conditions combined to prevent their participation in public affairs. It is, therefore, not unreasonable that the men of that age should have entirely failed to recognize the "inherent right" of women to every privilege they claimed for themselves. That those women, in spite of their handicaps, fully earned the highest recognition is shown by the records of their toil, hardships, self-sacrifice and personal heroism during all those exacting years of Colonial settlement and Revolutionary War; and there is ample evidence that some of the most progressive made strong protest against their exclusion. The records also show that some women did vote in the early days of Virginia and Massachusetts; and that New Jersey in her State Constitution, July 2d, 1776, gave the suffrage to all qualified "inhabitants," and this continued in force till 1807, when the Legislature took away from women this Constitutional right! There is much reason for believing that, by the time the Constitution was formed, women had begun to manifest considerable desire for recognition, since in the first draft of this document, made by Hamilton, he used the words "men" and "male" a number of times. It is a rather peculiar circumstance that in the final draft they were not once used, but "people," "persons" and "citizens" were substituted. One is almost justified in believing that this was done intentionally, in order not to erect barriers in case the States should at any time desire to make women electors. Another significant indication that women might have been putting forth some claims is seen in the fact that every State Constitution, but one, carefully placed the word "male" in the suffrage clause.

In 1868 the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted which declares:

"Sec. 1.—All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States.

Sec. 2.—But when the *right to vote* at any election . . . is denied to any of the *male* inhabitants of such State . . . or in any way

abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such *male* citizens shall bear to the whole number of *male* citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

Thus, for the first time, the word "male" was put in the National Constitution, because to omit the adjective would be to open the gates to woman suffrage. The amendment was soon found insufficient to protect the negro man in the exercise of the suffrage, and the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted:

"Sec. 1.—*The right of citizens of the United States to vote* shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

Notice the language of these two amendments, the only ones in the National Constitution bearing directly on the suffrage: "when the *right to vote* is denied to any of the male inhabitants"; "*the right of citizens of the United States to vote* shall not be denied." Could there be a more explicit recognition of the citizen's *right* to a vote? Before the passage of these amendments, no such right ever had been "conferred" on citizens of the United States, and yet they were passed for the exclusive purpose of protecting this right. If it were not an "inherent" right, where did these citizens get it? It was in fact a right of citizenship which had been fully recognized since the Declaration of Independence, when the "subjects" of the King became "citizens" of the United States. The few slight restrictions on its exercise by men had been practically eliminated for the past half-century. By Supreme Court decision women and negroes had been declared not citizens, but as soon as these decisions had been annulled by Section I of the Fourteenth Amendment, and both became citizens, they entered at once into this *citizen's right.* A penalty is provided for the denial of this right to male citizens, and none for its denial to women; but this simply leaves woman with no protection in the exercise of it when the State chooses to deny it to her.

Later, when troops were sent into certain States under the Force Bill, the Attorney-General said, in instructing the United States Marshals and asking the assistance of all loyal citizens: "It is upon such countenance and support that the United States mainly rely in their endeavor to enforce *the right to vote which they have given or secured.*"

Could any language declare more plainly than this, first, that the suffrage is a right, and, second, that the United States *can* secure it to citizens and protect them in the use of it?

Many prominent lawyers, members of Congress and others believed that the Fourteenth Amendment did unquestionably entitle women to vote, and consequently, acting under legal advice, a number of women attempted to vote at the Fall elections of 1872. Among these were Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y., and Mrs. Virginia L. Minor, of St. Louis, Mo. Miss Anthony's vote was accepted and she was afterwards arrested, refused a trial by jury and was fined by the Judge. Mrs. Minor was not permitted to register, and she brought suit against the election inspectors.

In the December term of 1872, the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision in what was known as the "Slaughter House Cases," and, as this was the first test of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Court entered into a very thorough discussion of its provisions, saying in the course of it:

"A few years' experience satisfied the author of these two amendments (13th and 14th) that . . . they were inadequate for the protection of life, liberty and property, without which freedom to the slaves was no boon. They were in all those States deprived of the *suffrage*. . . . Hence the Fifteenth Amendment, which declares that 'the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied.' The negro, having by the Fourteenth Amendment been declared to be a *citizen* of the United States, *is thus made a voter in every State in the Union.*"

Does not this decision of the United States Supreme Court clearly establish that citizenship, by the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, carries with it the right to vote? But, when Mrs. Minor, having been refused this right, took her case to this same Court, it rendered a decision which in brief was as follows:

"The United States has no voters of its own creation. The National Constitution does not define the privileges and immunities of citizens. It does not confer the right of suffrage upon any one, but the franchise must be regulated by the States. The Fourteenth Amendment does not add to the privileges and immunities of a citizen; it simply furnishes an additional guarantee to protect those he already has."

Here we have a direct contradiction of a previous decision by practically the same Court, with no governmental or political changes in the mean time to alter conditions, but it simply had

to be made as the only means of barring women from the franchise. If any one doubts this statement, let him examine another decision of the United States Supreme Court made in 1884, in the case of Jasper Yarbrough and others, of Georgia, sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for preventing a negro from voting for a Congressional candidate:

"Counsel for petitioners, seizing upon the expression of the Court in the case of Minor *vs.* Happersett—that 'the Constitution of the United States does not confer the right of suffrage upon any one'—without reference to the connection in which it is used, insists that the voters in the present case do not owe their *right to vote* in any sense to that instrument. But the Court was combating the argument that the right was conferred on *all* citizens, and therefore upon women as well as men."

Another paragraph of the Yarbrough decision reads thus:

"The Fifteenth Amendment, by its limitation of the power of the States in the exercise of their right to prescribe the qualifications of voters in their own elections, and by its limitations of the power of the United States over that subject, clearly shows that the *right of suffrage* was considered to be of supreme importance to the National Government, and *was not intended to be left within the exclusive control of the States.* . . . In such cases this Fifteenth Article does *proprio vigore* substantially *confer on the negro the right to vote.* . . . This new constitutional right was mainly designed for citizens of African descent."

Compare with this the previous decision in the Minor case which said: "The National Constitution does not confer the right of suffrage upon any one, but the franchise must be regulated by the States."

The opinions of men eminent in the development of our nation, that the suffrage is the *inherent right* of every citizen of the United States, might be quoted almost indefinitely; and that we should be now nearly half-way into the second century of our national existence with this right denied to one-half of these citizens is the strangest anomaly ever witnessed in a Government.

In this long contest, women have not remained quiescent, leaving men to fight their battles. Their first organized rebellion against disfranchisement began about the middle of the nineteenth century under the intrepid leadership of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and their able and courageous associates. It has been often said that no great revolution comes from below. Each one must have its beginning in the

brain of the intellectually superior, who are capable of discerning the origin of those wrongs and oppressions which the masses suffer without the knowledge that relief is possible. There is no reason why the revolution against the injustice imposed upon women should prove an exception to this rule. In this, as in all reforms, a few master minds and dominant spirits have led the revolt. In all the magnificent utterances which preceded the War of the Revolution, in all those which roused the country to the contest for the abolition of slavery, will be found none to transcend the impassioned arguments of Mrs. Stanton for justice to woman. Never in the Senate of the United States was there an address more logical, dignified and statesmanlike than that of Miss Anthony in 1873 defending her right to vote. The speeches of American women demanding a voice in their own government, many of them preserved for posterity in the four large volumes comprising the History of Woman Suffrage, deserve high rank among the masterpieces of oratory. In 1854, Mrs. Stanton said in an address prepared for the New York Legislature:

"We would know by what authority you have disfranchised one-half the people of this State? You who have so boldly taken possession of the bulwarks of this republic, show us your credentials, and thus prove your exclusive right to govern not only yourselves but us. . . . Can it be that here, where we acknowledge no royal blood, no apostolic descent, that you, who have declared that all men were created equal, would willingly build up an aristocracy which places the ignorant and vulgar above the educated and refined—an aristocracy that would raise the sons above the mothers who bore them? Would that the men who can sanction a Constitution so opposed to the genius of this Government, who can enact and execute laws so degrading to womankind, had sprung, Minerva-like, from the brain of their father, that the matrons of this republic need not blush for their sons! . . . In behalf of the women of this State, we ask for all that you have asked for yourselves in the progress of your development, since the 'Mayflower' cast anchor beside Plymouth Rock; and we ask this on the ground that the rights of every human being are identical."

In her speech on Constitutional Rights, Miss Anthony said:

"The moment you deprive a person of his right to a voice in the Government, you degrade him from the status of a citizen of a republic to that of a subject. It matters very little to him whether his monarch be an individual tyrant, as the Tsar of Russia, or a 15,000,000-headed monster, as here in the United States; he is a powerless subject, serf or slave, not in any sense a free and independent citizen. . . . If we once

establish the false principle that United States citizenship does not carry with it the right to vote in every State in this Union, there is no end to the petty tricks and cunning devices which will be attempted to exclude one and another class of citizens from the right to the suffrage. It will not always be the men combining to disfranchise all women; native-born men combining to abridge the rights of all naturalized citizens, as in Rhode Island. It will not always be the rich and educated who may combine to cut off the poor and ignorant; but we may live to see the uncultivated day-laborers, foreign and native-born, learning the power of the ballot and their vast majority of numbers, combine and amend State constitutions so as to disfranchise the Vanderbilts, the Stewarts, the Conklings and the Fentons."

Hundreds of quotations might be made from the speeches of the brave women who have led this long struggle for the rights of millions of their own sex.

The utter blindness and callousness shown in this vital matter was strikingly illustrated in the platform adopted by the National Republican Convention of 1888, which opened with this ringing declaration:

"We recognize the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen to cast one free ballot in all public elections, and to have that ballot duly counted. We hold the free and honest popular ballot, and the just and equal representation of all the people, to be the foundation of our republican government."

Leading women at once telegraphed to the chairman of the Convention asking if that statement included the women of the United States, and he answered: "I do not think the platform is so construed here!"

If we accept the simple premise that our Government is founded upon individual representation, the conclusion is inevitable that the franchise belongs equally to every citizen and is, therefore, a *right*. But the situation has been so befogged and bewildered by court decisions, constitutional amendments and lingering remains of the old monarchical spirit, that many persons still regard it merely as a privilege which may be justly withheld. No! The *right to vote* was recognized in the first town meetings of the colonies three centuries ago; it was forever secured in the Declaration of Independence, and it took practical and concrete form in the grand preamble, "We, the People . . . to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution." When men in a Territory or

State elect a convention of male delegates, and they frame a constitution and, in this, they limit the suffrage to males, and then it is submitted to votes of men only and declared adopted, they have violated these principles in the most brazen manner.

The decision of the Supreme Court in Mrs. Minor's case—that "the United States has no voters of its own creation," that "the franchise must be regulated by the States"—is reduced to an absurdity by the language of the Fifteenth Amendment: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State." If the United States has no voters of its own creation, and the suffrage must be regulated by the States, why was it necessary to forbid the United States to deny or abridge it? And if the suffrage is a matter wholly pertaining to the States, what is meant by the words, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote"? They certainly imply that being a citizen of the United States carries with it the right to vote; and, if such is the case, how can a State forbid the exercise of a national right?

Some qualifications for the suffrage are essential, but they should be made solely for the good of the vote. The property qualification has met with so little favor that it has been generally abolished. The educational is necessarily so slight that it has been practically annulled. Some period of mental development must of necessity be required, so twenty-one years is the age universally agreed upon, and of course the insane and the idiotic must be excluded. It is right that some standard of moral fitness should be recognized, and therefore convicted criminals are barred out. But by what rule of common sense, by what law of equity, do the States of this Union make sex a qualification for exercising the suffrage? Children, lunatics, idiots and felons belong in the governed class, they are incompetent or unfit to govern; but what moral or constitutional right have men to put all women in this governed class? As minors, the State treats both sexes strictly as equals; it educates them for life with the public funds in precisely the same manner; but, when they reach the age of twenty-one, it says to the men, "Henceforth you are political sovereigns"; to the women, "Henceforth you are political subjects." It is the most irrational, outrageous and inexcusable situation that exists in the whole world.

From a logical and an ethical standpoint, the women of the

United States have exactly the same right to a voice in their own government that men have. The reason they do not possess it legally and constitutionally is that in the beginning men arbitrarily monopolized this citizen's right, and by keeping all legislative and judicial authorities in their own hands they have held it. In every succeeding generation of women the sense of this injustice has grown stronger. They realize now, as never before, that they have just as much at stake in the Government as men have, that they share equally the advantages of a good, and suffer equally the evils of a bad, administration. They feel, as never before, their responsibility concerning sanitation of cities, condition of streets, schools, labor, wages, charities, reforms—every question which relates to the welfare of the people; and they understand, as never before, their utter powerlessness without the ballot.

Even if men governed women with supreme wisdom and fairness, their usurpation of power would be none the less a violation of the natural rights of those governed without their consent. But they have not so governed, and not on the statute-books of any nation will be found laws which grant to women exactly the same justice as to men. This is true even in the United States, where the laws are more favorable to women than in any other country. The only permanent safety for any class lies in its ability to defend itself.

At first thought, it is incomprehensible that American men so keen in their sense of justice, so insistent in their demand for "fair play and a square deal," should so utterly ignore, should indeed persistently refuse the constitutional rights of women. It must be remembered, however, that a dominant class never extends a right or shares its power so long as it is able to retain these exclusively for itself, and that they are won by the governed class only after long and strenuous contest. The moment any class obtains the franchise, it opposes the extension to any other class. The Pilgrims and Puritans kept it closely within their own church membership. When property-holders were reluctantly admitted, they in turn prevented for many years the admission of those without property. The Know-nothing or American Party was formed to keep the franchise as long as possible from immigrants. White men held it from black, until forced to grant it through a long and costly war.

The main question now is, when the last remaining dominant class will share its assumed authority with the last remaining governed class.

Have we no men of the present great enough to complete the work of the great men of the past—to secure the Rights of Woman as their forefathers secured the Rights of Man? This can be adequately done in but one way—by supplementing the Fifteenth Amendment with a Sixteenth, which shall say, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex." By proposing such an amendment to be acted upon by the State Legislatures, Congress would place the question in the hands of representative bodies. Women would then be spared the degradation of begging the individual voters, many of them most brutal, ignorant, immoral and intemperate, for permission to have a voice in their own government. They could make their arguments and appeals, with some dignity and self-respect, to men who had been selected by the various communities as lawmakers and custodians of public interests. They would also have the immense advantage of trusting their case to the decision of hundreds instead of millions.

There is no weight in the contention that the National Constitution must never again be amended. To accept this view would be to hold ourselves forever governed by the action of men long since passed from the world and its constantly changing conditions. They builded well for their day and generation, but they could not wholly anticipate the future. There is no reason to believe that they intended to abrogate that immortal preamble to the Declaration of Independence which says: "To secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

Our present form of government is most assuredly destructive of these ends, in so far as women are concerned, when it deprives them of the same share in it that men possess, and therefore it is the duty of the people to alter it in such manner as shall guarantee to all citizens full protection of their inalienable rights.

IDA HUSTED HARPER.

THE NEXT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY URBAIN GOHIER.

On the eve of May 1, 1906—Labor Day in France—the leading anti-Republican dailies of Paris published editorials headed "The Revolution at Hand." They declared to be true the wide-spread rumor that the General Confederation of Labor, which represents the various French trade-unions, had decided upon a general strike for May 1st, that all the revolutionary forces were to muster and that an attempt would probably be made to bring about the long-expected Social Revolution. As an important political campaign was then in progress—the whole Chamber of Deputies was to be chosen a few days later—these anti-Republican newspapers naturally exaggerated these pretended dangers, raked up and forged all kinds of sensational documents, made capital out of the most insignificant incidents, and, in a word, did everything in their power to influence the popular vote. On the other hand, and also for political reasons, the Government gave out that there was some ground for fearing that the public peace might be disturbed; so something akin to martial law was proclaimed at Paris and in several other large French cities, where armed forces were concentrated as if a formidable insurrection were to be crushed.

But the much-dreaded May 1st came and went and nothing happened, except that the anti-Republican elements of the population, frightened by their dailies, fled to the country or over the frontier and so aided by their absence in the formidable defeat which their party sustained at the polls. But, though nothing happened this time, M. Jules Guesde, one of the most ardent propagandists and most respected leaders of the French Socialists, predicts that the long-expected upheaval will occur at the next general elections in 1910. But, whether or not this prediction will prove to be true, there seems to be no doubt that the event is sure

to come about sooner or later; for, to-day, the French lower classes—the People—find themselves brought face to face with the upper classes—the Bourgeoisie—just as the latter, at the end of the eighteenth century, were brought face to face with the upper classes of that time, the Nobility. Then the Bourgeoisie was called the Third Estate, of which class Abbé Sieyès wrote: "What is the Third Estate? Nothing. What ought it to be? Everything. What does it ask to be? Something." The French lower classes of to-day—the People—are beginning to take this formula and apply it to themselves.

The French Nobility has disappeared as a class. It has even lost much of its social prestige.

As regards the clergy class, its overthrow has been accomplished in France by the law passed in 1901 abolishing the Catholic Congregations, by that voted in 1905 putting an end to the Concordat, and that which goes into effect this present year suppressing all State aid to priests and churches of every denomination. So all that is now left standing of the three famous orders of the time of the first Revolution is the Bourgeoisie. The revolutionary assemblies of that stormy period were composed exclusively of men drawn from this class. At Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, the revolutionary movement was set a-going by the rich bankers, ship-owners and manufacturers of those important cities. The famous Marseilles battalion which led in the attack on the Tuileries was made up almost exclusively of well-to-do young men. At Nantes, it was the wealthy burgher class which instigated the fierce acts of suppression of the revolt of the Vendeans and royalists. The most stylish ladies of this class witnessed and applauded the public drownings and other atrocities of the representative of the Convention, Carrier, and participated in his worst orgies.

Along with priests, monks and aristocrats, it was especially the common people whom the Bourgeoisie guillotined, shot, burnt and drowned by the thousands. As this Bourgeoisie needed popular aid against its enemies, it turned for this purpose towards the workmen of the cities, dazzled them with "glittering generalities" and led them to expect a share in the booty. With the aid of their brawny arms and well-handled muskets, it struck some hard blows, kept up civil war and overthrew the throne and its supports. Then it turned this plebeian horde against mon-

archical Europe in order to consolidate its own conquests. But it kept all the booty for itself. The country people got only a poor share in the land confiscated from the Nobility and Clergy, while the working classes of the cities received nothing. And at the same time that this greedy Bourgeoisie secured almost all of the material benefit, it grasped all of the political and social advantages associated with the powers of government.

Before the opening of the States General, even in the *cahiers*—the addresses sent up to the capital stating the needs and necessary reforms of the various parts of France—the demands of the Bourgeoisie against the privileges of the Nobility and Clergy were always accompanied by objections to the popular claims. While the Bourgeoisie reveals already an ardent desire to become the possessor of the domains of the Nobility and Clergy, which desire was finally gratified, this same Bourgeoisie requests the enactment of severe laws and the organization of a strong police force to prevent the starving peasants from gleaning after the reaper, from picking the bunches of grapes left on the vines after the vintage, or from turning loose their cows to graze on the common. In a word, the work of the legislative bodies of the French Revolution may be summed up as the confiscation of all social wealth and political power to the profit of the Bourgeoisie alone. Legislation was as inflexible as it was ingenious in its purpose of keeping down the Fourth Estate, by preventing it from acquiring property; by at first paralyzing and finally suppressing its electoral rights; by prohibiting the right of association; in fact, by isolating it and handing it over defenceless to the tyranny of the upper classes.

In a word, about all the lower classes owe to the Revolution is the right to sell their labor to the landowner or the manufacturer, without, however, reserving the right to strike or to form trade-unions of any kind; and the right to offer themselves as food for cannon in the great political wars of the past century and later in the conflicts waged for reasons of pure financial speculation. During the whole of the nineteenth century, the Bourgeoisie never deviated from the political line which it had laid down. It did not hesitate to turn towards the credulous People for the defence of "the conquests of the Revolution"—that is to say, the conquests of the Bourgeoisie — thus using the People as a shield against the counter-attack of the classes which the Bourgeoisie had

plundered. And yet, at the same time, it kept the People under a yoke, shutting them out from all the avenues that led to power, preventing them from any concerted action to win their rights and improve their condition, especially keeping them in ignorance, and, when teaching them anything, cramming their heads with false ideas, lies and legends.

It is the People who do the fighting during the Revolution of 1830; and throughout the reign of Louis Philippe, the Bourgeoisie, master of the situation, recompenses the People by shooting them down in various street disturbances. In 1848, the People again comes to the front and receives in payment the "June Massacres." During the Second Empire, the Bourgeoisie alone governs and reaps. In May, 1871, the last remnant of the old-time Paris People is annihilated by the bloody suppression of the Commune.

The exclusiveness of the privileged Bourgeoisie came out well at the time of the election last February of a successor to M. Loubet. M. Doumer, Deputy and President of the Chamber, announced himself as a candidate for the presidency of France. Thereupon, M. Clémenceau and M. Jaurès began a violent campaign against him. They did not discuss his opinions or his political shortcomings; they simply declared every morning in the editorial pages of their journals that he was an "upstart,"—M. Doumer happening to be a working-man who has managed to squeeze into the preserves of the Bourgeoisie. Clémenceau, Jaurès, Loubet, Fallières, all belong to the Bourgeoisie class, made up of lawyers, doctors, professors, officers, etc., who have supplanted the quondam nobles. The intrusion of the "upstart" Doumer would have unsettled the fundamental laws of the régime!

But now, after more than a century of deception and suffering, the French lower classes are beginning to perceive that they have been duped. This determined awakening finds its expression in Socialism. These lower classes demand the abolition of hereditary individual property; that is to say, the People would abolish hereditary property just as the Bourgeoisie abolished hereditary nobility. In fact, all the arguments which the Bourgeoisie used against hereditary nobility are now being turned against hereditary property.

Against the privileges of the nobles, the Bourgeoisie argued in this wise: All men ought to be born equal as regards their rights;

though there can be no remedy for natural inequalities, such as health, beauty, strength and intelligence, so there must be social inequalities. When a man distinguishes himself by his works or by services rendered to the commonwealth, it is only right that he be honored therefor, that he be awarded some compensation, for in this wise are labor and fine actions encouraged. But it is absurd that the distinctions and advantages conferred on this man should be handed down to his descendants. It is ridiculous that a baby should find in his cradle power and high rank, the right to command and enjoy a life of privilege simply because one of his ancestors "did something"; because his father or grandfather was a great soldier, judge or official, especially as there is often nothing very wonderful in all this and, as was most often the case, this ancestor may have robbed merchants on the highway, pandered to the passions of his prince or built his fortunes on the sacrifice of wife and daughters, for immorality of one kind or another has created more counts and dukes than deeds of daring and devotion to the State. It is nonsense and often positively bad that the grandnephews of a brigand or a pimp should derive perpetual advantages from such a source; and where the titles of ancestors are of most honorable origin, the claims of heirs to inherit these titles may be morally and intellectually of the weakest nature. Such was the reasoning of the French Bourgeoisie when it abolished hereditary nobility.

And the People, in its turn, argues as follows against the privilege of property: If a man distinguishes himself by his superior faculties and intelligent labor, and especially if he contributes to the general happiness, it is only right that he have a comfortable time in life, for in this wise is useful effort encouraged. But it is absurd that the good things which the great citizen has fairly won in the struggle for existence should be handed down indefinitely to his children and children's children. It is ridiculous that a babe should be born rich, just as it is ridiculous that he should be born noble; that he finds in his cradle the right to stand at the head without having labored to get there, the right to enjoy without having produced anything, especially if he should happen to be vicious, lazy, idiotic. And why is all this granted him? Sometimes, because the author of his being was intelligent and industrious, but much oftener because this progenitor was a bold trickster, a pirate of finance, a man who failed

rich, a fashionable debaucher; and for this it is that his descendants are to dominate ordinary mortals. The man in the street thinks this is a little too much and is apt to ask why, if the reasoning of the Bourgeoisie was good, any flaw can be found in the like reasoning of the People.

Before the Revolution of 1789, the Bourgeoisie enjoyed the right of hereditary property; the only thing it envied was the privilege of nobility. So it destroyed the latter and preserved the former. The People, which enjoys no advantages, suffers from the privilege of property much more than did the Bourgeoisie from the privilege of nobility, so that its desire to destroy the cause of its evils is as natural as that of the Bourgeoisie of 1789. The privilege of nobility hurt only the pride of the Bourgeoisie, whereas the privilege of property affects the dignity and the body of the People in every circumstance of material, intellectual and sentimental life.

It is useless for the Bourgeoisie to answer that property can be acquired by the People. The Bourgeoisie was also able to squeeze into the noble class. By good luck, intrigue, exceptional services or female influence, members of the Bourgeoisie now and then succeeded in penetrating into the privileged order. The same thing is true to-day concerning a man of the People in his relations with the upper classes, though a proletariat become bourgeois cuts the same absurd figure as a bourgeois turned noble; two generations of grotesqueness are necessary to make these "upstarts" appear quite at home in their new surroundings. But these accidents are not to be taken into the account. They are like the lucky number in a lottery. Such a slight chance of rising no more satisfies the People than it did the Bourgeoisie. Therefore, the situation in respect to the Proletariat and the Bourgeoisie is to-day just what it was at the end of the eighteenth century in respect to the Bourgeoisie and the Nobility. But the struggle to right things will be harder and longer under the Third Republic, because the Bourgeoisie of the twentieth century is much better armed, more clever and resolute than were the orders which it dispossessed at the end of the eighteenth century.

Towards the end of the old régime, many aristocrats and nearly all the high clergy had ceased to believe in the legitimacy of their privileges, so that they defended them with little energy. But the Bourgeoisie of to-day will suffer itself to be cut to pieces before it will give up its wealth, which is its very soul, its god, its all.

The most ultra-radicals in matters political show themselves terribly conservative in matters economic. When the Bourgeoisie attacked the nobles, the former was the equal of the latter in riches and their superior in culture and talents; the first was vigorous, while the second were worn out. In the approaching "irrepressible conflict," the threatened Bourgeoisie has all the advantages on its side save that of brute force. It has all the money; it has the experience, the light, the knowledge derived from the study of history and men; it has the gift of cunning. It controls the wheels of the enormous governmental machine. The Bourgeoisie stands in the midst of the People, much as a battalion of European soldiers, armed with repeating rifles and machine-guns, disciplined, confident in its own valor and the talent of its leaders, stands in the midst of a horde of savages, undisciplined and provided only with cutlasses and javelins.

The Bourgeoisie controls the education of the People and hides from it everything that it ought to know. The former purposely teaches the latter a false history. The People is given to understand that it was enfranchised by the bourgeois Revolution. When the workmen of the European Continent demand "the three eights," some of them are aware of the fact that this reform already exists in the Anglo-Saxon countries; but all are ignorant of this other fact that, during the Middle Ages, in an immense number of labor corporations and cities, a work-day was often only nine, eight or even seven hours long. Nor have they ever been told that every Saturday, and on the eve of over two dozen holidays, work was stopped everywhere at four o'clock.

How many peasants in the French Republic know anything about the communal life of the Middle Ages, about the general assemblies where the heads of the families, including widows, named the tax-collectors, the mayor, the priests, the guards of the fields and forests, the head of the school? How many peasants have been told that the communes then owned large commons, that they enjoyed very large rights over the lord's meadows and woods, that these vast communal domains were seized, these other rights called into question, reduced and finally suppressed, thanks to the Revolution, by the new bourgeois owners, who showed themselves more rapacious, avaricious and audacious than ever were the much-abused feudal lords? Robbed of what had been the common property of their fathers, unable any longer to live from

the cultivation of the fields where their fathers had toiled and often prospered, the peasants flocked to the cities, entered the factory-prisons and became proletarians. And the impudent Bourgeoisie that has reduced them to this unhappy lot now has the effrontery to pretend that to them they owe their liberty.

Perhaps the cleverest act of the Bourgeoisie has been its exploitation of the spirit of patriotism. The feudal lords never thought of this. Having established their domination over the land, they accepted the task of defending it against all enemies. During the Middle Ages, it was a generally accepted principle, which was as just as it was logical, that every man owed military service to the country in proportion to his wealth, especially in proportion to his landed wealth. The person who owned nothing had nothing to defend, and so was not expected to do military service. In the fourteenth century, when Philippe le Bel carried on his wars in Flanders, he exempted from military service any who did not possess at least six thousand dollars, two-thirds of which was in real estate. Until the bourgeois Revolution, nobody was forced into the army and the soldiers were paid, which, as is unknown to many Americans and Englishmen, is not the case to-day in the great conscript armies of Continental Europe. It was the Bourgeoisie, become sovereign, that invented obligatory and unpaid military service. In the earlier forms of this conscript system, the rich could escape by furnishing a substitute, and thenceforth military service was in inverse ratio to one's fortune. Those who enjoyed all the advantages of life were thus freed from all the disagreeable duties of the régime,—the monotony and immorality of the barracks and the perils of the battlefield; the pariahs of society alone were to rot in the former and perish on the latter. After 1870, when substitutes were abolished, the Bourgeoisie again escaped the heaviest part of the burden; by a payment of three hundred dollars, their sons served but one year, while the poor were kept in the army five long years. Later, the possession of the bachelor's degree exempted the young bourgeois from two years out of the three then required, and they were freed entirely from serving in the colonies. To the latter more dangerous military work only the sons of the People were assigned.

The ancient régime kept in check the working classes by mercenaries, generally Swiss, Germans or Irish. But the bourgeois

régime of to-day decimates strikers by the hands of the sons of these very strikers; proletarians are shot down by proletarians, an arrangement which is as economical as it is amazing. The fact is that an absolutely collectivist régime could be the only justification of universal obligatory military service.

The feudal lords, having got possession of all the land, of course never dreamt of preaching the doctrine of worship of country to a landless population, especially as they themselves did not practise it. The Turennes and the Condés served alternately the foreigner against France and France against the foreigner. Many of the great generals of those days and a multitude of minor officers were really men without a country. Was there ever a more brilliant type of "French" nobility than Bassompierre, the favorite of Henry IV, who was really a German baron named von Betstein? From John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, who died in 1346 for France, down to Maurice of Saxony, the victor of Fontenoy, many were the foreign nobles who fought under the French flag. And what a large number of French nobles have served foreign nations. Naturally the governing classes of those times had not the impudence to demand patriotism of the common people.

As a matter of fact, the modern French Bourgeoisie is no more patriotic than was the Nobility of the ancient régime. Its enterprises and speculations are of an international character. Its capital is employed against the best interests and safety of its country, just as readily as a feudal condottiere lent his military talents to the enemy. And yet this same Bourgeoisie presents to the People the idea of "native land" as an idol whose worship is required and which is protected against defamation by very severe laws. At the trial in Paris last December of the members of the International Anti-Military Association, out of twenty-six prisoners found guilty by a jury composed exclusively of persons from the burgher class, twenty-four were working-men.

To sum up, then: in the struggle now under way between the Third Estate, absolute master for over a century, and the Fourth Estate, which wishes to have its turn at the good things of life, all the arms are in the hands of the Bourgeoisie. But the People as a mass is formidable and not to be despised; and the question is whether the tiger will be devoured by the rats!

URBAIN GOHIER.

SELLING AMERICAN SECURITIES ABROAD.

BY CHARLES A. CONANT.

THE recent successful flotation in Paris of a loan of $50,000,000 by the Pennsylvania Railway has attracted attention to a movement which has been gaining in volume for several years. The proposals have been many for introducing American securities upon the Paris market, but their fulfilment has been delayed by difficulties growing out of the French system of taxation and the peculiar organization of the Paris market. To tap the great reservoir of French savings has, however, been the persistent ambition of many American financiers, and recent circumstances have proved favorable to their projects.

Old American houses, like Morgan, Harjes and Company and John Munroe and Company, have always done a solid but unostentatious business in American securities with special clients, but their normal activities have been directed in other channels. Within a few years, however, there have sprung up in Paris nearly a dozen offices of American or French-American banking and bond houses offering securities to the French public. Several American stock-brokerage firms and bond houses have opened offices in Paris, or are contemplating doing so. It has even been suggested that quotations on the New York Stock Exchange be cabled to Paris at frequent intervals during each day, in spite of the fact that the difference in time would make the hours during which the New York Exchange is open correspond to the time from three to eight o'clock in Western Europe. It is probable that a serious bar to such a project would be interposed by Government ownership of the telegraph in France, since the Government would be less disposed than private enterprise to adapt its service to business needs by giving precedence and special service for Stock Exchange quotations.

While there has always been a large investment of English and Continental capital in America, several recent events and tendencies promise to broaden the sources of supply, especially by opening the resources of France, which have heretofore been invested only to a limited extent in Anglo-Saxon lands. Perhaps the most tangible and obvious of these influences has been the great decline in Russian securities on the French market. The opening of the war with Japan caused a panic on the Paris Bourse, which carried down Russian Government three-per-cents. of 1891 from 83 to 73. Successive defeats of the Russian forces on land and sea had their depressing influence from time to time, but it was still possible, as late as April last, to float a new Russian five-per-cent. loan at 90 in Paris, Berlin, and even to a small extent in London and New York. Cloud has gathered upon cloud on the horizon of Russian international affairs, until at last the three-per-cents. sold in July last as low as 57, and even the five-per-cents. are a dozen points below the price at which the loan was issued.

Even before the war, French and Belgian investors who had put their money into Russian industrial securities had suffered from the partial collapse of the elaborate structure built up by Count Witté during the ten years of his service at the Russian Ministry of Finance. Count Witté was a man of foresight and constructive genius, and laid out a policy for the development of an industrial Russia which bore valuable fruit and will continue to bear fruit in time to come. If the policy of tariff protection is ever justified, it is in founding the industries of an undeveloped country. But such efforts, whether in Russia, Japan or America, usually invoke the penalty which follows interference with normal economic law in seeking to erect too rapidly a heavy structure on too slender foundations. Russia reaped this penalty in 1901. The output of her new mills and factories was greater than her population would absorb. It could not be exported at protection prices. In reality, however, it was the foreign investor rather than the Russian promoter who suffered. He found that mines and mills which had been having a large output and promising large net earnings had suddenly turned to scrap-iron. From these conditions Russia might soon have recovered but for the war, and probably she will recover eventually when an orderly government meets the demands of a contented people.

Inevitably, with some $500,000,000 of savings piling up in France annually, the eyes of the French investor are turned towards new fields. Among the most promising of these fields is America. The accumulation of savings in France is of a special interest to the outside world, because so little new capital is needed in France to replace the wear and tear of existing equipment and create new. The fact that population is stationary is responsible in part for this.

Discussion of new openings for American securities in Europe, therefore, necessarily centres to a large degree upon France, because of the difference between her economic position and that of other countries. These other countries fall into two classes—those which already take American securities in considerable amounts, and those which do not take them because they require their surplus capital at home. In the first class may be included Great Britain, the Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland. In the second class are Italy, Austria-Hungary, Spain, and Russia. The German Empire occupies an intermediate position, being capable of investing considerable sums abroad, while at the same time absorbing a large portion of saved capital in the extension of her own enterprises.

The British market is already familiar with American securities, but in recent years there has been a heavy demand at home for capital to meet the waste of war and the need for industrial extensions. The process of reconstructing the railways has been going on quietly in Great Britain, following the campaign of education begun some years ago by Mr. George Paish, of the London "Statist," along lines similar to those pursued in America, but much more modest. Larger cars and train-loads and heavier locomotives have required the strengthening of bridges and improvement of terminals, which has demanded from the railways issues of additional stock. The vast surplus of capital saved annually in England is also employed in a large degree in the enterprises which grow out of the extension of colonial power which follows the drum-beat of British authority around the world. Capital was absorbed by hundreds of millions by the war in South Africa and by the necessary work of reconstruction which followed. The taking over of private undertakings by the municipalities has also consumed many millions, contributing to increase municipal indebtedness in Great Britain as long ago as

1904 to £469,000,000, or a sum more than two and a half times the bonded debt of the United States. Such enormous demands for capital have threatened to fetter the international money-market by leaving little available for legitimate banking purposes.

The Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland are rich in accumulated capital. The Netherlands, much more than the other two countries, has been a buyer of American securities, until the amount held there has come to about $700,000,000. The Dutch made money when they took United States six-per-cent. bonds during the Civil War at 60; and they have been shrewd enough to pick up many railway securities at bargain prices at times when these were kicking about the American market without a purchaser. Not so much of the savings of Belgium and Switzerland has gone into American securities, but they are gradually turning in our direction. The Belgians, who are enterprising promoters, did a great deal to lead the French into Russian industrial enterprises, and have shared in the losses and regrets which the collapse of those enterprises has caused.

The countries which require their own capital at home,—Italy, Austria-Hungary, Spain and Russia,—keep it there by the simple economic law of paying for its use higher returns than can be earned abroad. Italy has advanced by leaps and bounds during the past dozen years. The deficits which paralyzed the Treasury and injured public credit prior to the scandals of 1893 have been succeeded, under the rigid economy and able management of such finance ministers as Sonnino and Luzzatti, by a modest surplus every year, until the consolidated debt issued at five per cent., hanging long below par, is about to be refunded under favorable conditions at three and three-quarters per cent. This is a low rate, however, for the loan of capital in Italy. The standard rate of discount at Genoa and Milan remains steady at five per cent., and deters the departure of Italian capital for foreign lands, German capital, attracted by this high return, has been poured in large amounts into Italian banking and financial enterprises.

Austria and Hungary are both awakening to a new economic activity which requires all their surplus resources. This is especially true of Hungary. The manner in which Budapest, the capital of Hungary, is gaining over Vienna, is indicated by this com-

parison of the commercial paper discounted at the Austrian and Hungarian headquarters of the Austro-Hungarian Bank:*

Discounts at end of year	Vienna. Crowns.	Budapest. Crowns.
1875	102,218,638	33,706,362
1890	106,507,806	71,377,140
1900	138,544,011	100,400,091
1905	181,557,072	179,417,263

The economic experience of Russia has been brought so much into view by the war that it is not necessary to do more than note the fact that Russia is still a poor country, for her great area and population, and will not for many years be able to invest her capital in foreign securities unless some of her well-to-do citizens are driven to it by confiscation and anarchy at home.

If certain American enterprises, including "industrials," appear to be somewhat speculative to the conservative Continental mind, the experience of the last few years, even in government securities, has shown that large profits have been made ultimately by those who have taken certain risks, while, upon those who have purchased what were considered "gilt-edged" securities, serious losses have fallen. The staid investor who would touch nothing but Consols saw them fall in price from 113⅛ in 1898 to 85 in 1904, while the more venturesome speculator upon whom he frowned when he dipped into Italian and Spanish rentes has seen the former rise from 83.80 in 1895 to 105 in 1905, under the enlightened policy of United Italy, and the latter advance from a depression of 34.50 at the crisis of the war with America to a quotation in July last of 95.70. The Government of Spain acted with good faith and self-sacrifice in dealing with her foreign obligations after the war. Interest continued to be paid in full, not only upon the "exterior debt," and upon the Philippine debt commuted with the United States by the Treaty of Paris, but even upon the Cuban debt, for which liability was distinctly repudiated in the treaty by both Cuba and the United States.

Thus the securities of these countries have been rising, while those of the rich and well-established countries have fallen, because the supply of surplus capital reached its maximum when quotations were at the highest and before the waste of the Span-

* The figures for the earlier years, expressed in florins, have been converted at the rate of two to one into crowns, the present monetary unit of Austria-Hungary.

ish, Boer and Japanese wars changed radically the relations between demand and supply.

An important element which is acting upon the minds of the old *noblesse* of France and the conservatives of other Continental countries in seeking safe investments, is the growth of Socialism in Europe. Another inspiration to the transfer of great quantities of French capital into Italian, Spanish and other foreign securities, has been the Church separation law in France, which has confiscated to the State real property of great value belonging to the religious orders and congregations, and warned them to place their movable property beyond the reach of French officials. The movement in France against the Church is only one of the many symptoms of the gradual growth in Europe of a spirit which is hostile to vested rights and the security of investments. Its influence was felt in the fall of the balances on deposit in the national savings-banks from 4,429,400,000 francs at the close of 1901 to 4,305,700,000 francs at the close of 1903.

The growth of Socialism and of hostility to the Church is a powerful undercurrent of politics in almost all Continental countries. While French clericals and conservatives have transferred much of their wealth temporarily into the securities of Italy, Spain and Austria, it is keenly recognized by the more far-sighted among them that this policy affords only temporary safety. Italy set the example of a vast confiscation of Church property, with inadequate compensation, immediately after the troops of Napoleon III ceased to support the Papal authority at Rome. Austria is still clerical and conservative, but Hungary and the other states which are not German are straining at the leash, and threaten to overturn the Austrian hierarchy as soon as the respected and conservative Francis Joseph ends his long reign. In Hungary every sober preparation is being made for an independent national life. A magnificent parliament house at Budapest, quarters for the bank which surpass in magnificence those at Vienna, and an extension of the royal palace to double or triple its old proportions have all been finished within the last half-dozen years, to welcome the new King of Hungary who shall revive the glories of Stephen and Michael and John Hunyadi. Even if Austria were willing to accept with complacency the break-up of the Empire of the Hapsburgs, a score of questions,—like the new customs tariffs or the control of Bosnia,—are likely

to bring the two countries to the brink of war. Austria, therefore, is not a safe depository of conservative investments. In Italy and Spain, also, no one knows at what moment Radicalism and Socialism may take the bits in their teeth and follow France in a new series of confiscations and oppressive taxes. Already, at the very moment when the venerable head of the Catholic Church is protesting against a law which denies freedom of worship in France to those who will not join the state-ordained corporations, the government of Spain is proposing similar measures in the land of Philip II, and threatening hostile legislation against the ministers of religion fleeing across the border from France.

In looking towards America as a safer field for investment in order to escape the march of Socialism, the conservatives of Europe do not fail to realize that Socialism is making headway also in America, but they feel that Anglo-Saxon law and traditions are a safeguard against violent confiscation,—that, even if England or America should enter upon a policy of acquiring private wealth for public purposes, it would be done in that spirit of conservatism and justice which has ever been the distinguishing trait of Anglo-Saxon peoples. The policy of the United States towards the religious orders in the Philippines has been an illuminating lesson of this sort. The willingness to pay the full value amicably agreed upon for the property of orders alien to the new government, and hated by the masses, has set an example of American policy which has borne much favorable fruit.

Even apart from any Socialistic motive, the pressure of taxation in France is constantly becoming heavier in order to meet the demands for modern armaments and the multiplication of public functionaries. The late ministry of M. Rouvier was forced by its Socialistic supporters, and much against the supposed normal inclinations of its head, to take up the subject of an income tax; and the present ministry, in spite of the high reputation of M. Clémenceau, has felt compelled to follow in the same path with a zeal which promises definite legislation within a short time. The income tax, already domesticated in conservative England, would be endurable in itself if it were proposed in lieu of other taxes, but when it is to be superimposed upon stamp taxes upon every form of document, transfer taxes upon real estate which almost prohibit transactions, window taxes, railway and theatre ticket taxes, check taxes and government monopoly of

matches and tobacco, it threatens to impose a load upon the back of French capital and enterprise which will cause it to stagger and fall back in the race with economic rivals. The succession tax alone proposed in the new French budget, rising above twenty-five per cent. for large fortunes given to others than near relatives, will prove a prolific mother of evasion and concealment and the expatriation of French savings to foreign fields.

The sale of American securities in Europe is not a novelty, but heretofore they have found a smaller market in France than in England, Germany and Holland. Frenchmen have recently begun to buy quietly small lots of American securities through the old-established exchange houses. There are several obstacles, however, to a large distribution of American securities in France, some of which will be removed by the broadening of the market, and others which are of a more serious character.

The French have always relied to a large degree upon their bankers and notaries in making investments. What these men recommend the average middle-class investor takes, without seeking information in detail for himself. In many cases, he does not care to see the securities, but accepts a receipt for his investment. This confiding spirit on the part of the French investor greatly aided some of the large French banks in unloading Russian industrials and other doubtful securities upon him prior to the Russo-Japanese war. The ability to place large issues successfully strengthened the arms of the big banks in crushing the provincial bankers. The Paris bankers not only accumulated immense resources themselves, but by absorbing the important new issues they left nothing for the provincial bankers to offer their customers. This fact, with its consequences, may prove helpful in the introduction of American securities. One of the new Franco-American enterprises derives its strength from the cooperation of the syndicate of three hundred provincial bankers, which was organized to fight the Crédit Lyonnais and which will welcome good American securities to distribute among its clients.

Among the obstacles to be overcome in winning investors are the recent upheaval in life-insurance, the investigation of Pennsylvania Railway management, the attacks upon the meat-packers and similar events, which have had a somewhat disturbing effect upon the conservative mind. They have tended to create the impression that American financial management is lacking in hon-

esty and conservatism. Upon the whole, however, the attacks upon the insurance companies have already to a considerable extent spent their force. It was naturally for the interest of the European companies to magnify the seriousness of the troubles in the three big American companies, and to spread the impression that these troubles affected the financial status of the companies as well as details of management. Perhaps among more far-sighted Continental investors, however, the fact that the American insurance companies and American financial institutions have ridden successfully through such a storm justifies the deduction that they must be fundamentally sound. In this respect, shrewd financiers in Europe realize that enterprise in the United States is out of its swaddling-clothes and that no such serious fall in values is again to be feared as marked the panic of 1873 and the railway reorganizations which followed the panic of 1893.

In order to afford a popular market for American securities in France or any other country, it is necessary not only that the securities should be good, but that they should be readily marketable. The Pennsylvania Railway has attained this result by having its securities issued through houses of reputation and listed on the Bourse. This will enable the holder of these securities who desires to dispose of them to find a market on the regular exchanges, and to know by the daily quotations at what price he can sell. It is almost essential also to a successful flotation upon a large scale that the holder of the securities shall be able not only to sell them, but to borrow on them. This has been attained in the case of the Pennsylvania Railway loan by the fact that, as it is listed, the leading banks, including especially those which took part in the flotation, are ready to loan upon it the usual proportion of market value. If securities less widely known are introduced on the market, as is contemplated by the Banque Franco-Américaine, the same object can be accomplished by the readiness of the issuing bank to loan a fixed percentage of market value.

One of the most serious obstacles which have heretofore prevented large offerings of American securities in Paris has been the French tax laws. Foreign securities, when quoted on the Paris Bourse, have been subjected to a complication of taxes upon the issue, the transfer and the income, which are so elaborate that even competent attorneys find it difficult to determine just how they may be applied in particular cases by the bureau of the

fisc, which in such matters exercises a wide latitude. Just what arrangement was made by the Pennsylvania Railway has not been officially announced, but the fact that the securities are selling free of existing taxes to the buyer indicates that a lump sum was paid to the *fisc* and apparently charged up by the railway to the cost of floating the loan. There are American corporations which would willingly submit to a considerable shave on this account; but heretofore the stronger ones have been unwilling to meet in advance the heavy taxes which would fall upon them under the French law if strictly interpreted. One provision of the law which has prevented other issues was not a serious obstacle in the case of the Pennsylvania. This was the requirement that a company listing securities must pay taxes upon at least one-tenth of the total issue. As the whole of the issue was made in this case in France, this requirement was not a hardship; but it is obvious that it would have been an insurmountable obstacle to listing the stock of the Steel Corporation, if it had been necessary to pay taxes upon $100,000,000 when a sale in France was expected for perhaps only $25,000,000.

The burden of the French taxes has been such that many devices have been adopted to escape them. One such device, which meets the difficulty of paying a tax upon too large a proportion of capital, is that of a holding company. Such a company is able to make an issue of debentures which are sold exclusively in France and which comply fully with the requirements of the *fisc* in regard to taxation. It is not necessary to list or pay taxes upon the varied lot of securities which lie behind the debentures. This is the method of attracting French capital which has been adopted by the Speyer syndicate.

Notwithstanding devices of this sort, the taxes imposed upon the listing and sale of securities on the Paris Bourse have begun to be felt upon the economic progress of France. It has been known for several years that thrifty French investors transferred both their security holdings and their bank accounts to the foreign branches of the Crédit Lyonnais and other French banks, principally in Brussels and Geneva. Just how far this process had gone in reducing the visible wealth of France was recently brought out by de Foville, the eminent French economist, in an article in "*L'Economiste Français.*" He showed that the annual average amounts passing through the tax office under the succession

tax had fallen from 6,930,000,000 francs, for the five years ending with 1895, to 6,869,000,000 francs for the five years ending with 1900, and to 6,489,000,000 for the four years ending with 1904. Without by any means adopting the conclusion that this marked decline in the average property assessed for succession taxes was due exclusively to the taxes on securities, M. de Foville declared:

"The legislator has shown himself for the last ten years so severe, even malevolent, towards capital under all forms, that many capitalists have sought to put themselves beyond the reach of his pursuit. The foreign banks have opened their doors and their vaults eagerly to the fugitive millions, and certain projects which are being announced may intensify still further this centrifugal movement, which would naturally contribute in a certain measure to the impairment of the estates subject to assessment."

The prospect is not unfavorable, then, for the flow of many millions of French money into American securities if American enterprises and American policy prove worthy of confidence. Stock-jobbing, laws and measures hostile to property rights, confiscation of private wealth without due compensation, or the sweep of Socialist triumph in American politics will arrest the flow and drive the conservative French investor back to the resources of his own country or those of neighboring countries, where the right to enjoy in declining years what one has gained by the sweat of his brow in early days is still respected. The French government will not interfere with the outflow of French capital on protective grounds, because it is not needed at home. It may seek to retain it for purposes of taxation, and with this end in view recently allowed it to be given out that an international conference was under consideration to prevent what in America is called "tax-dodging"—the transfer of property across the frontier to the community where it is least taxed. This would not only be a difficult project in itself, but it would find little sympathy in those countries which are benefiting by the use of French capital,—Belgium, Switzerland and America. If such measures are ineffective between communities and states in a common union, they are likely to be nearly futile between independent states in checking the operation of the fundamental law of capital,—that where security and confidence exist, it will flow to that country where it will earn the highest net return.

CHARLES A. CONANT.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

It seems probable that the history of these times will have something to say about William Randolph Hearst, the conditions which made him useful, the men who opposed him, and the results that he achieved.

History usually asks, and gets unsatisfactory answers to, the following questions concerning a man of interest:

What conditions made him important? What kind of a man was he to look at—eyes, size, clothes? What was his temperament? What did he actually accomplish? What did he plan to do? There is interest in these questions to-day. For Hearst is more generally discussed than any other man in the country. There will be interest in these questions many years from now, for conditions, combined with Hearst's good ambition and his power to influence public opinion, must make him, barring accident, an important force in the present stage of national and world-wide development.

What opportunities do present conditions offer to a man of Hearst's character and resources?

Conditions in this country to-day offer opportunities, and present a need of original thought and strong character as great as any the world has seen.

Human laws and happiness are based upon material conditions, largely upon commercial and industrial conditions. The world is undergoing a great change, competition has been replaced by organization, the importance and the opportunity of the individual are disappearing. The selfish career of "the little man for himself" is soon to be a thing of the past.

The world offers marvellous opportunities to a man of force who can see what is happening and what is needed. The world

needs balanced men with minds open to new truths. Our system of organized industry, replacing on strictly feudal lines an earlier military feudalism, gives an opportunity to progressive men.

Folly and thoughtlessness seek to-day, as ever in the past, to go backward. There are foolish minds that talk of "smashing the trusts," as there were foolish stage-coach drivers that talked of smashing the early locomotives. The world offers a chance to the man who can see that every new development with power behind it is at first a menace, and then a blessing.

Men have seen the seat of power transferred from the stone castle on the hill to the steel bank in Wall Street. They know that the new power will endure until some higher shall come to replace it. They are anxious to know whether they see in Hearst a man able to take advantage of conditions, clear-headed enough to realize that the new economic development must be employed for the people,—intelligent enough to know that the talk of destroying and of going back is folly.

What sort of a man is William Randolph Hearst to look at?

He is a big man—an excellent thing, since it gives him the strength to stand the worries of many newspapers, and the worries of many faithful followers and foolish enemies. He is more than six feet two in height, very broad, with big hands and big feet, a strong neck that will stand up for a long time under a heavy load. His hair is light in color, and his eyes blue-gray, with a singular capacity for concentration.

His dress of late has been the usual uniform of American statesmanship, combining the long-tailed frock coat and the cowboy's soft slouch hat.

The first impression that Hearst gives is one of bigness. And the second is that of being a listener. Those who see him invariably talk to him a great deal more than he talks to them. When the meeting is over Hearst is apt to know more about the other man than the other man knows about him.

Mr. Hearst has a great deal of nervous as well as physical strength. This enables him to be patient with many men, and many employees, that constantly demand his personal attention and personal answer. He is able, when necessary, to do with little sleep. And his mind works normally at all hours.

He has well developed the power, without which no man succeeds as a political leader, of concentrating his energies on one thing.

Hearst has good-nature and cheerfulness, even under trying conditions. The men who work for him like him on this account. They like him especially, because when things go wrong he takes the blame on himself. A man owning nine newspapers and a number of periodicals published in five different cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, is certain to have a great many foolish things done and said in his name. The public holds Mr. Hearst responsible for all the foolish things that his editors think of. Mr. Hearst fills his position well. He knows how to make his men useful, and to keep them useful by taking always more than his own share of the blame.

Hearst, as I have said, is silent, and he can listen. He will sit stooping over on his chair, drumming with his fingers, looking up earnestly at the face of the man who is talking. He is able to recognize with the first few words the fact that the man isn't going to say anything, and after that he doesn't even hear him talk. It is an admirable display of politeness, free from self-sacrifice.

Very lucky for Hearst is the fact that his interests, and therefore his vitality, are not scattered. There is absolutely nothing that he cares for except his family, his newspapers, and his public work in politics. He never goes to a race-track, the race-horses that he inherited with his father's property were turned out to amuse themselves on a ranch.

He takes absolutely no interest in financial speculation, cares for money only because of the power that it gives to reach the public, and to scatter ideas through newspapers. It is impossible to interest Hearst at all in any mere money-making scheme. A well-known American financier once said, "That man Hearst is a queer and foolish young fellow. I waited three hours outside of his office to persuade him to take ten thousand shares of —— at ten dollars a share, and could not see him."

The stock mentioned had since gone above 100, and the Wall Street man was amazed that he had been unable even to talk to an editor who might have made more than a million dollars by giving him five minutes of his time. This seems important, for while it is difficult to conceive that a man of any intelligence should be interested in money except for the work that can be done with it, we know that the best energies of our country at this moment are diverted to aimless money-making.

Those who would understand the hostility of other newspapers to Mr. Hearst must know the effect that he has had upon the pocketbooks of those newspapers.

The Hearst newspapers have constantly advocated good wages and the eight-hour day. Unionism rules in all mechanical departments of the Hearst undertakings.

Since his arrival in New York, Mr. Hearst has frequently and voluntarily added greatly to wages in the mechanical departments of his newspapers. The result has been that the other newspapers have been compelled to pay the wages that Hearst paid voluntarily. His refusal to join in any association planned to keep down wages has been painful to his fellow newspaper-owners.

Very important in Hearst's temperament is the fact that he does not take himself too seriously. For that reason, the results that he achieves do not make him feel satisfied. There must be an indefinite extent to his energies and struggles in public life, because nothing that he could achieve—however important—would seem to him really worth being proud about.

Hearst has in his mind a clear view of history—of which he is a constant and passionate student. He is able to review at a glance the progress of human beings from their primitive origin to this present primitive condition which we call civilization.

What has Hearst done thus far?

He has created what was essential to his work, a powerful machine for influencing public opinion.

He has built his newspapers up to a daily circulation of two millions. And that circulation is increasing constantly.

Every day Hearst is able to talk with two million American families scattered everywhere in this country. His newspapers are published in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. And they will soon be published in many other cities.

With this enormous circulation Hearst is able every day to spread the truth and reply to falsehood. The constant bitter efforts that are made to misrepresent him fail, for his voice reaches farther than the voice of any other man in the country. There has never before been assembled in this world an audience such as that which Hearst commands, and therefore it is safe to say that there has never been a man possessing his peculiar influence and power for good.

The building up of this tremendous engine of publicity is his

greatest accomplished work, undoubtedly. And with that engine his real work is still to be done.

He has made dishonest wealth disreputable throughout the nation. He has convinced the people that the rule of organized capital is not American government or honorable government. He has been the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction, the basis of improvement, this country has seen.

Hearst has made innumerable fights in the interest of the people at his own expense, with great expenditure of money and of personal energy. Various trusts have been fought by him through the courts and up to the Supreme Court. He certainly has the honor of being hated more deeply by the public enemies of this country than any other man in it. A mere enumeration of the lawsuits that he has begun and prosecuted on behalf of the public welfare fills out a considerable pamphlet.

Mr. Hearst is already the greatest awakener and director of public opinion and of public anger against injustice that the country has seen in many years.

In the way of actual good, Hearst has accomplished much by his influence in increasing the distribution of money.

He has sided with workmen in just fights against corporation employers and has helped them to win. This means that additional money has been divided among the families of working people instead of being added to dividends on watered stocks.

Tens of millions a year are added to the incomes of wives and mothers in this country because of Hearst's activity in promoting the legitimate distribution of wealth.

What are Hearst's plans for the future?

He means to be a useful man in his country, working within the law for the betterment of conditions. His confidence is in the general intelligence of the people, and the fight that he has on hand just now is to make universal suffrage a reality, an expression of the public will.

Hearst will prove to be a creative as well as a corrective force in this country. It will not satisfy him to be known merely as a rich man who was unselfish, honest, just and fearless. He is among those who realize that a country which could comfortably support two thousand millions of beings ought surely now to support in plenty and free from worry all men willing to work.

Those who oppose Hearst are largely corporation men, who

allow their pocketbooks to think for them, who are influenced by the selfish dread that Hearst's plans for making others better off might possibly spoil their plans.

The honest business man, the man of fortune honestly acquired, has no need to worry about the political activities of Hearst. Hearst is a believer in the American system. He realizes that human beings work in obedience to the instincts within them, and that one of the strongest human instincts at present is the desire to possess property. He knows that human society must be a reflection of human nature, and cannot be based on repression.

He himself is a large owner of property. His newspapers represent an enormous investment. He is compelled to pay out for labor and material more than fifteen millions per year to keep them going. He owns more than a million acres of land; he is engaged in agricultural pursuits on a very large scale; he is an owner of mines.

Through his newspapers he is interested in the success of every business man. The advertising patronage of successful business men alone makes the existence of his newspapers possible.

His newspapers depend also upon the good-will of the people. Every day of his life he is subjected to "the referendum," the power of recall about which the radicals talk so much. Two millions of men who buy his newspapers each day can stop buying any day they please, and make an end of the Hearst newspapers.

It is greatly to his credit that he has travelled so fast and far with all this heavy baggage of property. It can truly be said of him that the property which he owns has not in any way controlled his opinions. His opinions have controlled his property.

Hearst represents unselfishness in public life. In need of nothing personally, he is not satisfied while others fail to thrive as they should in a country such as this.

He is ambitious, without personal conceit. He is extremely tenacious. He is absolutely temperate, free from fondness for dissipation of any kind. He is a man of unusual physical and mental strength. He has a great machine of publicity with which to work. His chance, therefore, of achieving real reputation in the annals of our slow progress toward civilization seems good.

The attacks and slanders aimed at Hearst have been conceived by dull minds and have been inevitably ineffective. It is true that he is not an easy man to attack. But those who have at-

tacked him because he menaced their plans for plunder have gone about their work with incredible stupidity. In his enemies he has been unusually fortunate. One was a convicted forger, one was convicted of manslaughter, a third of national repute is openly accused of blackmail and offers no defence.

Hearst does not drink any alcoholic stimulant. He does not smoke—he neither lashes nor stupefies his faculties. But he combines a realization of the rights of others with temperance in his own life.

A man influential in the New York State Prohibition party telephoned from the Prohibition Convention, asking if Hearst would accept their nomination for Governor. He replied:

"I feel greatly honored by the suggestion because of the high character of the men in your party. But I could not properly present myself as a leader of Prohibitionists, for while I am individually a total abstainer, I do not advocate prohibition. I believe that drunkenness must be fought by argument, and especially by better material conditions. Prosperity, in my opinion, is the enemy of excessive drink. And poverty is the direct cause of drunkenness."

That is typical of Hearst's attitude toward men in general.

There is no doubt that Hearst is destined to succeed in politics as he has succeeded in the newspaper profession. Unlike many others in politics he is independent of the bosses, independent of organized capital, independent of everything but the final judgment of the people. He has power to appeal every day to that judgment, and to wipe out falsehood as fast as it is written.

There is no doubt that Hearst will be elected President of the United States if he lives. He represents intelligent, conservative protest against the usurpation of national power by corporations. The only real strength opposed to him is that of dishonest organized capital, and that cannot permanently control the people.

Hearst has already triumphed over his unscrupulous enemies. He is the most popular individual in the United States to-day.

Many men will live to be ashamed of slanders invented or circulated concerning Hearst.

It is not possible now to name a recognized public enemy, without naming at the same time one of Hearst's enemies. Soon it will not be possible to mention an intelligent good man without mentioning a sympathetic, friendly follower of the career of William Randolph Hearst.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH.*

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE problem of our age is the proper administration of wealth, so that the ties of brotherhood may still bind together the rich and poor in harmonious relationship. The conditions of human life have not only been changed, but revolutionized, within the past few hundred years. In former days there was little difference between the dwelling, dress, food and environment of the chief and those of his retainers. The Indians are to-day where civilized man then was. When visiting the Sioux, I was led to the wigwam of the chief. It was just like the others in external appearance, and, even within, the difference was trifling between it and those of the poorest of his braves. The contrast between the palace of the millionaire and the cottage of the laborer with us to-day measures the change which has come with civilization.

This change, however, is not to be deplored, but welcomed as highly beneficial. It is well, nay, essential for the progress of the race, that the houses of some should be homes for all that is highest and best in literature and the arts, and for all the refinements of civilization, rather than that none should be so. Much better this great irregularity than universal squalor. Without wealth there can be no Mæcenas. The "good old times" were not good old times. Neither master nor servant was as well situated then as to-day. A relapse to old conditions would be disastrous to both—not the least so to him who serves—and would sweep away civilization with it. But whether the change be for good or ill, it is upon us, beyond our power to alter, and therefore to be accepted and made the best of. It is a waste of time to criticise the inevitable.

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It is easy to see how the change has come. One illustration will serve for almost every phase of the cause. In the manufacture of products we have the whole story. It applies to all combinations of human industry, as stimulated and enlarged by the inventions of this scientific age. Formerly articles were manufactured at the domestic hearth or in small shops which formed part of the household. The master and his apprentices worked side by side, the latter living with the master, and therefore subject to the same conditions. When these apprentices rose to be masters, there was little or no change in their mode of life, and they, in turn, educated in the same routine succeeding apprentices. There was, substantially, social equality, and even political equality, for those engaged in industrial pursuits had then little or no political voice in the State.

But the inevitable result of such a mode of manufacture was crude articles at high prices. To-day the world obtains commodities of excellent quality at prices which even the generation preceding this would have deemed incredible. In the commercial world similar causes have produced similar results, and the race is benefited thereby. The poor enjoy what the rich could not before afford. What were the luxuries have become the necessaries of life. The laborer has now more comforts than the farmer had a few generations ago. The farmer has more luxuries than the landlord had, and is more richly clad and better housed. The landlord has books and pictures rarer, and appointments more artistic, than the King could then obtain.

The price we pay for this salutary change is, no doubt, great. We assemble thousands of operatives in the factory, in the mine, and in the counting-house, of whom the employer can know little or nothing, and to whom the employer is little better than a myth. All intercourse between them is at an end. Rigid Castes are formed, and, as usual, mutual ignorance breeds mutual distrust. Each Caste is without sympathy for the other, and ready to credit anything disparaging in regard to it. Under the law of competition, the employer of thousands is forced into the strictest economies, among which the rates paid to labor figure prominently, and often there is friction between the employer and the employed, between capital and labor, between rich and poor. Human society loses homogeneity.

The price which society pays for the law of competition, like

the price it pays for cheap comforts and luxuries, is also great; but the advantages of this law are also greater still, for it is to this law that we owe our wonderful material development, which brings improved conditions in its train. But, whether the law be benign or not, we must say of it, as we say of the change in the conditions of men to which we have referred: It is here; we cannot evade it; no substitutes for it have been found; and while the law may be sometimes hard for the individual, it is best for the race, because it insures the survival of the fittest in every department. We accept and welcome, therefore, as conditions to which we must accommodate ourselves, great inequality of environment, the concentration of business, industrial and commercial, in the hands of a few, and the law of competition between these, as being not only beneficial, but essential for the future progress of the race. Having accepted these, it follows that there must be great scope for the exercise of special ability in the merchant and in the manufacturer who has to conduct affairs upon a great scale. That this talent for organization and management is rare among men is proved by the fact that it invariably secures for its possessor enormous rewards, no matter where or under what laws or conditions. The experienced in affairs always rate the MAN whose services can be obtained as a partner as not only the first consideration, but such as to render the question of his capital scarcely worth considering, for such men soon create capital; while, without the special talent required, capital soon takes wings. Such men become interested in firms or corporations using millions; and estimating only simple interest to be made upon the capital invested, it is inevitable that their income must exceed their expenditures, and that they must accumulate wealth. Nor is there any middle ground which such men can occupy, because the great manufacturing or commercial concern which does not earn at least interest upon its capital soon becomes bankrupt. It must either go forward or fall behind: to stand still is impossible. It is a condition essential for its successful operation that it should be thus far profitable, and even that, in addition to interest on capital, it should make profit. It is a law that men possessed of this peculiar talent for affairs, under the free play of economic forces, must of necessity soon be in receipt of more revenue than can be judiciously expended upon themselves; and this law is as beneficial for the race as the others.

Objections to the foundations upon which society is based are not in order, because the condition of the race is better with these than it has been with any others which have been tried. Of the effect of any new substitutes proposed we cannot be sure. The Socialist or Anarchist who seeks to overturn present conditions is to be regarded as attacking the foundation upon which civilization itself rests, for civilization took its start from the day that the capable, industrious workman said to his incompetent and lazy fellow, "If thou dost not sow, thou shalt not reap," and thus ended primitive Communism by separating the drones from the bees. One who studies this subject will soon be brought face to face with the conclusion that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends—the right of the laborer to his hundred dollars in the savings-bank, and equally the legal right of the millionaire to his millions. To those who propose to substitute Communism for this intense Individualism the answer, therefore, is: The race has tried that. All progress from that barbarous day to the present time has resulted from its displacement. Not evil, but good, has come to the race from the accumulation of wealth by those who have the ability and energy that produce it. But even if we admit for a moment that it might be better for the race to discard its present foundation, Individualism,—that it is a nobler ideal that man should labor, not for himself alone, but in and for a brotherhood of his fellows, and share with them all in common, realizing Swedenborg's idea of Heaven, where, as he says, the angels derive their happiness, not from laboring for self, but for each other,—even admit all this, and a sufficient answer is, This is not evolution, but revolution. It necessitates the changing of human nature itself—a work of æons, even if it were good to change it, which we cannot know. It is not practicable in our day or in our age. Even if desirable theoretically, it belongs to another and long-succeeding sociological stratum. Our duty is with what is practicable now; with the next step possible in our day and generation. It is criminal to waste our energies in endeavoring to uproot, when all we can profitably or possibly accomplish is to bend the universal tree of humanity a little in the direction most favorable to the production of good fruit under existing circumstances. We might as well urge the destruction of the highest existing type of man because he failed to reach our ideal as to favor the destruction of Individualism, Private Property, the Law

of Accumulation of Wealth, and the Law of Competition; for these are the highest results of human experience, the soil in which society so far has produced the best fruit. Unequally or unjustly, perhaps, as these laws sometimes operate, and imperfect as they appear to the Idealist, they are, nevertheless, like the highest type of man, the best and most valuable of all that humanity has yet accomplished.

We start, then, with a condition of affairs under which the best interests of the race are promoted, but which inevitably gives wealth to the few. Thus far, accepting conditions as they exist, the situation can be surveyed and pronounced good. The question then arises,—and, if the foregoing be correct, it is the only question with which we have to deal,—What is the proper mode of administering wealth after the laws upon which civilization is founded have thrown it into the hands of the few? And it is of this great question that I believe I offer the true solution. It will be understood that *fortunes* are here spoken of, not moderate sums saved by many years of effort, the returns from which are required for the comfortable maintenance and education of families. This is not *wealth,* but only *competence,* which it should be the aim of all to acquire.

There are but three modes in which surplus wealth can be disposed of. It can be left to the families of the decedents; or it can be bequeathed for public purposes; or, finally, it can be administered during their lives by its possessors. Under the first and second modes most of the wealth of the world that has reached the few has hitherto been applied. Let us in turn consider each of these modes. The first is the most injudicious. In monarchical countries, the estates and the greatest portion of the wealth are left to the first son, that the vanity of the parent may be gratified by the thought that his name and title are to descend to succeeding generations unimpaired. The condition of this class in Europe to-day teaches the futility of such hopes or ambitions. The successors have become impoverished through their follies or from the fall in the value of land. Even in Great Britain the strict law of entail has been found inadequate to maintain the status of an hereditary class. Its soil is rapidly passing into the hands of the stranger. Under republican institutions the division of property among the children is much fairer, but the question which forces itself upon thoughtful men in all lands is:

Why should men leave great fortunes to their children? If this is done from affection, is it not misguided affection? Observation teaches that, generally speaking, it is not well for the children that they should be so burdened. Neither is it well for the state. Beyond providing for the wife and daughters moderate sources of income, and very moderate allowances indeed, if any, for the sons, men may well hesitate, for it is no longer questionable that great sums bequeathed oftener work more for the injury than for the good of the recipients. Wise men will soon conclude that, for the best interests of the members of their families and of the state, such bequests are an improper use of their means.

It is not suggested that men who have failed to educate their sons to earn a livelihood shall cast them adrift in poverty. If any man has seen fit to rear his sons with a view to their living idle lives, or, what is highly commendable, has instilled in them the sentiment that they are in a position to labor for public ends without reference to pecuniary considerations, then, of course, the duty of the parent is to see that such are provided for *in moderation*. There are instances of millionaires' sons unspoiled by wealth, who, being rich, still perform great services in the community. Such are the very salt of the earth, as valuable as, unfortunately, they are rare; still it is not the exception, but the rule, that men must regard, and, looking at the usual result of enormous sums conferred upon legatees, the thoughtful man must shortly say, "I would as soon leave to my son a curse as the almighty dollar," and admit to himself that it is not the welfare of the children, but family pride, which inspires these enormous legacies.

As to the second mode, that of leaving wealth at death for public uses, it may be said that this is only a means for the disposal of wealth, provided a man is content to wait until he is dead before it becomes of much good in the world. Knowledge of the results of legacies bequeathed is not calculated to inspire the brightest hopes of much posthumous good being accomplished. The cases are not few in which the real object sought by the testator is not attained, nor are they few in which his real wishes are thwarted. In many cases the bequests are so used as to become only monuments of his folly. It is well to remember that it requires the exercise of not less ability than that which acquired

the wealth to use it so as to be really beneficial to the community. Besides this, it may fairly be said that no man is to be extolled for doing what he cannot help doing, nor is he to be thanked by the community to which he only leaves wealth at death. Men who leave vast sums in this way may fairly be thought men who would not have left it at all had they been able to take it with them. The memories of such cannot be held in grateful remembrance, for there is no grace in their gifts. It is not to be wondered at that such bequests seem so generally to lack the blessing.

The growing disposition to tax more and more heavily large estates left at death is a cheering indication of the growth of a salutary change in public opinion. The State of Pennsylvania now takes—subject to some exceptions—one-tenth of the property left by its citizens. The budget presented in the British Parliament the other day proposes to increase the death-duties; and, most significant of all, the new tax is to be a graduated one. Of all forms of taxation, this seems the wisest. Men who continue hoarding great sums all their lives, the proper use of which for public ends would work good to the community, should be made to feel that the community, in the form of the state, cannot thus be deprived of its proper share. By taxing estates heavily at death the state marks its condemnation of the selfish millionaire's unworthy life.

It is desirable that nations should go much further in this direction. Indeed, it is difficult to set bounds to the share of a rich man's estate which should go at his death to the public through the agency of the state, and by all means such taxes should be graduated, beginning at nothing upon moderate sums to dependents, and increasing rapidly as the amounts swell, until of the millionaire's hoard, as of Shylock's, at least

> "—— The other half
> Comes to the privy coffer of the state."

This policy would work powerfully to induce the rich man to attend to the administration of wealth during his life, which is the end that society should always have in view, as being that by far most fruitful for the people. Nor need it be feared that this policy would sap the root of enterprise and render men less anxious to accumulate, for to the class whose ambition it is to

leave great fortunes and be talked about after their death, it will attract even more attention, and, indeed, be a somewhat nobler ambition to have enormous sums paid over to the state from their fortunes.

There remains, then, only one mode of using great fortunes; but in this we have the true antidote for the temporary unequal distribution of wealth, the reconciliation of the rich and the poor —a reign of harmony—another ideal, differing, indeed, from that of the Communist in requiring only the further evolution of existing conditions, not the total overthrow of our civilization. It is founded upon the present most intense individualism, and the race is prepared to put it in practice by degrees whenever it pleases. Under its sway we shall have an ideal state, in which the surplus wealth of the few will become, in the best sense, the property of the many, because administered for the common good, and this wealth, passing through the hands of the few, can be made a much more potent force for the elevation of our race than if it had been distributed in small sums to the people themselves. Even the poorest can be made to see this, and to agree that great sums gathered by some of their fellow-citizens and spent for public purposes, from which the masses reap the principal benefit, are more valuable to them than if scattered among them through the course of many years in trifling amounts.

If we consider what results flow from the Cooper Institute, for instance, to the best portion of the race in New York not possessed of means, and compare these with those which would have arisen for the good of the masses from an equal sum distributed by Mr. Cooper in his lifetime in the form of wages, which is the highest form of distribution, being for work done and not for charity, we can form some estimate of the possibilities for the improvement of the race which lie embedded in the present law of the accumulation of wealth. Much of this sum, if distributed in small quantities among the people, would have been wasted in the indulgence of appetite, some of it in excess, and it may be doubted whether even the part put to the best use, that of adding to the comforts of the home, would have yielded results for the race, as a race, at all comparable to those which are flowing and are to flow from the Cooper Institute from generation to generation. Let the advocate of violent or radical change ponder well this thought.

We might even go so far as to take another instance, that of Mr. Tilden's bequest of five millions of dollars for a free library in the city of New York, but in referring to this one cannot help saying involuntarily, How much better if Mr. Tilden had devoted the last years of his own life to the proper administration of this immense sum; in which case neither legal contest nor any other cause of delay could have interfered with his aims. But let us assume that Mr. Tilden's millions finally become the means of giving to New York a noble public library, where the treasures of the world contained in books will be open to all forever, without money and without price. Considering the good of that part of the race which congregates in and around Manhattan Island, would its permanent benefit have been better promoted had these millions been allowed to circulate in small sums through the hands of the masses? Even the most strenuous advocate of Communism must entertain a doubt upon this subject. Most of those who think will probably entertain no doubt whatever.

Poor and restricted are our opportunities in this life; narrow our horizon; our best work most imperfect; but rich men should be thankful for one inestimable boon. They have it in their power during their lives to busy themselves in organizing benefactions from which the masses of their fellows will derive lasting advantage, and thus dignify their own lives. The highest life is probably to be reached, not by such imitation of the life of Christ as Count Tolstoi gives us, but, while animated by Christ's spirit, by recognizing the changed conditions of this age, and adopting modes of expressing this spirit suitable to the changed conditions under which we live; still laboring for the good of our fellows, which was the essence of his life and teaching, but laboring in a different manner.

This, then, is held to be the duty of the man of Wealth: First, to set an example of modest, unostentatious living, shunning display or extravagance; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent upon him; and after doing so to consider all surplus revenues which come to him simply as trust funds, which he is called upon to administer, and strictly bound as a matter of duty to administer in the manner which, in his judgment, is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community—the man of wealth thus becoming the mere agent and trustee for his poorer brethren, bringing to their

service his superior wisdom, experience, and ability to administer, doing for them better than they would or could do for themselves.

We are met here with the difficulty of determining what are moderate sums to leave to members of the family; what is modest, unostentatious living; what is the test of extravagance. There must be different standards for different conditions. The answer is that it is as impossible to name exact amounts or actions as it is to define good manners, good taste, or the rules of propriety; but, nevertheless, these are verities, well known although undefinable. Public sentiment is quick to know and to feel what offends these. So in the case of wealth. The rule in regard to good taste in the dress of men or women applies here. Whatever makes one conspicuous offends the canon. If any family be chiefly known for display, for extravagance in home, table, equipage, for enormous sums ostentatiously spent in any form upon itself,—if these be its chief distinctions, we have no difficulty in estimating its nature or culture. So likewise in regard to the use or abuse of its surplus wealth, or to generous, free-handed cooperation in good public uses, or to unabated efforts to accumulate and hoard to the last, whether they administer or bequeath. The verdict rests with the best and most enlightened public sentiment. The community will surely judge, and its judgments will not often be wrong.

The best uses to which surplus wealth can be put have already been indicated. Those who would administer wisely must, indeed, be wise, for one of the serious obstacles to the improvement of our race is indiscriminate charity. It were better for mankind that the millions of the rich were thrown into the sea than so spent as to encourage the slothful, the drunken, the unworthy. Of every thousand dollars spent in so-called charity to-day, it is probable that $950 is unwisely spent; so spent, indeed, as to produce the very evils which it proposes to mitigate or cure. A well-known writer of philosophic books admitted the other day that he had given a quarter of a dollar to a man who approached him as he was coming to visit the house of his friend. He knew nothing of the habits of this beggar; knew not the use that would be made of this money, although he had every reason to suspect that it would be spent improperly. This man professed to be a disciple of Herbert Spencer; yet the quarter-dollar given that night will probably work more injury than all the money

which its thoughtless donor will ever be able to give in true charity will do good. He only gratified his own feelings, saved himself from annoyance,—and this was probably one of the most selfish and very worst actions of his life, for in all respects he is most worthy.

In bestowing charity, the main consideration should be to help those who will help themselves; to provide part of the means by which those who desire to improve may do so; to give those who desire to rise the aids by which they may rise; to assist, but rarely or never to do all. Neither the individual nor the race is improved by alms-giving. Those worthy of assistance, except in rare cases, seldom require assistance. The really valuable men of the race never do, except in cases of accident or sudden change. Every one has, of course, cases of individuals brought to his own knowledge where temporary assistance can do genuine good, and these he will not overlook. But the amount which can be wisely given by the individual for individuals is necessarily limited by his lack of knowledge of the circumstances connected with each. He is the only true reformer who is as careful and as anxious not to aid the unworthy as he is to aid the worthy, and, perhaps, even more so, for in alms-giving more injury is probably done by rewarding vice than by relieving virtue.

The rich man is thus almost restricted to following the examples of Peter Cooper, Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, Mr. Pratt of Brooklyn, Senator Stanford, and others, who know that the best means of benefiting the community is to place within its reach the ladders upon which the aspiring can rise—parks, and means of recreation, by which men are helped in body and mind; works of art, certain to give pleasure and improve the public taste, and public institutions of various kinds, which will improve the general condition of the people;—in this manner returning their surplus wealth to the mass of their fellows in the forms best calculated to do them lasting good.

Thus is the problem of Rich and Poor to be solved. The laws of accumulation will be left free; the laws of distribution free. Individualism will continue, but the millionaire will be but a trustee for the poor; intrusted for a season with a great part of the increased wealth of the community, but administering it for the community far better than it could or would have done for itself. The best minds will thus have reached a stage in the

development of the race in which it is clearly seen that there is no mode of disposing of surplus wealth creditable to thoughtful and earnest men into whose hands it flows save by using it year by year for the general good. This day already dawns. But a little while, and although, without incurring the pity of their fellows, men may die sharers in great business enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and is left chiefly at death for public uses, yet the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was his to administer during life, will pass away "unwept, unhonored, and unsung," no matter to what uses he leaves the dross which he cannot take with him. Of such as these the public verdict will then be: "The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced."

Such, in my opinion, is the true Gospel concerning Wealth, obedience to which is destined some day to solve the problem of the Rich and the Poor, and to bring "Peace on earth, among men Good-Will."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

CAUSES OF THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

BY GENERAL FAUSTINO GUERRA PUENTE, LEADER OF THE INSURRECTIONISTS.

The following article for the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was dictated to William Inglis by General Faustino Guerra Puente (Pino Guerra), the leader of the Cuban Alzados, or Insurrectionists. Colonel Charles Hernandez, a peace envoy from the Association of Veterans, translated General Guerra's words from Spanish into English. The interview took place on Wednesday, September 5th, in General Guerra's headquarters in the field, a tobacco barn near the village of Jibaro in the famous Vuelta Abajo, province of Pinar del Rio, 175 miles southwest of Havana.

THE revolution was begun in this way. We Cubans have our laws and our Constitution. We have also an electoral law. The day is appointed by the Constitution for the election of President, Vice-President, senators, representatives and governors of provinces. When the work of electioneering was begun, Don Tomas Estrada Palma, who up to a few months before the election had not belonged to either the Moderate or the Liberal party, joined the Moderate party. From that day the chiefs of the Moderate party commenced to use such tactics as to impede all the rights to which the Liberals, according to the Constitution, were entitled. The first thing they did was to name a Cabinet, of the Secretaries of the President, called by their own party a "Cabinet of Battle." At that time (last September) the President named as Secretary of the Government Department, which had all to do with the elections, policing and armed forces of the island, a Judicial General, who on becoming Secretary of the Government ordered all the forces in his power — the Rural Guard and police—in combination with the Judicial Department to incarcerate all of those who were not in favor of the election of the candidates named by the Moderate party.

As a result, the candidates of the Liberal party, finding it

impossible to organize their forces for the election, and standing in fear that their principal leaders were in constant danger—for oppression had gone so far that some were shot at and some were killed—retired from the election. They knew that in the presence of the force that was being used by the Government departments it would be impossible for them to have an honest election.

Another cause of this uprising is the fact that the Government was using money of the Treasury for causes known only to the Government and for the benefit of a few of the leaders of the Moderate party who had become rich in a few days. Furthermore, laws which had been enacted to enhance the prosperity of the country the Government refused to carry out because to do so would not benefit a few of the leaders—namely, Tomas Estrada Palma; Rafael Montalvo, Secretary of the Government; Freyre de Andrade, President of the Chamber of Representatives; Domingo Mendez Capote, Vice-President; Senator Carlos Dolz, Senator Carlos Fonts Sterling, and Senator Frias, the assassin of Villuendas. Villuendas was one of the principal leaders of the Liberal party, a young man of prestige, who had fought all through the War of Independence, a lawyer and one of the most intelligent and progressive young men of Cuba.

A third cause of the uprising is that the Government has diverted the one million dollars voted for the purpose of public improvements in the province of Vuelta Abajo and has used that money for the purpose of arming and paying the same guerrillas who fought the Cubans during the War of Independence. These are the men the Government is using to try to quell this uprising which is now in progress all over the island.

I am satisfied that a great majority of the veterans of the War of Independence are in favor of the movement to uphold whatever Government is elected honestly, and will obey and enforce the Constitution and the laws of the country.

I state emphatically that I have no favorite for the office of President or any other position in the Government; but I will stand until the last in order to have the wrong that has been done rectified in an honorable way to all concerned.

You ask why this uprising has been begun at this time instead of last winter. The answer is because we thought that after the elections were over, President Tomas Estrada Palma, who was

always considered to be an honest man, would drop all party affiliations and would govern by the Constitution and the law, a thing which he has not done. He has ignored the Constitution and the law and has let himself be managed by the leaders of this so-called Moderate party.

You ask whether the Liberals are fighting in the expectation of capturing Havana or of intervention by some other Power. I believe the outcome will be that, step by step, this movement will open its way into Justice, which was not done by those who conducted the election of the President for the Moderate party.

I cannot answer your question as to whether we seek intervention. That answer must come from our executive committee at headquarters. I am simply a soldier, obeying the orders of the Central Committee.

Will the property of foreigners in Cuba be protected or destroyed? I cannot answer that. Ask the Central Committee. I am only a soldier obeying orders. Personally I hope there will be no destruction.

Perhaps you would like to know who is my candidate for President? I have none. If Tomas Estrada Palma should be elected by a fair vote, I would give him my whole support. But the present conditions are intolerable. If the American people had to endure such a Government as Palma's is to-day, they would not permit it to remain in power five days.

FAUSTINO GUERRA PUENTE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL, RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, AND LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"LINCOLN, MASTER OF MEN."*

For almost half a century biographers and historians have been engaged in collecting the facts concerning Abraham Lincoln, and their records are voluminous and fairly complete. It still remains, however, for skilled and discreet special students to sift those facts, and to present them in such fashion that their true significance may be appreciated by those who would test the quality of "the first American," and in this valuable work Mr. Rothschild is very largely a pioneer.

Certainly, the trail which he has blazed through the forest of facts displays keen judgment, and he arrives at his objective with unerring accuracy.

Starting inauspiciously through the tangle of unconvincing stories associated with Lincoln's youth, many of them rooted in the unreliable reminiscences of alleged boyhood companions and early settlers of the Dennis Hanks variety, the author moves swiftly forward, and the reader soon follows him with confidence and appreciation. "Lincoln, Master of Men," is his theme, and measurement and comparison are the key-notes of his argument.

In six graphic chapters he portrays his hero's experiences with Douglas, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Frémont and McClellan, demonstrating how his genius triumphed over "The Little Giant," won "The Premier's" esteem, utilized the Chief Justice's talents, curbed the War Minister's arrogance, neutralized "The Pathfinder's" mischievous self-aggrandizement and suf-

* "Lincoln, Master of Men." Alonzo Rothschild. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

fered "The Young Napoleon" to expose his own limitations. All of these leaders were, of course, men of extraordinary ability, self-confident and resourceful, gifted with strong personality, and inspired with as much patriotism as egotism permits; but Lincoln's eulogists, only too often, convey a contrary impression. Mr. Rothschild is, however, admirably judicial in his treatment of these distinguished statesmen and soldiers, illustrating and emphasizing all their strong qualities, and allowing Lincoln's supremacy to force itself upon the reader with something of the conviction which must have dominated the great emancipator's peers.

Other writers, it is true, have recognized the remarkable attributes of Lincoln's associates and rivals; but the usual method is to depict them as giants at the commencement of his administration, and then belittle them until they appear mere midgets beside the Chief who overtops them, not because he himself has grown, but because they have gradually shrunk. Possibly, this may be true of Frémont and McClellan; but it is far from true of either Douglas, Seward, Chase or Stanton. Each of these men developed strength rather than weakness in the days of peril. Douglas, holding his rival's hat on Inauguration Day and touring Illinois to exert his powerful influence for the Union cause, was a far greater statesman than when he posed as the idol of the Democracy. Seward found himself long after he had, as "Premier," indited his pompous and insolent "Thoughts for the President's Consideration." Chase was a broader and generally abler man when he retired from the Cabinet than when he entered it, and Stanton was infinitely stronger at the close of the war than he had been at its beginning.

Lincoln encouraged the aptitudes of each of these men, and much of their development was due to the generous opportunities he afforded for their growth. Without a thought of self, he imparted his own strength to all their patriotic undertakings and maintained his supremacy without an effort. This is the true measure of his greatness.

Were there nothing else in Mr. Rothschild's pages but the demonstration of that point, they would still be worth a careful study, but there is more, and much more, value in his work. With unmistakable craftsmanship and keen discernment, he discloses Lincoln's methods of approaching, disarming and conquering his

jealous allies and ambitious rivals, shows how he cured one of superiority and another of contempt, and how he handled them all to the end that the nation might receive the best they had to give, regardless of his personal feelings. It is, of course, in his daily relations with those forceful men that Lincoln's tact, self-restraint and rare judgment show to best advantage, and there is a lesson for rulers of men in almost every encounter between the great Executive and his masterful ministers. Possessed of power such as few men have ever wielded, and provoked as perhaps no other ruler by the insolence of office, Lincoln steadfastly remained calm and just, and his reproofs couched in the language of sorrow or regret effected what the harshest upbraidings would never have accomplished. Chase, Stanton and Seward have all of them suffered from the indiscreet publication of correspondence teeming with invective, petulance and cheap self-glorification, but not one mean or angry word has been traced to Lincoln's pen; and to-day the South can find no syllable of offence in all the utterances of the most tireless critic of slavery. Lincoln was not a saint, however, as many of his eulogists would have us believe. He was distinctly human—so very human that he could recognize and appreciate the various points of view from which his associates, opponents and critics looked upon the momentous questions of the day and hour. Intent upon his great objective, he yielded all matters of minor importance, but not contemptuously or with the indulgent air of a superior intelligence, but understandingly and sympathetically, firm in his belief that others saw the goal as clearly as he did and were travelling toward it with him, although by different roads. Only a very human personality could have been so closely in touch with the minds of other men. This is the open secret of his mastery.

All this is clearly and entertainingly set forth in Mr. Rothschild's volume; and although probably all the facts in his pages can be found in the biographies or histories, they are so well presented that even the special student reads them with fresh interest.

It is, of course, well-nigh impossible for any author to handle such a mass of details without an error of any kind, and Mr. Rothschild's reference to the "required *two-thirds* vote" in the Chicago Convention is merely a slip which supplies the saving exception to his rule of accuracy.

A word should be said for the make-up of this volume, which is a model of convenience, for both the general reader and the specialist. Instead of the annoying side or foot notes, the authorities (which read like Richie's "List of Lincolniana") are tabulated in an alphabetical index, and the valuable supplemental notes are likewise collected under the various chapter headings at the end of the book, which closes with a general index of most satisfying qualities. All these details enhance the practical value of such a work, and it is to be hoped that other historical essayists will profit by its notable example.

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.

GEORGE MEREDITH.*

To see a new edition of George Meredith is like being young again, and how one envies those enthusiastic youngsters of literature who will, by means of this reissue of Messrs. Scribner, meet the great master for the first time. Who can ever forget his first reading of "Richard Feverel," and all that it meant to his heart and his head! For some of us who love literature the most romantic thing that ever happens to us is the reading of a great book for the first time. The first time we read the "Odyssey," the first time we read the "Morte d'Arthur," the first time we read "Romeo and Juliet," the first time we read Keats—and rapidly to descend to modern instances, the first time we read "Sartor Resartus," "Walden," "Leaves of Grass," and "Marius the Epicurean." There are, of course, many other books that live in our hearts like the memories of our first love—if the comparison be strong enough—those sacred formative books of the spirit, that come to us with such thrilling force and fragrance in the eager dawn of our lives; but, of all modern books, none, perhaps, meant so much to the young heart—of twenty years ago—as "Richard Feverel." It is, I think, long since a commonplace of critical acknowledgment that perhaps nowhere out of Shakespeare has the bloom and wonder of young love been so magically expressed as in those heart-breaking, beautiful chapters in which Lucy and Richard meet by the river. I speak of "Richard Feverel" in particular, because, as has usually happened with a great writer, Mr. Meredith seems to me to have concentrated all

* New Pocket Edition of the Works of George Meredith. Sixteen Vols. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

his gifts in this one book with masterly spontaneity: his romance, his philosophy, his comedy, his epigram, his humorous characterization, his tragedy, his irony, and, above all, that valiant spiritual faith in "the upper glories," which, in combination with his fearless acceptance of the realities of life, makes the final significance of his writing. Spiritual faith is to be judged by the amount of doubt it holds in solution. Much so-called faith is merely a refusal to see, to look at what we call the "hard facts of life"; but the value of Mr. Meredith is that he looks them all straight in the face, and yet believes in the radiant indestructibility of the spirit. No so-called "realist" was ever more scientific, more accurate in observation, more conscientious to record; and thus his optimism has a consoling masculine ring, which one misses in the sentimental cheerfulness of the professional optimist.

But I must not seem to imply that Mr. Meredith is a philosopher using the novel merely as a means of animated illustration. He is first of all a great creative artist, with an unusual combination of gifts; and he seems to me unique in his power of showing what a many-stringed instrument the novel can be. No novelist has ever done so many things at once with the novel as George Meredith, except Balzac. Many novelists have given us strong and accurate presentation of human drama and character, but one has felt that the minds that portrayed them were unequal to the significance of their material — good story-tellers, clever mimics, with no interpretative sense of that infinite something which fills the smallest actions of men with a wistful poetry. To be really a great novelist you must be a poet as well, and it is the poetic quality behind all Mr. Meredith's brilliance that gives his novels their peculiar dignity and impressiveness, and a quality of piquant intensity which, after reading him, makes other novelists seem curiously opaque and mundane.

This intense spiritual quality of his work has all the more authority in the case of a novelist who so evidently, as we say, knows his world, and is such a brilliant and accurate observer of social types and human character, gifted with so worldly a wit, and wielding such a lash of satire. Think of the range of power in the hands that could set Lucy and Richard by the river, and yet portray with such masterly comedy the sophisticated world of "The Egoist"; and, yet again, could write with swordlike strength the story of Italian liberty as in "Vittoria." As one goes over

Mr. Meredith's books, this remarkable many-sidedness of his power seems separately illustrated by each one. No two books are alike, but each reveals some quality not found in the others. But all, of course, are linked together by the common bond of that wonderful fantastic style which has always been, and probably always will be, a barrier between Mr. Meredith and the great majority of readers. Even the faithful have been known to grow exasperated occasionally over its bewildering vagaries—over such passages, for example, as the opening lines of "One of Our Conquerors"; and the first chapter of "Diana of the Crossways" is certainly one of the hardest nuts to crack in literature. To read "The Egoist" "at sight," so to speak, is as difficult as to read at sight a fugue of Brahms. Yet, admitted the frequent hardness of the nut, the question is—is it worth cracking? And to that question there can, of course, be only one answer. If a reader will not take the trouble to wrestle with a difficult master, the loss, obviously, is his own. And, indeed, seeing the subtle psychological nature of much of Mr. Meredith's material, it seems hard to conceive of any other style being adequate for his purpose—just, as in the case of Walter Pater, his much-misconceived style grows organically out of the subject-matter he strove to present.

Yet, as with Browning, Mr. Meredith's obscurity has been considerably exaggerated, and the wonderful beauty and power, the lyrical simplicity and swordlike swiftness of it at its best have been too little dwelt on. Particularly in the descriptions of nature, and in the descriptions of women—Mr. Meredith's wonderful women—does it rise to heights of rapture and loveliness unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, by any prose in the English language. And, as to the wit of the writing, there is hardly need to speak of it, for Mr. Meredith is easily the greatest epigrammatist of his time; and his epigrams, like all the rest of his writing, are illuminated and energized by that profound spiritual and poetic insight of which I have spoken.

It is natural to write first of Mr. Meredith as a novelist, but there are those for whom he is first of all a poet, those who, aside from "Richard Feverel," value most his "Modern Love," and his unique nature-poetry,—his "Songs and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth"—more filled with the very breath of nature, the smell of green leaves and the aromatic mould, than any other nature-poetry in English. It is strange to think that such poetry should

have waited so long for the comparatively meagre recognition that it is at last receiving—that "Modern Love" should have slept for over twenty years in a first edition, in spite of Mr. Swinburne's impassioned praise. However, the poets are found of their own, and it is not the many readers, but the few, that count. In the hearts of "that acute and honorable minority," Mr. Meredith is securely enthroned, and the man who wrote "Love in the Valley" can have no doubt of his position among English poets. There has been no space for illustrative quotation from his prose, but let me, by way of decorative tailpiece to my article, end with two of the loveliest verses ever written:

"Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star;
Lone in the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar.
Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting:
So were it with me if forgetting could be will'd.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it fill'd.

. . . . . .

"Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
Threading it with color, like yewberries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
Maiden still the moon is; and strange she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE."*

AMERICA has been fairly successful during the last two generations in the production of sectional novels; for some reason, too intricate to trace, we seem impotent as regards the universal novel, that form of which the Russia of to-day is past master.

Those whose memory reaches back twenty years or so to the publication of "John Ward, Preacher," Mrs. Deland's first notable success, will see growth in ease and grace of handling in "Helena Richie," even some progress in liberality of thought and breadth of vision, but that which is lacking to make a seriously

* "The Awakening of Helena Richie." By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

fine novel is intensity, depth and strength of emotion, and this is our national defect. The story is lightly and delicately touched with conventional and innocuous views of morality, and the sorrows of life are decorously veiled.

Goethe once defined good society as that which furnished us with no material for poetry; and Symonds noted how hardly should those who wore evening clothes enter into the kingdom of the plastic arts. A quite recent essayist, in pointing out what an anachronism an Œdipus frenzy would be to-day, exclaims upon the power of a liveried footman to quench unseemly emotion. It is something of this sort, a certain undue reverence for appearances, for the outer conventional garb of life, which tends to make American fiction seem, in comparison with the more ruddy products of other nations, rather sterile and stingy. We are led, no matter what the theme, along a surface pageant of pleasantness, and no hint is ever allowed of the underlying chasms, of the sheer precipices to right and to left of the narrow path, of the surging, black waters of mortal anguish before and after.

If one take account of the events of Mrs. Deland's novel, and bar out the comforting and agreeable *dénouement,* we find the situation to be intrinsically as tragic as that of "Anna Karénina," for example. Helena is a woman whose child has been murdered by a drunken husband (it is worth while to examine the delicately veiled allusions to this deed, and to ask ourselves if horrors are really lessened by the vague words in which we cloak them). She then enters into an irregular relation with a coarse and selfish man, and lives a dozen years apparently as detached from human intercouse, friendships, external relations, as that model of all forlornness, Jeanne, in de Maupassant's "*Une Vie.*" Old Chester, where Helena takes up her abode in the "Stuffed Animal House," overcomes her reserves, however, and she enters into social relations, only to cause the suicide of a young and promising poet, a paralytic stroke and the final death of a picturesque and crabbed old genius, and to sow division in the married harmony of an excellent and upright doctor and his hard-working, over-tired, much-serving and much-saving wife, appropriately named Martha. Baldly stated, this would seem to be the groundwork of a tragic novel, but nothing is further than tragedy from the general effect of Mrs. Deland's book. On the contrary, it is most pleasant and delightful reading. It is a

swift and graceful skimming over the laughing surfaces of life, and no real grip upon or understanding of emotion touches with tragedy the picture of the individual broken upon the wheel of the social system.

The background of Old Chester is as charming as ever. The quick, keen perception of the *outside* of character, "its tricks and its manners," is incomparably done. In the detachment, the undeviating pursuit of the personal interest, young Sam's Sam and the younger David are bits of observation which reach high-water mark. These two characters are akin in their lack of relation, their self-absorption, and Sam's Sam's ability to listen unconcernedly to his father's attacking tirade while he notes a good phrase for his drama is only a decade removed from David's imperturbable and questioning insistence upon his own line of investigation. This crisscross of human interests is humorously and delightfully hit off over and over again, as in Mrs. Richie's waiting for the stage which is to bring her lover to arrange for the marriage, postponed twelve years, shutting her eyes to bear her impatience while she sends David to look and report, while David, with nonchalant, curt answers as to the stage, continues his theological researches as to God's food,—"Does He eat us? He *must;* chickens don't go there." Such touches are delightfully incongruous and whimsical. David, indeed, lends charm and merriment to the whole book. He pursues metaphysical inquiry with the unabated zeal of childhood. "Are fish happy when people eat them?" and his stumbling upon the question, "Can you ever get back behind a thing that is done? Can God?" is only the infant wording of Mr. Swinburne's outcry—

> "Can God restore one ruined thing,
> Or He who slays our souls alive
> Bid dead things thrive?"

But Dr. Lavendar's tender optimism strikes the answer, that God is always beginning again, and that there is no known human experience of pain or of sin that may not be the gate of heaven.

The finest dramatic point in the work is the scene in which young Sam, the poet, strikes his grandfather in the face, but young Sam was young enough and poetic enough to force dramatic situations. The real stroke of genius after the creation of David is old Benjamin, that solitary soul so intimate with the

great dead, so cut off from the small living. On his death-bed, his final cynical jokes, the attempt of the soul that is flitting out into the unknown to express the individual form of consciousness to the very last, in the application of the words, "Crito, I owe a cock to Æsculapius. . . ." "The debt is paid. Hey? I got the receipt"—these flashes give one the little thrill of delight that only answers to a very keen glance into the true nature of individuality.

Helena Richie herself is faintly, thinly conceived. Her consciousness is too elementary to feel seriously about, and one only wonders that such grave events can hang themselves upon so slight a character. Her awakening by means of David, the leading back of a bruised and sullied soul by the hand of a little child into the quiet joys and the little exaltations of innocence and service, are not deeply enough felt to make a serious impression.

Dr. Lavendar, too, it would seem, stumbles lamentably once or twice in this book. His attitude of accusing judge in his interview with Helena, his final sending her out into the night without escort, as a sort of punitive humiliation, his refusal to leave her in charge of David, and then putting the child in the coach with her as a "surprise package," may have helped in the conventional structure of the story, and to give the little jump up of unexpectedness which the modern slightly built novel deems so important an element, but which detracts from the sense of truth and seriousness and from the reverence which the author intends us to feel for this well-known character.

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

WORLD-POLITICS.

PARIS: WASHINGTON.

PARIS, *August, 1906.*

WE may hope that French politics will gradually become quite simple and intelligible, and no longer the nightmare of entanglement which they used to be. A few comprehensive questions and a knowledge of the political temperament of a few leading men ought soon to enable even the casual reader to form an accurate idea of the situation of this country. In fact, the present writer has never found it so easy a task as to-day to unite brevity with lucidity. Almost everything is said the moment we state that pure politics—that is to say, the private interests of a few individual deputies or Ministers,—are fast receding into the background and making room for all-important social questions.

The first week of the new legislature was entirely devoted to a debate—which some people may have been tempted to call "academic," but which, in fact, was of preeminent practical interest—between Jaurès and M. Clémenceau. Nearly three hundred in the Chamber were elected as Socialists or Radical-Socialists, and Jaurès could well imagine himself the real leader of the majority. As a matter of fact, twenty or thirty questions which were to be put to the Minister of the Interior, M. Clémenceau, were brushed aside as insignificant, and the very question which was furnishing M. Jaurès his theme—the alleged rough handling by the Government of the Courrières strikers—was soon dismissed as secondary, and all the attention of the Chamber was centred on the one comprehensive question: Was the democracy to go on wasting her time and resources on anticlericalism and mock reforms, or were steps to be taken for the benefit of the working classes? The almost universal applause of the Chamber testified that the audience of the great Socialist orator was awake at last

to the necessity of entering a new field of parliamentary labor. Clearly a new leaf had been turned, and we were entering upon a new phase of the Revolution begun more than a century ago. Industrialism and democracy mean attention to the rights and possibilities of the millions, and the *prolétaires'* votes have been too long represented in Parliament without any advantage accruing to them from their so-called share in the government.

To put it in newspaper language, it appears evident that, during the next four years, nine out of ten questions mooted in the French Chamber will have Jaurès or one of his lieutenants as their exponents; and whenever no other solution can be propounded, the Socialist solution will be taken for granted.

The difficulty is that the Socialists' solutions of side issues too often presuppose the wholesale admission of their fundamental doctrine, for which not everybody is prepared. Six or seven months before the election, Jaurès had promised, in the grandiloquent language of which he is a master, to submit to the coming Chamber a "*vaste texte législatif,*" a sort of code of the future *Civitas,* which would bring Socialist theories down to the parliamentary level. The work had been planned, he said, by some of his friends, and was nearly complete. M. Clémenceau, after hearing with good-humored irony the attacks made by Jaurès on his *bourgeois* policy, insisted on obtaining definite information as to various consequences apparently entailed by the Socialist programme. For instance, M. Jaurès advocated the nationalization of railways and mines, and, generally, of the industrial property held until now by large companies: did he mean that the proprietors thus ousted were entitled to some sort of compensation or not? To this embarrassing question M. Jaurès refused at first to give an answer; after a few days, he said that, if compensation should ever be given, it must be in the Socialist currency, *i. e.,* the tickets representing articles of daily necessity, and not the worthless gold they are intended to supersede. This, being interpreted in the flippant language of the present *Civitas,* amounted to nothing better than "monkey's coin"; and it appeared once more that the Socialist reconstruction was likely to be effected by force, and not through sweet reasonableness. Clémenceau exploded his opponent's fallacies one after the other, and he did so without sparing the cutting sarcasm which has made him so formidable in ten successive Parliaments.

At the end of his speech, very little remained of the Socialist leader's address, beyond the general statement that nothing has been done so far for the working classes, that the efforts of Parliament ought to be directed to industrial and economic questions, and that the adjustment of rights and wrongs can only be slow and progressive, and must be the work of experience rather than of debates and of theories. Social questions, then, will henceforward be the order of the day.

Will they be dealt with according to the Socialists' quick-working methods, or, on the contrary, given up to a majority of rich men, whose chief anxiety seems to have been, above all, to keep them in the background? The division of the Chamber, at the conclusion of Clémenceau's address, leaves no room for doubting that the day of the Socialist party has not dawned yet. The majority in favor of the Minister numbered upwards of four hundred—one of the largest on record; and it appears evident that the Radical-Socialists, in spite of their name and programme, will follow the leadership of Clémenceau, not of Jaurès.

The Minister of the Interior may have no exceptional title to the name of "statesman"—what man ever had who took office for the first time at the age of sixty-five?—but he undoubtedly belies the notion that an ironist, with a tendency to point out, above all, the absurd or impossible sides of a policy, finds himself powerless the moment he has to meet the difficulties of government. M. Clémenceau's weakness is probably to think government easy, and to regard as dunces some of his predecessors who plodded through the work he himself does offhand. But the light and easy manner which he has carried from literature into the exercise of power does not prevent his being a dexterous, keen-sighted and rather masterful Minister. To all intents and purposes, it is he and not M. Sarrien who is the head of the Cabinet, and he showed himself quite equal to the task on two difficult occasions, viz.: the general election, which he conducted with adroitness and a proper degree of cynicism, and the beginning of the session, when, as I have just said, he managed to rob M. Jaurès of his programme without committing himself to his methods.

Since then he has gone to work, as he said he would, and has succeeded in passing an Income Tax Bill, which is a first step in the way of practical reforms. As a net result of two months' parliamentary work it is remarkable, and more than has ever been

achieved in the same length of time. While the Bill was under discussion, the Old Age Pension Bill was gradually being brought into working order, and there is every reason to hope that this great democratic measure will henceforward be something better than a platform commonplace or a chapter of "Utopia" in statistics and figures. The long-despaired-of Bill enforcing a weekly holiday for workmen was also passed. The numberless difficulties attending its regular enforcement have not been cleared away yet by the Council of State, and may be, for many years to come, in the way of its general application; but, wherever those difficulties are not insuperable, the Act will be given a chance. It may be rather hard that a democracy should have had to wait so long for such preeminently democratic reforms, but there is comfort in the notion that a few weeks or months were sufficient to bring them into existence at last. M. Clémenceau may boast that, had it not been for him, they would probably be still looked upon as impossibilities by the very men in his majority who spoke of them as measures of the first importance.

Improvement meaning expense, M. Clémenceau would be badly off if he were not supported by an able Minister of Finance. M. Poincaré happens to be the very man he wants. Like his colleague, M. Poincaré has a wider outlook than the ordinary politician. He is a *connoisseur* in literature and philosophy, and an excellent writer. He is a sober, cool-headed orator, with a good deal of intellectual austerity under his graceful manner, and a sworn foe to vagueness and pretence. The habit of Ministers of Finance was to deny deficits, and dress up balances as much as appeared necessary to secure a favorable vote. M. Poincaré has given up the practice. On the eve of the election he owned to a deficit of over two hundred million francs; and he had nothing to say against the Old Age Pension Fund if the Chamber allowed him to raise yearly an extra sixty-five million francs where they could be found.

This honest policy seems likely to exclude every other where politics are superseded by redistribution of property. At any rate, the Chamber must have realized that no other was possible, as there is no golden mean between Mr. Jaurès's confiscations and M. Poincaré's new taxes, and they have given the Minister full leave to scrape together his sixty-five millions as best he can. The task is not easy. The French have been overburdened ever

since they had to pay the Prussian war indemnity, and the chief danger to the Republic is a comparison that will often recur between the light Budgets of the Second Empire and the heavy ones to which we have been accustomed since. The least addition to the taxes is often resented by the very classes in whose behalf it is made, and the common workman is well aware that his bread may depend on the millionaire's indulgence in luxury. M. Poincaré seems to have partly succeeded in filling his exchequer without creating too much anxiety. There will be a duty on works of art and curios, and another—which, unfortunately, is only an anticipation of the Income Tax Act—on exchange operations. Moreover, M. Poincaré is going to seek two other sources of revenue in quarters likely to please the Socialists. Five thousand men of the Colonial troops will be disbanded, and the transfer of property through collateral inheritance will be liable to a duty of thirty per cent. instead of twelve. This means the complete absorption by the state of property, not in the direct line, within four generations, and the Socialists could hardly demand a more stringent measure. It cannot be very popular, and M. Poincaré wound up the speech in which he demonstrated the necessity of this tax with a pathetic appeal to the patriotism of the taxpayers and a promise to establish a special scale in favor of smaller fortunes.

All this is very clear. It seems evident that France, after being for some years dragged into the groove of the social and economic reforms which are the chief interest of cultivated men, from America to Germany and from England to Japan, is at present growing conscious of the advisability of this policy.

But even this higher view of politics has its danger, and may be occasionally dimmed by old prejudices. It has been often said that the French nation cares much more for equality than for liberty, and the history of the past century certainly bears out the observation. When they speak of equality, the French unfortunately nearly always mean levelling. The new departure we are witnessing may result, nay, must some day result, in bettering the general conditions of life; but a high ideal does not always meet with its immediate reward, and prudence and wisdom should accompany it. So much has been said by the Socialists and echoed by the Radicals concerning the necessity of improving the condition of the working classes, and, by hook or by crook, enlisting rich citizens in the work, that some capital has been frightened

out of France. M. Poincaré acknowledged the fact in the tribune. Several milliards have crossed the frontier, and will naturally be employed by Swiss, Belgian and Italian bankers in Swiss, Belgian and Italian enterprises. The threats of a more or less immediate nationalization of the French railways is sure to encourage a migratory movement in the direction of American railways, which is, so far, more spoken of than really visible, but will become a fact the moment the capitalist who is not a professional financier becomes used to a foreign check-book. No purpose can be gained by impoverishing a country, and France is certainly ceasing to be the large bank with the millions of small safes that it used to be. The staunch Socialist is blind to these ominous symptoms, because his dream shows him countries always too large for their inhabitants, but a financier like M. Poincaré sees the danger and points it out with an outspokenness that bespeaks its seriousness.

These are some hopeful signs that the French politician will become practical by dealing at last with practical affairs. The "*Matin*" published some time ago an article in which M. Pelletan, the most obdurate of pure politicians, took a mischievous pleasure in showing that the Income Tax Act framed by the Minister of Finance was unworkable. But the public took this for what it was, literature, and paid much more attention to the articles devoted to the Custom House differences with Spain and Switzerland, and to another by M. Caillaux, in which this very able financier and ex-Minister demonstrated that real disarmament is much more the suppression of underhand tariff wars than the reduction of some items in the War Budget. Such a statement, only a year ago, would have been perfectly unintelligible to the newspaper reader, and we must be improving. Political peace will certainly help social wisdom, but wisdom has never been more necessary.

WASHINGTON, *August, 1906.*

DURING President Roosevelt's temporary relief from the cares though not from the responsibilities of administration, the principal topics of political discussion in the Federal capital have been the impression made by Secretary Root on the Latin-American peoples; the elaborate preparations made in many States to welcome Mr. William J. Bryan on his return from foreign parts; and the contest going on between the two chief political parties for the control of State Legislatures and Executives and

of the next Federal House of Representatives. There is no doubt that the success of Mr. Root's visit to South America has transcended expectations. That the head of our State Department, justly regarded as Mr. Roosevelt's principal adviser, should have traversed thousands of miles of ocean in a United States war-ship to meet personally and confer with the leaders of public opinion in Latin-American republics was rightly looked upon as an unprecedented compliment, deserving of the most cordial recognition. What might have proved, however, only an interesting interchange of courtesies seems likely to have a profound and lasting international significance. In Brazil, to be sure, the temper of the public men and of the people at large was known to be already favorable to the friendliest relations with the United States. We have never had any trouble with the Brazilians, either when they were the subjects of an empire, or since they have adopted a republican régime. As the descendants of Portuguese who have never loved the Spaniards, the Brazilians viewed with indifference or complacency the discomfiture of Spain in our recent contest with that Power, and, constituting as they do a strong and prosperous nation, thoroughly qualified to meet its obligations, they have no reason to resent the Roosevelt deduction from the Monroe Doctrine, which would impose upon us the duty of intervening, by the assumption of the revenue-collecting function, between weak and indebted American commonwealths and their European creditors. There is another fact conducive to an amicable understanding, namely, that our country is the largest consumer of Brazil's coffee, and one of the best customers for her hides and rubber. There was every reason, therefore, sentimental and commercial, why Mr. Root should look forward to a hearty, and even effusive, reception in the Brazilian capital. Whatever he may have hoped for, it was more than fulfilled. It is doubtful whether any visitor to Rio de Janeiro ever evoked, or could evoke, a more fervent and imposing demonstration of good-will. As festivity followed festivity during the days of his sojourn, he was made to feel that he, personally, and the country which he represented, possessed not only the esteem and respect, but the confidence, of the Brazilian people. That the confidence was well deserved he proved by a series of speeches well adapted to set forth the community of sentiment and interest welding together American republics, and to allay misgivings, if any such

existed, concerning the possible wish of the United States to assert a species of protectorate over less powerful neighbors in the Western Hemisphere. In those speeches, freighted with good sense and instinct with sincerity, the Secretary seems to have builded better than perhaps he knew. Addressed primarily to Brazilians, they were made known by telegraph to Spanish-American capitals, and had an auspicious effect on the attitude of those cities toward the approaching American visitor.

When Mr. Root's tour was contemplated, it was pointed out that, while he was certain to be treated in Uruguay, Argentina and Chile with the ostensible civility due to his official station, he might be disappointed if he reckoned on a genuine and ardent exhibition of popular trust and liking toward a spokesman of the great republic of the North. Spanish-speaking Americans cannot help seeing in the United States the possessor of Florida and of the vast Louisiana Territory, which once belonged to Spain. They cannot but see in us the Power which less than sixty years ago deprived Mexico of Texas and California. With our resolve to give Cuba independence they could not but sympathize, but they would have been unfilial, could they have surveyed unmoved the quick and irresistible blows by which we forced their mother country to give up Porto Rico and the Philippines, and to drink to the dregs the cup of humiliation. In their case, moreover, there is no strong motive of commercial self-interest to counterbalance suspicion of our purposes. From Uruguay and Argentina we take some of their hides and wool, but their other products find our own commodities competitors in the British market. Then, again, it is precisely the feebler Spanish-American commonwealths that have most to dread from Mr. Roosevelt's assumption that, in spite of the Monroe Doctrine, European creditors have a right to enforce upon American debtors by an appeal to arms the payment of debts arising out of contract. Mr. Roosevelt's offer to avert possibly calamitous applications of that principle by interposing for the purpose of collecting customs revenue and apportioning it equitably between a defaulting debtor-republic and its European creditors could hardly be expected to impress the jurists of Montevideo and Buenos Aires, who uphold, and wish to see incorporated in international law, the doctrine that contractual obligations are not enforcible by a resort to war. For all these reasons, those familiar with the real feeling entertained

by Spanish-speaking Americans for the United States were disposed beforehand to regard with some uneasiness, if not anxiety, the prolongation of Mr. Root's tour beyond Rio de Janeiro. Happily, all such apprehensions have been belied, and the wisdom of the tour has been vindicated amply, for misunderstandings have been cleared away, and the bonds of friendship and fraternity have been riveted.

How long the boom of Mr. Bryan for the next Democratic nomination for the Presidency will last, nobody pretends to predict. It is certain that there are as yet no signs of its culmination, much less of its collapse. State Convention after State Convention in the West has endorsed his candidacy. It is true, indeed, that these impressive proofs of present popular favor are given almost two years before the meeting of the Democratic National Convention, and are in no wise binding on that body. Mindful of this fact, some of Mr. Bryan's more sagacious friends have expressed regret that he did not postpone his home-coming for about a twelvemonth. For by such a prolonged period of absence he would lessen the ground for reproaching him with persistent office-seeking, would make the ultimate outpour of public sentiment in his favor seem more spontaneous, and—what is most important—would free himself from the temptation of posing as a national "boss," and interfering in local disputes. He has already made what, from a view-point of policy, should possibly be accounted the mistake of calling upon Mr. Sullivan to resign the post of national committeeman for Illinois. Whether or no Mr. Bryan is right in holding the St. Louis Convention unjustified in seating the Hopkins-Sullivan delegation, it might have been judicious and expedient for him to wait and let that act be reversed and condemned by the Democracy assembled in convention two years hence.

As regards this year's political campaign, interest is settled mainly on the contests in Maine, Iowa, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. Nobody believes that the Republicans can be beaten in Massachusetts, inasmuch as the Stand-Patters, although they control the party organization, are astute enough to put forward again for the Governorship a tariff-revisionist. In Maine, except in the district represented in Congress by Mr. Charles E. Littlefield, who is vehemently opposed by the Federation of Labor, the fight turned on the question whether prohibition of the

manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages should be expunged from the State Constitution, or allowed to remain in it. In Iowa some of the newspaper organs of the Stand-Patters, who were beaten by Governor Cummins the other day in the State Convention, are calling upon their readers to support the Democratic nominee. As between two revisionists, they say, they prefer the straight goods to blended. Enormous as was the plurality given by Iowa to Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 (upwards of 158,000), it is conceivable that the bolt of the Stand-Patters may acquire sufficient proportions to prevent the reelection of Governor Cummins. It was, we may recall, with the aid of many Republican votes, that a Democratic nominee, Mr. Horace Boies, was made Governor of Iowa some sixteen years ago. In Ohio, although no Governor is to be chosen this year, it will be worth while to note whether, in the election of other State officers, the Democracy's candidates can obtain something like the plurality which their nominee for the Governorship secured in 1905 in spite of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt had swept that commonwealth by more than 255,000 only a twelvemonth before. The situation in Pennsylvania is also interesting. The Keystone State gave Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 the astounding plurality of 505,000; yet only a twelvemonth later the Democratic nominee for State Treasurer was elected with the aid of the votes of Republican reformers. A similar fusion exists this year, only now it is a Republican reformer, Mr. Lewis Emery, who is endorsed by the Democrats for the Governorship. There is this difference, too, that, last year, the Prohibitionists were included in the coalition against the nominee of the regular Republican organization, while this summer they have brought out a candidate of their own. After all, however, the attention of the nation seems likely to be concentrated on the contest for the Governorship in the State of New York, which has often been doubtful in non-Presidential years. At the hour when we write it seems certain that there will be three candidates in the field, namely, the nominee of the Republican Convention, who will be either Governor Higgins or Mr. Charles E. Hughes (who carried out the investigation of life-insurance companies); Mr. W. R. Hearst, who will be put forward by his own organization, the Independence League; and the nominee of the regular Democratic Convention, who, it now seems probable, will be Mr. William Travers Jerome.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *September 10.* A Holiday for Capital.

HOLIDAYS have ceased to be rare even in this workaday nation. Although still far behind England, where enforced leisure takes precedence over necessary toil, we nevertheless have to our credit the establishment of a sufficient number of days of recreation to arouse restiveness among the Puritanic shades, and scarcely a year passes without having added one to the accumulation. Of the distinctively national festal days, the Fourth of July continues to maintain its own, but Thanksgiving Day, for some unaccountable reason, has ceased to be held in observance outside of New England, and Fast Day has become a mere spectre of the past. Instead, we have universal recognition of Washington's Birthday, while commemoration of Lincoln's Birthday is becoming more and more general. In due time, Grant surely, Cleveland possibly, and Roosevelt, of course, will be accorded the tribute of appreciation already paid to their illustrious predecessors. It is a curiously interesting and perhaps significant fact that our latest holiday, Labor Day, has already won a place in the first rank of general recognition, if not celebration. Theoretically, if, as we believe, everybody in America does or ought to work, no holiday merits wider observance. Its peculiar significance lies in the fact that Labor Day has come to be regarded as a time of special recognition of those who toil with their hands. Really, therefore, it is by tacit assent a class holiday, since every one acknowledges that manual labor is but one of the factors of progress in civilization.

Having in mind the consideration due to the weaker partner or competitor, as the case may be, might it not be well to set aside a holiday for downtrodden capital? This would afford the capitalist an opportunity, now notable by its absence, for the expression of

his views. Just as on Labor Day the radical leader makes a point in his public utterance of emphasizing his conservatism, so on Capital Day the possessor of vast accumulations might dwell, with convincing earnestness, upon his innate sympathy with his presumably less fortunate brethren, and point the way, for his associates, at any rate, to live better and broader lives. Under present conditions, the millionaire is at a disadvantage as contrasted with the spokesmen of the toilers. Politicians either disregard him entirely, or tolerate him only in secret conference. The newspapers indicate full appreciation of the fact that he is but as one to a hundred among readers, and even the ministers are disposed to yield to the allurements of popularity with the multitude. Instinctive regard for fair play would seem to warrant the making of an opportunity for a class which, though numerically weak, is financially strong, and, after all, is essential to the prosperity and happiness of the community. Indeed, in seriousness, we are convinced that the thought of extending consideration in some form to capital in this time of national perturbation need not be dismissed as necessarily idle. It probably is quite true that its most conspicuous representatives who have suffered serious discomfort during the past few years have received no more than their arrogance and intolerance merited; but there can be no question that the lesson has gone home and developed in them a spirit of reasonableness and an earnest desire to meet their rightful obligations, as gratifying as it is novel.

In common with the great majority of our countrymen, we have never felt and do not now feel any moral incumbency to safeguard the interests of the very rich. They have proven themselves quite competent in the past to protect their own affairs, and there is no manifest indication that their cunning has departed. But the time will come, if indeed it has not already arrived, when all American interests should cooperate, for the common good, at least when rivalry with other countries is involved. It is right and necessary to correct abuses which have ensued inevitably from our exceptionally rapid material development, but it is not the part of wisdom to bestow upon foreigners an undeserved benefit in consequence. The recent declaration, for example, of the greatest, most successful and most widely known of our corporations, to the effect that its business abroad is being seriously injured by the continuance and virulence of

newspaper attacks at home, seems to us worthy of the serious attention of rational and patriotic citizens. The foreign trade won by our supremely capable corporations surely ensures in no small degree regular employment and wide-spread benefits to our own citizens. To deliberately check its growth, or to harass its managers unnecessarily in their efforts to hold and acquire the markets of the world, is action so foolish as to be almost criminal. The biting off of one's nose for the mere purpose of spiting one's face has never proven advantageous. Moreover, however we may deplore those wrongful methods in domestic competition now in process of eradication, there is no reason why Americans at home should not rejoice, as the English people even glory, in the commercial triumphs of their countrymen abroad. For ourselves, somewhat timidly yet without serious apprehension, inasmuch as we lack political aspirations and have no intention of seeking pennies in great numbers through the publication of a lively newspaper, we have only God's forgiveness to ask for saying that we are frankly proud of each and every great American corporation which has distanced its competitors in the commercial arena of the world. We do not believe in the morals, wisdom or efficiency of the established policy of our older English relatives of washing all of their dirty linen in private, but we do go so far as to insist upon the fatuity of stretching a clothes-line from Liverpool to Hong-kong for the information and delectation of our common rivals. In all cases and at all times, if this Nation is to endure, right must and shall prevail; but the attendant truth need not be overlooked that undue, flagrant exploitation of wrong for the gratification and advantage of competitors is, from a nationally commercial viewpoint, quite as harmful as failure to correct the evils themselves.

TUESDAY, *September 11.* A Droning Young Socialist.

"WHY I am a Socialist" is an ancient title, under which many men, and women, too, of diverse minds have undertaken to enlighten the world. Reasons "why," as set down, have been so numerous and so various that an attempt at recapitulation would be futile, but we think we are safe in assuming that the basis has been invariably that most estimable quality commonly designated as "altruism." But we have developed among us a new school of philosophy, whose expounders refuse to permit their unwilted intellects to be shackled by tradition. It is without appreciable

shock, therefore, that we are awakened by an explication whose chief characteristic, aside, of course, from its hidden merit, is its artless novelty. The expositor is one of the youngest of our teachers. His grandfather was a poor printer, who built up a great newspaper in the metropolis of the West, and died happy in the knowledge that he had bequeathed to his descendants an honored name and the wherewithal to carry forward the admirable work that he had so well begun in the service of the community. That the accumulation painfully acquired by him for the purpose of assuring the essential independence of his public journal would be regarded by any of his natural successors as a personal embarrassment doubtless never occurred to that simple mind. Yet such is the pitiable case, and the predicament in which the grandson now finds himself is clearly set forth over his own signature in an article bearing the alluring caption, " Confessions of a Drone."

When a rich and free-spoken young man, not known to be irrevocably averse to the fascinations of fame, raises aloft a banner such as that, one is apt to sit up and contemplate with pleasurable anticipation the possible advent of a Rousseau or, at least, a George Moore. But our earnest young friend really has little to confess. Speaking " as a type, not as myself the individual," he states that he has an income of between ten and twenty thousand dollars a year; he spends all of it; he does no work; he produces nothing. Once upon a time, he served as a reporter for the newspaper created by his grandfather and earned fifteen dollars a week. For some reason not given, this occupation developed unsatisfactory features, and so he became a " type." As such he now appears before an unenlightened public primarily as an expositor of the principles of Socialism and incidentally as a horrible example. Altruism finds no abiding-place in his creed. His difficulty lies wholly in dissatisfaction because he is not obliged to work for a living, and because others receive more than they earn. Some time ago, there was another Teacher, often spoken of as a Socialist, whose advice was sought by a young man in very much the same position as our melancholy drone. The mind of that young man, too, was troubled and he sought a remedy. The answer is found in Matthew xix, 21: " Go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor." It is a simple solution, and one quite as efficacious today as it was nineteen hundred years ago. Human nature undergoes little change from the wear of time. That young man also

went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions, and, we dare say, he too became a type and continued to drip bitter tears upon coupon-clipping scissors.

We would not ask so much of our ingenuous philosopher as the Saviour required of his predecessor. The most we would venture to suggest to him is that he unite his capital and energy, cease to be a type and do something worth while. He owes that much at least to the memory of the grandfather who toiled earnestly, though mistakenly, to make a wider opportunity for an addle-pated descendant. Our droning Socialist need feel no apprehension of the failure of such a union. All the requisites are at his command. He has money for use and a craving for toil. Brains he can buy in the open market.

WEDNESDAY, *September 12.* English and American Men.

IT is so seldom that what we occasionally speak of with a touch of pride as "the American spirit" evokes from foreigners expressions other than sarcastic, that an exceptional reference is worthy of note. Such an one appears, in connection with a study of Mark Twain's work, in that excellent English journal called "The Outlook," which makes the following admirable expression of apparently genuine appreciation:

"Mark Twain has probably been read by multitudes of us who have never really come within range of the author's personality, that strange mingling of misanthropy and charity, coolness and enthusiasm, which makes the man cynic and crusader by turns, so that he stands out as the most eminent scoffer in a scoffing nation, and, at the same time, as the supreme American example of the kind of disposition which provides us here with pro-Boers, pro-Zulus, and other much-abused and earnest children of the race of Barebone. *Eve's Diary* might be called some harsh names by different kinds of mental invalid; but nobody who used words correctly could call it frivolous on laying it down. Its writer is one of the least frivolous men living. The morals and religion of this iconoclast are tougher plants than will readily grow in the minds of a later generation. They were sown in the heroic age of the United States, before the discovery of the West and before the vast invasions from Europe, days when there seemed to be something stirring within the nation that meant greatness as well as size and wealth; when the American problem, of which the bare conditions are now seen to be scarcely yet laid down, seemed already to be visibly working itself out on the lines ordained. Those hardy spiritual qualities are more or less visible in every extravaganza from Mark Twain's pen, and not least

so in this short piece and in the *Extracts from Adam's Diary*, published some years ago. He has despaired of men, but never of Christian morals, democratic principles or women."

To those who continue to read the autobiography begun in this REVIEW, the accuracy of this appreciation will become increasingly apparent. In the next number, for instance, will be found a striking illustration of the author's undying faith in the goodness of womankind. This "determination to idealize woman at the expense of man," as "The Outlook" puts it, "has always been one of the most American things about Mark Twain. The conception, present all through this little book, of man as the gross materialist, with no sense of beauty and no faintest stirring of the artistic impulse, both of which are regarded as in the nature of woman, is an American conception. It probably corresponds to the facts of American life, but it would be hard to make out a case for it from the general history of our species." We are not sure that materialism is peculiar to the American among Anglo-Saxons. Certainly, brutality is not, and there is room for argument respecting vulgarity, despite the pretensions of an aristocracy untutored except in manners. But acrimonious discussions based solely upon assertion are profitless. So long as every one concerned is satisfied with his own doings, there is no occasion for fretful argument. If Englishmen consider it the part of wisdom to belittle their women, and American men see fit to idealize theirs, what cause for complaint have any except those objectively affected?

THURSDAY, *September 13.* **Permanence of a Helpful Pastime.**

A SOMEWHAT distinguished commentator upon current events is distressed by what he terms the "hypertrophy of golf." What he means to say, in plain English, is that the recent improvements introduced, represented in particular by rubber balls and long-handled clubs, may make proficiency so easy as to impair the present interest in the game. As an example confirming his apprehension, he notes that professionals nowadays find no difficulty in circling the longest courses with less than seventy strokes. This to our critic's mind means the likelihood of changing golf to mere cross-country pedestrianism, and he longs for a recurrence of the good old days when "the putting of little balls into

little holes with instruments very ill-adapted to that purpose" was more onerous. It would be a pity, indeed, if the fears of our friend should be realized, even in a minor degree. Golf has ceased to be a fad. It has become an institution of very great value to the community. It affords practically the only sane recreation for men of middle age, who stand most in need of open air and moderate exercise. It is upon this class, not upon professionals or limber boys who perform marvellous feats, that the permanence of the pastime depends; and, despite the forebodings noted, we are convinced from experience and observation that this reliance has a substantial basis. No invention as yet has been wrought that can effect a material improvement in the quality of golf played by one who has passed his fortieth birthday. Constant practice and strict attention to the unsatisfying merit of accuracy may improve the performance of such an one to the extent of from five to ten strokes, but no more. With the passing of years, one becomes staid physically as well as mentally and morally. We venture the assertion that even with the aid of the modern improvements, the number of strokes required by a very large majority of middle-aged men who indulge in the pastime regularly, is nearer one hundred and ten than ninety. To them the invention of the rubber balls and the long handles was, and continues to be, a happy circumstance, relieving somewhat the discouragement attending the inevitable recognition of the bitter truth that exceptional proficiency could not thereafter be attained. So far as we have been able to perceive, the game has lost none of those exasperating features which constitute its chief charm; nor is there any lack of competitive joy among the wise who have come to recognize the desirability of restricting their associations on the links to those of their own limited capacity. We are happy, therefore, to dispute the assertion that this boon to middle-age is in danger of impairment; and, as evidence of the accuracy of our conclusion, we would not hesitate for an instant to accept a truthful account of the personal experiences of the obviously middle-aged commentator whose mind is troubled.

FRIDAY, *September 14.* **The Farm and Prosperity.**

THE time to look ahead is when there is no apparent necessity for doing so, because then only can the benefit of clear vision and calm judgment be obtained. It is well, therefore, for us

Americans, now in the days of our abundance and prosperity, to reflect, not with the pessimism of dire foreboding, but with the sagacity of prudence, upon the certainties and probabilities of the immediate future. That individually we have become spendthrifts we well know, but we are comforted by the thought that for the many there is an admixture of good with the evils even of improvidence. Moreover, it seldom happens that segregated error exacts a general penalty.

The serious question is whether, as a people or a Nation, we are making such provision as lies within our power, and as it is, of course, our manifest duty to make, for the future. Mr. James J. Hill, to whose far-sight is due his notable achievement as a constructor of railways, thinks not. The country, he declares, is not only living upon but exhausting its material capital, especially in taking from the earth, in increasingly large quantities, the coal and iron which cannot be replaced, while simultaneously neglecting the cultivation of the soil whose productivity may be replenished indefinitely. Fifty years hence, says Mr. Hill, with the authority of an expert, the better part of our coal will have been consumed and iron will have become a precious metal. How then, he pertinently inquires, are the two hundred millions of human beings who will then inhabit the United States to be fed and clothed? The requirements will then be twice as great as now and the capacity of earning from industrial occupations reduced substantially, if not indeed to a minimum.

This contrast, if one be able to comprehend its full significance, is sufficiently portentous, but even so it does not present the complete picture. A yet graver menace Mr. Hill detects in the steady and rapid decrease, amounting to hundreds of millions in a decade, in the values of farming lands and buildings. In brief, the exhaustible source of our wealth is being utilized under enormous pressure, while that which may be replenished indefinitely is being permitted to wither away. To avert the rude awakening sure to ensue from the spectacle, now often beheld upon a smaller scale in England, of millions walking the streets and demanding, not charity, but work, the only way seems to lie in concentration of endeavor to encourage such scientific cultivation of the soil as has lifted France into the first position of stable prosperity. The haphazard character of our present agricultural methods is indicated by the fact that our

yield per acre is barely one-third that of Belgium or even England. Moreover, farming, although the most healthful of occupations and productive of the truest independence, has yielded to the allurements of gregariousness and ceased to be attractive. The first counteractive step proposed by Mr. Hill is the establishment by the Federal government of a model farm in every agricultural county in the Union, in the hope, not only of reviving interest in the pursuit which has ever been the backbone of human existence, but also of producing direct, tangible results.

Deep-seated repugnance to the practice of paternalism in any form would ordinarily induce us to turn a deaf ear to such a proposal, but the manifest gravity of the situation so plainly depicted surely wins for this one a clear title to serious consideration. In any case, it possesses a peculiar appeal in the fact that it savors of constructive rather than of regulative and revolutionary statesmanship, such as is now affected by conspicuous leaders of the great political parties. Comfort is found in the estimate that the application of enlightened methods to the tillage of the land now actually available, without reclamation from the wilderness of a single acre, would meet the needs of more than six hundred millions of people. But possession without utilization suffices only for folly. Wisdom searches the horizon with far-seeing eyes and permits no moment, seemingly auspicious for the making of provision for the future, to flit by unheeded.

SATURDAY, *September 15.* Mr. Brisbane's Eulogy of Mr. Hearst.

IT is now, we believe, a demonstrable fact that there is in the flesh such a person as William Randolph Hearst. Until comparatively recently there was ground for suspicion that there really existed only a name, which in due time would find its proper place, not on the pages of commonplace biography, but in books of mythology. Record was made of the fact that forty-three years ago a son was born to George and Phœbe Hearst, and that he was named and probably christened William Randolph. It was also known that a tall young man answering to the name flitted furtively through a few of the class-rooms of Harvard College. There was a rumor to the effect that the same individual managed a newspaper in San Francisco, subsequently purchased the remnant of a journal in New York, and established similar vehicles

of expression in other cities. It was also certain that the name had appeared upon political ballots as representing a candidate for Congress, although at the time there was a general supposition that the purchase-price of such appearance had been paid for another. From time to time, also, often simultaneously with time-honored accounts of the apparition of sea-serpents before the eyes of trustworthy sailors, there came reports of physical manifestations at one place or another of this curiously elusive personality, but the number of witnesses able and willing to testify was so small, and believed generally to be so much influenced by pecuniary considerations, that the suspicion that a mere spectre was represented by the name continued to seem well grounded, until about a year ago. Then all doubts were set at rest by the actual appearance of a live, breathing individual in the act of making a speech in support of his own candidacy for political preferment. But the mere disproving of the illusion was not sufficiently conclusive to make it certain that the being was really human and not, perhaps, after all, only a force. Happily, the perplexing question is definitely and authoritatively resolved in this REVIEW by Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the brilliant Socialistic teacher of primary truths and falsehoods, who finds his audience among the readers of the Hearst newspapers. A study of the article clearly indicates that there is a dual personality. There is, undoubtedly, a physical being, because Mr. Brisbane describes him; but the description is really incidental. It is as a force, after all, that Hearst is considered by Mr. Brisbane. As such, therefore, we are bound to regard him, although a brief glance at the personal ingredient of the composition may not be amiss.

Frankly, we are disposed to think that we could have made out a better case than Mr. Brisbane has achieved for his friend. Certain ambitions are common to the great majority of men. One likes to be well regarded by his fellows, and to reap the benefits of social recognition by his equals and superiors. The spirit of caste is still strong in the breasts of inheritors of good names and great riches. That Mr. Hearst should have deliberately set aside these advantages, we consider to have been of itself distinctly creditable. That he should have hazarded his large fortune upon an attempt to develop his aims is sufficient evidence of his daring, if not, indeed, of his moral courage. That he should now

glory in the fact that his associations are practically confined to those who are in a large measure dependent upon him, indicates an innate power of peculiar intensity. That he should have driven his adventurous enterprises to a consummation successful from the view-points of both commercialism and desired notoriety speaks well for his indefatigability. That, without protest, he should have permitted the public to infer that his achievements rest chiefly upon the mental activities of his associates indicates his breadth and freedom from the curse of jealousy. That he should never have forfeited the loyalty of a single one of his capable associates evinces a praiseworthy kindliness of disposition. That he should have held, throughout his adventures, the essential and unswerving support of a proud, high-minded, and conservative mother is a fact of which any man might well be proud. Herein we have touched upon evidences of the possession by Mr. Hearst, the individual, of admirable qualities which make a pleasing impress upon a fair mind.

But there is another and a very dark side of Hearst the force, which literally engulfs these manifestations. Desire of accomplishment, courage, generosity to one's helpers, industry, persistence, kindliness—all fade into insignificance in the absence of the one supreme element of true manhood. The closest scrutiny of Mr. Brisbane's enthusiastic eulogy does not reveal a solitary reference to character or methods. A single note runs through the entire eulogium—success, for whatever motive, good or base, by whatever means, right or wrong —success! Mr. Brisbane has caught and set down, we believe with precision, the actuating spirit. There is no reason to doubt that an intelligent force, such as Hearst has proven himself to be, should be able to comprehend moral responsibility. We must assume, therefore, that he deliberately spurns to recognize it. The key-note of his journalism is assault. At times the object richly deserves stern rebuke; at times, not. It matters not to Hearst. Guilty and innocent, right and wrong suffer alike. Brutality is the sole requirement of the onslaught. Apology, retraction, correction are words unknown to the Hearst school of journalism. Is it surprising that Mr. Brisbane could find no more to say of the character of the energy?

"Hearst," says his eulogist, is "the greatest creator of intelligent dissatisfaction that this country has seen." This may or may

not be correct. There was another journalist, of the name of William Lloyd Garrison, who instigated revolt against oppression, but nobody ever questioned the purity of his motives, the disinterestedness of his action, or the nobility of his soul. Could Mr. Brisbane say as much of Hearst? Surely he must perceive the distinction between appealing to the latent good, and the smouldering evil, in human breasts. "Hearst is intensely practical." Indeed, yes. He rails at trusts, and tries to build one; he denounces political corruption, while squandering money for delegates; he objects to bossism, yet aspires to autocracy; he beseeches favors from a great political party, and then betrays it; he shamelessly trades with the very men whom he has denounced as political and personal criminals; he abruptly ceases to attack one whom he has branded a scoundrel in the hope of winning that one's evil influence to gratify his own ambition; he professes with his lips individualism and Americanism, while in his newspapers he preaches confusion and communism.

Such a condition surely would justify a severe arraignment of any offender, but for reasons frankly noted we feel no call to indulge in harsh treatment of Mr. Hearst, the individual. Nevertheless it is fitting and indeed a manifest duty, in connection with the publication of Mr. Brisbane's eulogy, to set down calmly and dispassionately the simple facts respecting Hearst, the force. They are substantially as follows: As a journalist, though keen, enterprising, and resourceful, he is a burning disgrace to the craft; as a politician, though shrewd and at times even sagacious, he is no more scrupulous than the basest of those whom he has stigmatized as criminals; as a partisan, though earnest and efficient in appealing to the masses, he is a traitor; as an office-holder, he is preeminent in shameful neglect of his duties; as an agitator, his delight consists in revelling in the incitement of evil passions; as a dual personality, though possessed of many engaging qualities, he is so utterly devoid of character, so unsteady in even his own recklessness, so faithless to his professed ideals, so scornfully disregardful of moral responsibility, so addicted to detestable practices in efforts to gratify his ambitions, so sinfully persistent in stirring the caldron of discontent, envy, and hatred, as to be a living and glaring reproach to American civilization.

MONDAY, *September 17.* Author and Critic.

HAPPILY, there is no absolute standard of excellence in either creative or critical writing; one mind's meat is another's poison; all virtually depends upon the point of view. Obviously, Mrs. Willcox, who analyzes Mrs. Deland's "Awakening of Helena Richie" in this REVIEW, stands fixedly upon a pedestal of emotional strenuosity. The modern Russian novel is her model. She prefers "underlying chasms" to mere "surface pageants of pleasantness," and "surging, black waters of mortal anguish" to "graceful skimming over the laughing surfaces of life." Hence her dissatisfaction with Helena, to our mind surely the most pathetic, and in some respects the finest, feminine character in fiction since Hester. But to our critic her appeal is faint, her consciousness is too elementary, the leading back of her bruised and sullied soul by the hand of a little child is not deep enough to make a serious impression. To the prophet Isaiah the method seemed peculiarly touching, and the ultimate effect foretold by him surely has not lacked impressiveness. It is "conventional," we admit, in the sense that the number of bruised and sullied souls thus led back is countless, but wherein does an "innocuous view of morality" apply? That restive spirits should chafe at the fetters of conventional morals we can understand, because there are and in the nature of things can be no other morals. To advocate unconventionality in morals is to uphold immorality itself. But why "innocuous," in a disparaging sense? Surely, a harmless is preferable to a harmful view of even despised ethics. There is no bigotry in Mrs. Deland and no lack of breadth in Dr. Lavendar. Both breathe compassion and sweet reasonableness without denying that sin must reap its just penalty. Helena was no Isolde; in "surging, black waters of mortal anguish" she would have uttered one plaintive cry and gone down to oblivion —and rest. Instead, she was required to live and suffer, as she had loved, to the limit of her restricted capacity. Her punishment, therefore, was fit. That she was weak and commonplace, and incidentally in consequence doubly appealing, affords no reason for censure. It is not necessary that the heroine of a tragedy should be eternally wretched, or even perpetually conscious of the tragedy itself. The dawning of a sense of moral calamity upon a shallow nature is Mrs. Deland's theme, and it was the very indifference of character complained of that drew

most heavily, though most successfully, upon her artistic resources. It is a "sectional" novel, yes; so is the Russian. The former's emotion is reserved; the latter's exuberant; we prefer the one, Mrs. Willcox the other. Happily, as we remarked at the outset, there is room for all—even for critics, if such there be, who, in stress of severe application, necessarily adopt the self-same "skimming-over" process which in others they find so deplorable.

TUESDAY, *September 18.* The American Boy.

IT seems to us that the quality of the boy now growing up in this country is peculiarly fine. He is not only less obstreperous and egotistical, but clearer and cleaner minded than the lad of twenty years ago. His advance physically will be manifest to any one who will compare the figures in a class photograph of to-day with those of yesterday. He is taller, straighter, better-featured, finer-haired, handsomer and more like a thoroughbred in every way. The exercise to which much of this improvement is attributable may be no more zealous, but it seems to be less spasmodic, more consistent and better adapted to its true purpose. As an inevitable sequence, his habits have become more regular, improving in turn his manners. Altogether, he has become attractive, partially in what he might resent being called a girlish sense, as the effect of his greater delicacy, but chiefly in a purely masculine way, since in point of reality he was never before so manly or so scrupulous of his personal honor. His mother is the one chiefly responsible for this happy evolution. Thirty years ago, her prototype donned a cap and became frankly middle-aged at marriage. From that day the principal feature of her personal appearance, her figure, ceased to interest her especially, and at forty she was satisfactory to a degree as a mother but utterly worthless as a comrade and a helper. To-day, at forty-five she is her daughter's equal in appearance, and usually, we believe, her superior in the possession of that mysterious, indefinable, yet peculiarly fascinating, quality known as "charm." She has not only maintained, but enhanced, her attractiveness by growing with, as well as for, her children. It is this daily association from babyhood with her to whom instinct accords earliest reverence that has refined the boy. The father may have been no less congenial as a comrade, but circumstances

have minimized in a comparative sense his helpfulness as a friend. Himself the product of a generation less carefully trained, and possessing the self-satisfaction of personal success, he is unable to perceive the desirability of a change in method tending to broaden development. Hence his patronizing attitude, his disposition to continue to treat as a child the son rapidly approaching manhood. It is the mother, persisting in being a girl, who is glad to be regarded and treated by the boy as an intellectual equal. To her, therefore, belongs the credit of a transformation which we believe to be clearly perceivable, and which bodes the greatest good to this vast American organism which soon will require the finest mental and moral fibre yet demanded by civilization.

WEDNESDAY, *September 19.* **Cuba and Colonies.**

PLAINLY now it is but a question of time, and apparently a short time at that, when the United States will be obliged to undertake the government of Cuba. The sooner the inevitable happens, the better it will be, in our judgment, for all concerned. No valid objection can be made as yet upon the ground that we have not kept faith. Not only has our Government maintained an attitude of strict disinterestedness, but our people have manifested a spirit of helpfulness by investing many millions of dollars in Cuban plantations, mines and railways. These investments, as well as others made by residents of England and Spain, are specifically entitled to protection, under our promise made, not only to Cuba, but to the entire world, at the time of the settlement of the Spanish-American war. Humanity makes a yet stronger demand. Cuba must not again be permitted to suffer a long period of internal strife and the consequent devastation. Every observer now recognizes that intervention will be essential to the fulfilment of the responsibility we assumed, and apparently the administration is making the requisite preparations. The question is no longer one of fact but of method. What shall be the ultimate status of Cuba in relation to the United States? is the problem to be solved. Obviously, if unable to maintain order, she is, despite her great resources, unfit to exercise the prerogatives of Statehood. Indeed, she could hardly be admitted as a territory, while her peaceable neighbor, Porto Rico, continues to occupy her present anomalous position. It is a pity, but we fear a fact, however deplorable, that Congress must devise some

practicable method of assuring to our outlying possessions, if such they must eventually be termed, stable and competent governments. Mere protectoracy could not endure for long. The method is too antiquated and too complex to prove satisfactory or beneficial to the parties in interest. At present we have a Governor of Porto Rico designated by the President, a Governor-General and Chief Justice in the Philippines serving under the Secretary of War, a tentative territorial arrangement in Hawaii, and a vague reliance upon faith that the Almighty will care for his children, as the safeguard of the inhabitants of uncounted small islands in the Pacific Ocean.

The indefinite continuance of this shiftless and systemless arrangement is intolerable from any conceivable standpoint. The only solution seems to be the frank recognition of the responsibilities that have been assumed or forced upon us, and the establishment of a colonial organization, the head of which, as a member of the Cabinet, will exercise an authority similar to that of the Under Secretary for the Colonies in Great Britain. It is a serious undertaking, teeming with the possibilities of political danger and international strife, thereby necessitating the maintenance, for many years at any rate, of a great Navy, in order to avoid open or secret alliances with other Powers; but there seems to be no escape from the apparent decree of destiny. If, then, we are driven to the reluctant conclusion that it must be done, let it be done as quickly as intelligent performance will permit, with the greatest attainable freedom from the trammels of partisanship in a task of such magnitude as to demand real unity of action.

UPHAMS CORNER

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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—III.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

VI.

TO-MORROW will be the thirty-sixth anniversary of our marriage. My wife passed from this life one year and eight months ago, in Florence, Italy, after an unbroken illness of twenty-two months' duration.

I saw her first in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charley's stateroom in the steamer "Quaker City," in the Bay of Smyrna, in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year. I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York in the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish—and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last day of her life. Under a grave

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and gentle exterior burned inextinguishable fires of sympathy, energy, devotion, enthusiasm, and absolutely limitless affection. She was *always* frail in body, and she lived upon her spirit, whose hopefulness and courage were indestructible. Perfect truth, perfect honesty, perfect candor, were qualities of her character which were born with her. Her judgments of people and things were sure and accurate. Her intuitions almost never deceived her. In her judgments of the characters and acts of both friends and strangers, there was always room for charity, and this charity never failed. I have compared and contrasted her with hundreds of persons, and my conviction remains that hers was the most perfect character I have ever met. And I may add that she was the most winningly dignified person I have ever known. Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invites worship, but commands it. No servant ever left her service who deserved to remain in it. And, as she could choose with a glance of her eye, the servants she selected did in almost all cases deserve to remain, and they *did* remain. She was always cheerful; and she was always able to communicate her cheerfulness to others. During the nine years that we spent in poverty and debt, she was always able to reason me out of my despairs, and find a bright side to the clouds, and make me see it. In all that time, I never knew her to utter a word of regret concerning our altered circumstances, nor did I ever know her children to do the like. For she had taught them, and they drew their fortitude from her. The love which she bestowed upon those whom she loved took the form of worship, and in that form it was returned—returned by relatives, friends and the servants of her household. It was a strange combination which wrought into one individual, so to speak, by marriage—her disposition and character and mine. She poured out her prodigal affections in kisses and caresses, and in a vocabulary of endearments whose profusion was always an astonishment to me. I was born *reserved* as to endearments of speech and caresses, and hers broke upon me as the summer waves break upon Gibraltar. I was reared in that atmosphere of reserve. As I have already said, in another chapter, I never knew a member of my father's family to kiss another member of it except once, and that at a death-bed. And our village was not a kissing community. The kissing and caressing ended with courtship—along with the deadly piano-playing of that day.

She had the heart-free laugh of a girl. It came seldom, but when it broke upon the ear it was as inspiring as music. I heard it for the last time when she had been occupying her sick-bed for more than a year, and I made a written note of it at the time—a note not to be repeated.

To-morrow will be the thirty-sixth anniversary. We were married in her father's house in Elmira, New York, and went next day, by special train, to Buffalo, along with the whole Langdon family, and with the Beechers and the Twichells, who had solemnized the marriage. We were to live in Buffalo, where I was to be one of the editors of the Buffalo "Express," and a part owner of the paper. I knew nothing about Buffalo, but I had made my household arrangements there through a friend, by letter. I had instructed him to find a boarding-house of as respectable a character as my light salary as editor would command. We were received at about nine o'clock at the station in Buffalo, and were put into several sleighs and driven all over America, as it seemed to me—for, apparently, we turned all the corners in the town and followed all the streets there were—I scolding freely, and characterizing that friend of mine in very uncomplimentary words for securing a boarding-house that apparently had no definite locality. But there was a conspiracy—and my bride knew of it, but I was in ignorance. Her father, Jervis Langdon, had bought and furnished a new house for us in the fashionable street, Delaware Avenue, and had laid in a cook and housemaids, and a brisk and electric young coachman, an Irishman, Patrick McAleer—and we were being driven all over that city in order that one sleighful of those people could have time to go to the house, and see that the gas was lighted all over it, and a hot supper prepared for the crowd. We arrived at last, and when I entered that fairy place my indignation reached high-water mark, and without any reserve I delivered my opinion to that friend of mine for being so stupid as to put us into a boarding-house whose terms would be far out of my reach. Then Mr. Langdon brought forward a very pretty box and opened it, and took from it a deed of the house. So the comedy ended very pleasantly, and we sat down to supper.

The company departed about midnight, and left us alone in our new quarters. Then Ellen, the cook, came in to get orders for the morning's marketing—and neither of us knew whether

beefsteak was sold by the barrel or by the yard. We exposed our ignorance, and Ellen was full of Irish delight over it. Patrick McAleer, that brisk young Irishman, came in to get his orders for next day—and that was our first glimpse of him. . . .

Our first child, Langdon Clemens, was born the 7th of November, 1870, and lived twenty-two months. Susy was born the 19th of March, 1872, and passed from life in the Hartford home, the 18th of August, 1896. With her, when the end came, were Jean and Katy Leary, and John and Ellen (the gardener and his wife). Clara and her mother and I arrived in England from around the world on the 31st of July, and took a house in Guildford. A week later, when Susy, Katy and Jean should have been arriving from America, we got a letter instead.

It explained that Susy was slightly ill—nothing of consequence. But we were disquieted, and began to cable for later news. This was Friday. All day no answer—and the ship to leave Southampton next day, at noon. Clara and her mother began packing, to be ready in case the news should be bad. Finally came a cablegram saying, "Wait for cablegram in the morning." This was not satisfactory—not reassuring. I cabled again, asking that the answer be sent to Southampton, for the day was now closing. I waited in the post-office that night till the doors were closed, toward midnight, in the hope that good news might still come, but there was no message. We sat silent at home till one in the morning, waiting—waiting for we knew not what. Then we took the earliest morning train, and when we reached Southampton the message was there. It said the recovery would be long, but certain. This was a great relief to me, but not to my wife. She was frightened. She and Clara went aboard the steamer at once and sailed for America, to nurse Susy. I remained behind to search for a larger house in Guildford.

That was the 15th of August, 1896. Three days later, when my wife and Clara were about half-way across the ocean, I was standing in our dining-room thinking of nothing in particular, when a cablegram was put into my hand. It said, "Susy was peacefully released to-day."

It is one of the mysteries of our nature that a man, all unprepared, can receive a thunder-stroke like that and live. There is but one reasonable explanation of it. The intellect is stunned by the shock, and but gropingly gathers the meaning of the words.

The power to realize their full import is mercifully wanting. The mind has a dumb sense of vast loss—that is all. It will take mind and memory months, and possibly years, to gather together the details, and thus learn and know the whole extent of the loss. A man's house burns down. The smoking wreckage represents only a ruined home that was dear through years of use and pleasant associations. By and by, as the days and weeks go on, first he misses this, then that, then the other thing. And, when he casts about for it, he finds that it was in that house. Always it is an *essential*—there was but one of its kind. It cannot be replaced. It was in that house. It is irrevocably lost. He did not realize that it was an essential when he had it; he only discovers it now when he finds himself balked, hampered, by its absence. It will be years before the tale of lost essentials is complete, and not till then can he truly know the magnitude of his disaster.

The 18th of August brought me the awful tidings. The mother and the sister were out there in mid-Atlantic, ignorant of what was happening; flying to meet this incredible calamity. All that could be done to protect them from the full force of the shock was done by relatives and good friends. They went down the Bay and met the ship at night, but did not show themselves until morning, and then only to Clara. When she returned to the stateroom she did not speak, and did not need to. Her mother looked at her and said:

"Susy is dead."

At half past ten o'clock that night, Clara and her mother completed their circuit of the globe, and drew up at Elmira by the same train and in the same car which had borne them and me Westward from it one year, one month, and one week before. And again Susy was there—not waving her welcome in the glare of the lights, as she had waved her farewell to us thirteen months before, but lying white and fair in her coffin, in the house where she was born.

The last thirteen days of Susy's life were spent in our own house in Hartford, the home of her childhood, and always the dearest place in the earth to her. About her she had faithful old friends—her pastor, Mr. Twichell, who had known her from the cradle, and who had come a long journey to be with her; her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Crane; Patrick, the

coachman; Katy, who had begun to serve us when Susy was a child of eight years; John and Ellen, who had been with us many years. Also Jean was there.

At the hour when my wife and Clara set sail for America, Susy was in no danger. Three hours later there came a sudden change for the worse. Meningitis set in, and it was immediately apparent that she was death-struck. That was Saturday, the 15th of August.

"That evening she took food for the last time," (Jean's letter to me). The next morning the brain-fever was raging. She walked the floor a little in her pain and delirium, then succumbed to weakness and returned to her bed. Previously she had found hanging in a closet a gown which she had seen her mother wear. She thought it was her mother, dead, and she kissed it, and cried. About noon she became blind (an effect of the disease) and bewailed it to her uncle.

From Jean's letter I take this sentence, which needs no comment:

"About one in the afternoon Susy spoke for the last time."

It was only one word that she said when she spoke that last time, and it told of her longing. She groped with her hands and found Katy, and caressed her face, and said "Mamma."

How gracious it was that, in that forlorn hour of wreck and ruin, with the night of death closing around her, she should have been granted that beautiful illusion—that the latest vision which rested upon the clouded mirror of her mind should have been the vision of her mother, and the latest emotion she should know in life the joy and peace of that dear imagined presence.

About two o'clock she composed herself as if for sleep, and never moved again. She fell into unconsciousness and so remained two days and five hours, until Tuesday evening at seven minutes past seven, when the release came. She was twenty-four years and five months old.

On the 23d, her mother and her sisters saw her laid to rest—she that had been our wonder and our worship.

In one of her own books I find some verses which I will copy here. Apparently, she always put borrowed matter in quotation marks. These verses lack those marks, and therefore I take them to be her own:

Love came at dawn, when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories' bloom and sun were rife;
Love came at dawn, when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at eve, and when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."

The summer seasons of Susy's childhood were spent at Quarry Farm, on the hills east of Elmira, New York; the other seasons of the year at the home in Hartford. Like other children, she was blithe and happy, fond of play; *un*like the average of children, she was at times much given to retiring within herself, and trying to search out the hidden meanings of the deep things that make the puzzle and pathos of human existence, and in all the ages have baffled the inquirer and mocked him. As a little child aged seven, she was oppressed and perplexed by the maddening repetition of the stock incidents of our race's fleeting sojourn here, just as the same thing has oppressed and perplexed maturer minds from the beginning of time. A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them, and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year; at length, ambition is dead, pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release is in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them—and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; there they have left no sign that they have existed—a world which will lament them a day and forget them forever. Then another myriad takes their place, and copies all they did, and goes along the same profitless road, and vanishes as they vanished—to make room for another, and another, and a million other myriads, to follow the same arid path through the same desert, and accomplish what the first myriad, and all the myriads that came after it, accomplished—nothing!

"Mamma, what is it all for?" asked Susy, preliminarily stating

the above details in her own halting language, after long brooding over them alone in the privacy of the nursery.

A year later, she was groping her way alone through another sunless bog, but this time she reached a rest for her feet. For a week, her mother had not been able to go to the nursery, evenings, at the child's prayer hour. She spoke of it—was sorry for it, and said she would come to-night, and hoped she could continue to come every night and hear Susy pray, as before. Noticing that the child wished to respond, but was evidently troubled as to how to word her answer, she asked what the difficulty was. Susy explained that Miss Foote (the governess) had been teaching her about the Indians and their religious beliefs, whereby it appeared that they had not only a God, but several. This had set Susy to thinking. As a result of this thinking, she had stopped praying. She qualified this statement—that is, she modified it—saying she did not now pray "in the same way" as she had formerly done. Her mother said:

"Tell me about it, dear."

"Well, mamma, the Indians believed they knew, but now we know they were wrong. By and by, it can turn out that we are wrong. So now I only pray that there may be a God and a Heaven —or something better."

I wrote down this pathetic prayer in its precise wording, at the time, in a record which we kept of the children's sayings, and my reverence for it has grown with the years that have passed over my head since then. Its untaught grace and simplicity are a child's, but the wisdom and the pathos of it are of all the ages that have come and gone since the race of man has lived, and longed, and hoped, and feared, and doubted.

To go back a year—Susy aged seven. Several times her mother said to her:

"There, there, Susy, you mustn't cry over little things."

This furnished Susy a text for thought. She had been breaking her heart over what had seemed vast disasters—a broken toy; a picnic cancelled by thunder and lightning and rain; the mouse that was growing tame and friendly in the nursery caught and killed by the cat—and now came this strange revelation. For some unaccountable reason, these were not vast calamities. Why? How is the size of calamities measured? What is the rule? There must be some way to tell the great ones from the

small ones; what is the law of these proportions? She examined the problem earnestly and long. She gave it her best thought from time to time, for two or three days—but it baffled her—defeated her. And at last she gave up and went to her mother for help.

"Mamma, what is '*little* things'?"

It seemed a simple question—at first. And yet, before the answer could be put into words, unsuspected and unforeseen difficulties began to appear. They increased; they multiplied; they brought about another defeat. The effort to explain came to a standstill. Then Susy tried to help her mother out—with an instance, an example, an illustration. The mother was getting ready to go down-town, and one of her errands was to buy a long-promised toy-watch for Susy.

"If you forgot the watch, mamma, would that be a little thing?"

She was not concerned about the watch, for she knew it would not be forgotten. What she was hoping for was that the answer would unriddle the riddle, and bring rest and peace to her perplexed little mind.

The hope was disappointed, of course—for the reason that the size of a misfortune is not determinable by an outsider's measurement of it, but only by the measurements applied to it by the person specially affected by it. The king's lost crown is a vast matter to the king, but of no consequence to the child. The lost toy is a great matter to the child, but in the king's eyes it is not a thing to break the heart about. A verdict was reached, but it was based upon the above model, and Susy was granted leave to measure her disasters thereafter with her own tape-line.

As a child, Susy had a passionate temper; and it cost her much remorse and many tears before she learned to govern it, but after that it was a wholesome salt, and her character was the stronger and healthier for its presence. It enabled her to be good with dignity; it preserved her not only from being good for vanity's sake, but from even the appearance of it. In looking back over the long vanished years, it seems but natural and excusable that I should dwell with longing affection and preference upon incidents of her young life which made it beautiful to us, and that I should let its few small offences go unsummoned and unreproached.

In the summer of 1880, when Susy was just eight years of age,

the family were at Quarry Farm, as usual at that season of the year. Hay-cutting time was approaching, and Susy and Clara were counting the hours, for the time was big with a great event for them; they had been promised that they might mount the wagon and ride home from the fields on the summit of the hay mountain. This perilous privilege, so dear to their age and species, had never been granted them before. Their excitement had no bounds. They could talk of nothing but this epoch-making adventure, now. But misfortune overtook Susy on the very morning of the important day. In a sudden outbreak of passion, she corrected Clara—with a shovel, or stick, or something of the sort. At any rate, the offence committed was of a gravity clearly beyond the limit allowed in the nursery. In accordance with the rule and custom of the house, Susy went to her mother to confess, and to help decide upon the size and character of the punishment due. It was quite understood that, as a punishment could have but one rational object and function—to act as a reminder, and warn the transgressor against transgressing in the same way again—the children would know about as well as any how to choose a penalty which would be rememberable and effective. Susy and her mother discussed various punishments, but none of them seemed adequate. This fault was an unusually serious one, and required the setting up of a danger-signal in the memory that would not blow out nor burn out, but remain a fixture there and furnish its saving warning indefinitely. Among the punishments mentioned was deprivation of the hay-wagon ride. It was noticeable that this one hit Susy hard. Finally, in the summing up, the mother named over the list and asked:

"Which one do you think it ought to be, Susy?"

Susy studied, shrank from her duty, and asked:

"Which do you think, mamma?"

"Well, Susy, I would rather leave it to you. *You* make the choice yourself."

It cost Susy a struggle, and much and deep thinking and weighing—but she came out where any one who knew her could have foretold she would.

"Well, mamma, I'll make it the hay-wagon, because you know the other things might not make me remember not to do it again, but if I don't get to ride on the hay-wagon I can remember it easily."

In this world the real penalty, the sharp one, the lasting one, never falls otherwise than on the wrong person. It was not *I* that corrected Clara, but the remembrance of poor Susy's lost hay-ride still brings *me* a pang—after twenty-six years.

Apparently, Susy was born with humane feelings for the animals, and compassion for their troubles. This enabled her to see a new point in an old story, once, when she was only six years old—a point which had been overlooked by older, and perhaps duller, people for many ages. Her mother told her the moving story of the sale of Joseph by his brethren, the staining of his coat with the blood of the slaughtered kid, and the rest of it. She dwelt upon the inhumanity of the brothers; their cruelty toward their helpless young brother; and the unbrotherly treachery which they practised upon him; for she hoped to teach the child a lesson in gentle pity and mercifulness which she would remember. Apparently, her desire was accomplished, for the tears came into Susy's eyes and she was deeply moved. Then she said:

"Poor little kid!"

A child's frank envy of the privileges and distinctions of its elders is often a delicately flattering attention and the reverse of unwelcome, but sometimes the envy is not placed where the beneficiary is expecting it to be placed. Once, when Susy was seven, she sat breathlessly absorbed in watching a guest of ours adorn herself for a ball. The lady was charmed by this homage; this mute and gentle admiration; and was happy in it. And when her pretty labors were finished, and she stood at last perfect, unimprovable, clothed like Solomon in all his glory, she paused, confident and expectant, to receive from Susy's tongue the tribute that was burning in her eyes. Susy drew an envious little sigh and said:

"I wish *I* could have crooked teeth and spectacles!"

Once, when Susy was six months along in her eighth year, she did something one day in the presence of company, which subjected her to criticism and reproof. Afterward, when she was alone with her mother, as was her custom she reflected a little while over the matter. Then she set up what I think—and what the shade of Burns would think—was a quite good philosophical defence.

"Well, mamma, you know I didn't see myself, and so I couldn't know how it looked."

In homes where the near friends and visitors are mainly literary people—lawyers, judges, professors and clergymen—the children's ears become early familiarized with wide vocabularies. It is natural for them to pick up any words that fall in their way; it is natural for them to pick up big and little ones indiscriminately; it is natural for them to use without fear any word that comes to their net, no matter how formidable it may be as to size. As a result, their talk is a curious and funny musketry clatter of little words, interrupted at intervals by the heavy artillery crash of a word of such imposing sound and size that it seems to shake the ground and rattle the windows. Sometimes the child gets a wrong idea of a word which it has picked up by chance, and attaches to it a meaning which impairs its usefulness—but this does not happen as often as one might expect it would. Indeed, it happens with an infrequency which may be regarded as remarkable. As a child, Susy had good fortune with her large words, and she employed many of them. She made no more than her fair share of mistakes. Once when she thought something very funny was going to happen (but it didn't), she was racked and torn with laughter, by anticipation. But, apparently, she still felt sure of her position, for she said, "If it had happened, I should have been transformed [transported] with glee."

And earlier, when she was a little maid of five years, she informed a visitor that she had been in a church only once, and that was the time when Clara was "crucified" [christened]. . . .

In Heidelberg, when Susy was six, she noticed that the Schloss gardens were populous with snails creeping all about everywhere. One day she found a new dish on her table and inquired concerning it, and learned that it was made of snails. She was awed and impressed, and said:

"Wild ones, mamma?"

She was thoughtful and considerate of others—an acquired quality, no doubt. No one seems to be born with it. One hot day, at home in Hartford, when she was a little child, her mother borrowed her fan several times (a Japanese one, value five cents), refreshed herself with it a moment or two, then handed it back with a word of thanks. Susy knew her mother would use the fan all the time if she could do it without putting a deprivation upon its owner. She also knew that her mother could not be

persuaded to do that. A relief must be devised somehow; Susy devised it. She got five cents out of her money-box and carried it to Patrick, and asked him to take it down-town (a mile and a half) and buy a Japanese fan and bring it home. He did it—and thus thoughtfully and delicately was the exigency met and the mother's comfort secured. It is to the child's credit that she did not save herself expense by bringing down another and more costly kind of fan from up-stairs, but was content to act upon the impression that her mother desired the Japanese kind—content to accomplish the desire and stop with that, without troubling about the wisdom or unwisdom of it.

Sometimes, while she was still a child, her speech fell into quaint and strikingly expressive forms. Once—aged nine or ten—she came to her mother's room, when her sister Jean was a baby, and said Jean was crying in the nursery, and asked if she might ring for the nurse. Her mother asked:

"Is she crying hard?"—meaning cross, ugly.

"Well, no, mamma. It is a weary, lonesome cry."

It is a pleasure to me to recall various incidents which reveal the delicacies of feeling that were so considerable a part of her budding character. Such a revelation came once in a way which, while creditable to her heart, was defective in another direction. She was in her eleventh year then. Her mother had been making the Christmas purchases, and she allowed Susy to see the presents which were for Patrick's children. Among these was a handsome sled for Jimmy, on which a stag was painted; also, in gilt capitals, the word "Deer." Susy was excited and joyous over everything, until she came to this sled. Then she became sober and silent—yet the sled was the choicest of all the gifts. Her mother was surprised, and also disappointed, and said:

"Why, Susy, doesn't it please you? Isn't it fine?"

Susy hesitated, and it was plain that she did not want to say the thing that was in her mind. However, being urged, she brought it haltingly out:

"Well, mamma, it *is* fine, and of course it *did* cost a good deal—but—but—why should that be mentioned?"

Seeing that she was not understood, she reluctantly pointed to that word "Deer." It was her orthography that was at fault, not her heart. She had inherited both from her mother.

MARK TWAIN.

THE GREAT REFORMS SECURED IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

We have been often told that it is the unexpected which happens; and certainly nothing could have been more unexpected to those who, for an entire generation, have been endeavoring to secure the restoration of government by the people to the voters of the imperial Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, than the thoroughgoing and far-reaching changes which have been so unexpectedly introduced there, and which have completely reversed the evil political conditions which for many years have existed in that State.

The readers of this Review were told, in the number for last January, of the overwhelming victory for honest politics which had just been won, not only in the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, but throughout the entire State, and of the overthrow, at the polls, of the corrupt and criminal organization of which the majority masqueraded as Republicans while the minority masqueraded as Democrats, which organizations had so long dishonored Pennsylvania; for the Democratic annex to the Republican organization was quite as corrupt and criminal as that organization itself. In that article, the numerous sources of strength possessed by these so-called organizations were set forth in detail, and it was there declared that:

"It is not the persons, but the system which is the object of attack, and against the system the attack ought to be relentlessly maintained until the last vestige of it is driven out of American politics. 'Bossism' has indeed been the curse of our politics for a long while past; and, if 'government of the people, by the people and for the people' is to continue, that evil system, leading to all abhorrent forms of debauchery, corruption and degradation of the public service, must absolutely disappear. In striving for its disappearance, however, there is

no need for undue condemnation of those who are responsible for its continuance, if they will abandon their evil ways, and placing themselves upon an equality with all other persons desiring to enter the public service, submit their qualifications to the impartial judgment of the voters; but, with less than that concession, no true friend of honest politics can ever be satisfied."

It was added:

"The confederates of the evil system we are considering ought not to be too severely blamed. The long condition of base and degrading bondage has been slowly doing its evil work upon their character. It had, of course, grown by what it fed upon. Its demoralizing influence had spread into every hamlet of the Commonwealth, for everywhere could be found some person, more or less influential, who was a beneficiary or hoped to be a beneficiary, in one way or other, of this powerful combination; while the country press was generally subsidized by it, so that it seemed chimerical to imagine that men no longer young and tired of the strifes and antagonisms of life, would live to witness the redemption of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania from their low-minded and craven-hearted servitude."

These wise words of Secretary Taft in reference to Ohio were quoted:

"Those who brought about the defeat of the machine cannot afford to lie back on their oars and think they have won a lasting victory. They have merely carried the first entrenchments. What is needed is the earnest attention and work of young men entering politics, with the unselfish desire to make them better, and who will strive for open conventions and a free choice by the people of all candidates for office. Such a victory will not be completed for several years."

Indeed, to thoughtful men, however much encouraged by the splendid result of the strenuous conflict which lasted in Pennsylvania from May to November of last year, the prospect of thorough success was even less encouraging than it seemed to Secretary Taft in Ohio. It is, indeed, doubtful if a corrupt and degrading political system was ever so strongly entrenched as that which Senator Quay, on his death, bequeathed to his successors in the management of the Republican party and its Democratic annex in Pennsylvania. It possessed unlimited control of free transportation for all who would serve it, and the baneful influence of this source of corruption could hardly be exaggerated. It reached everywhere, and it alone was sufficient to hold to their allegiance to the bosses of both corrupt organiza-

tions many thousands of active workers in the party ranks. Even subordinate henchmen in unimportant districts were able to transport the families of their subordinates free of cost wherever they wished to go, while members of the city councils of Philadelphia and Pittsburg used this source of graft without limit, and often obtained tickets, not to be used for travel, but to be sold for their money value for the benefit of their retainers. Then, too, these organizations had entire control of the State treasury. By the corrupt use of the moneys of the State they had previously driven two cashiers to suicide, and at the psychological moment of the canvass of last year the third victim of their wrong-doing killed himself. It is believed that every depository of the State moneys poured money into their lap in return for the favors thus accorded.

They also had the entire force of national office-holders throughout the State, as they absolutely controlled their appointments to office; while the same fact was true of almost every office-holder within the State, ranging from the mayors of cities to the janitors of public buildings. They controlled the higher ranges of the public service as well, and almost all of the judges on the bench, State and national, owed their places to their favor. Meanwhile, what are called the financial interests were closely allied with them, because they held in their hands the giving or withholding of the franchises for public-service corporations, whether of greater or lesser value, many of which had been or might be chartered to rob the public under the thin disguise of watered securities.

In addition to all these sources of strength, the evil system had gradually grown up, as has been so fully shown in the insurance investigations of New York, of allowing corporations, no matter what was the business in which they were engaged, to make large contributions of money to political organizations at each recurring election; so that their treasuries were always overflowing, and they were thus enabled to make grants of money to their supporters whenever the occasion justified it. It can easily be imagined, therefore, how unassailable these serried cohorts of dishonest politicians of both parties, herded together for the single purpose of robbing the people, had become, and how distant seemed, even to the most hopeful spirits, the day when their destruction could be fairly expected. The contest was likely to

extend certainly over many years; and the main hope of success was in continued, and still continued, appeals to the innate moral sense of the voters, until the majority of them were convinced that the Eighth Commandment was of imperative obligation in politics as well as in all the other relations of life.

It was, therefore, with the greatest possible surprise that the victors in the contest of last year, within a week after their victory, learned that Governor Pennypacker, who had been chosen for that office by the late Senator Quay alone, and had been nominated and elected by these organizations in obedience to Senator Quay's commands, had called an extra session of the Legislature, and had indicated, among other subjects for legislation: an Act providing for a thorough reform in the management of the State treasury in the interest of the taxpayers; an Act providing for the personal registration of voters; an Act providing for the better government of large cities; and Acts abolishing fees and establishing fixed salaries in the offices of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Insurance Commissioner, both of which departments had been the objects of vigorous assault during the canvass.

It was at once seen, and with the greatest delight, that here was a beginning for such legislation as would at least tend to lessen some of the evils under which the people had been so long groaning without prospect of relief. We had hardly recovered from the agreeable surprise of this first important step, when the President and Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company startled us still more agreeably by decreeing the drastic and absolute abolition of free transportation over their lines from December 31, 1905. As this action was promptly followed by the other railroads of the State, it was at once apparent that a most serious blow was thus struck at the system which had been so long assuming to itself the right to govern Pennsylvania as its members thought to be for their own personal interest. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether any step since taken has been so fruitful of advantage to the cause of honest politics as this action of the railroad companies in abolishing passes; for it at once reduced, with reference to transportation at least, every leader, as well as every henchman, of these organizations to the same level on which their fellow citizens stood; that is, each of them from the first day of January, 1906, would have to march to the ticket-office and buy his ticket and pay for it.

Before the delight at this action had fully subsided, Governor Pennypacker issued an additional proclamation, adding to the subjects for legislation at the special session: Laws to regulate the primary elections; to establish a civil-service system; to designate the uses to which moneys may be applied by candidates, political managers, and committees, in political campaigns, both for nominations and elections; and to require the managing committees and managers of all political parties to file, with a designated official, at the close of each campaign, a detailed statement in writing, accompanied by affidavits of the amounts collected and the purposes for which they were expended.

And now, at last, the good bark of State was started on a hopeful voyage, and it only remained to see how far the Legislature, when it met, would comply with the evident wishes of the Governor to meet the demands of the people for thoroughgoing and far-reaching reform legislation. For it must be remembered that the sincerity of the Legislature was even more thoroughly and more justly distrusted than that of the Governor had been. They had, indeed, but a few months before held high revel at the State Capitol, not only violating all the principles of sound and honest government, but violating them with an insolence which made their misconduct the harder to bear. It is not too much to say that they ran riot in legislative misconduct, and that it seemed as if there was no action looking to the plunder of the people, and to their further degradation while being plundered, which a majority of those legislators would not have enjoyed enacting.

The reformers, however, showed a practical sagacity in the presence of this crisis for which they cannot be too highly praised. Young men, new to the political field, acted as if they were trained veterans in politics; for, taking the Governor at his word and assuming that the Legislature would act upon his proclamations in good faith, they devoted themselves, in season and out of season, to the task of formulating the measures which he had indicated were to be the subjects of the session, so as to secure for the people the best possible results in case their enactment could be secured.

The story of their success is so astonishing as to be almost incredible. The extra session assembled at the State Capitol on January 15th, 1906, and adjourned thirty days thereafter; and yet, in that short interval it placed upon the statute-books laws

which have transformed the political life of Pennsylvania, by opening the avenues of political preferment to every man in the State who wishes to serve the public, and enabling him to appeal to the confidence of his fellow citizens, free from the slightest concession to any master. So that when they had adjourned, and the laws they had enacted had been approved by the Governor, the great blessing of government by the people had been restored to the citizens; and government by bosses had been obliterated, unless a majority of the voters prefer such government.

The first act of importance was an act for the better government of cities of the first class, which greatly strengthened the permanency of tenure of competent and faithful employees, by eliminating all political consideration; and then it enacted this drastic provision:

"No officer, clerk or employee of any city of the first class or of any department, trust or commission thereof, shall be a member of, or delegate or alternate to, any political convention, nor shall he be present at any such convention except in the performance of his official duty. No officer, clerk or employee of any city of the first class, or of any department, trust or commission thereof, shall serve as a member of, or attend the meetings of, any committee of any political party or take any active part in political management or in political campaigns, or use his office to influence political movements or influence the political action of any officer, clerk or employee of any such city department, trust or commission."

This cut up by the roots one of the most offensive manifestations of the power of the organizations, that of using for their own political purposes persons employed and paid to serve the public only; so that political conventions in Philadelphia and Pittsburg were, in many cases, as absolutely controlled by the office-holders as if no other citizens had a right to participate in them.

There had also long existed an odious system of assessing, by means of some of the employees, all the other employees of the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia such percentage of their salaries as the persons in control of the organizations chose to demand from them; and the next act of the Legislature struck down this abuse by enacting that:

"No officer, clerk or employee under the government of any city of the first class within this Commonwealth shall, directly or indirectly,

demand, solicit, collect or receive, or be in any manner concerned in demanding, soliciting, collecting or receiving, any assessment, subscription or contribution, whether voluntary or involuntary, intended for any political purpose whatever."

They next proceeded to lift the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, as they subsequently lifted that of the Insurance Commissioner, out of the realm of graft, by affixing to each office a definite, lawful salary, and requiring all other fees and perquisites of every kind whatever to be turned into the public treasury,—reforms which had been long vainly demanded.

The next act was of far greater importance than either of the preceding, and in itself alone would constitute a reversal of the base conditions under which the people of Pennsylvania have been living for more than a generation; for it provides a uniform method of electing, at primary elections, the officers of all parties and their delegates to State and national conventions, as well as of making nominations for public offices. It also provides for the payment of the expenses of these primary elections, and makes violations of its provisions misdemeanors, with adequate punishment therefor.

It will be seen, therefore, that nominating conventions are abolished. Such conventions had, in the early history of the country, faithfully served the purpose of fairly expressing the wishes of a majority of the voters of each party; but during the years in which political grafters had been consolidating their system, these gatherings had become mere instruments in their hands for giving nominations to such persons only as they knew would serve them without conscience and without question. And all classes of officials, from Senators of the United States down to coroners in counties, have been named in the same autocratic manner and with the same contemptuous disregard of the rights of the voters to be heard upon the subject. This system had so far eaten out the spirit of independence natural to the American breast that for years past hardly anybody seriously thought of offering himself as a candidate for any office in Pennsylvania, unless he could secure the support of the acknowledged masters of his party. With that support he was sure of nomination, and without it he knew he had no chance whatever of receiving it. The law under consideration has destroyed those conditions; and, after it takes effect, any citizen may freely appeal to his fellow

citizens for their support for any office in their gift; for, if a sufficient number of his fellow citizens indicate their preference for him at the primary elections, he will be the nominee of his party; and if not, he will have been given a free field and a fair fight, and that is all any honest man ought to ask.

The Act in question does not extend to the nomination of candidates for the United States Senate, but the State of Oregon has enacted an admirable and practicable law governing that subject, and there is no reasonable doubt that such a law will be presented at the next session of the Pennsylvania Legislature and will be adopted. Even, however, if no such law is passed, the voters at the primaries to nominate members of the Legislature, can express their preference for United States Senator, and their wishes would be sure to be respected. If that is done, every office in the gift of the voters of Pennsylvania will be restored to their own absolute control, if they see fit to exercise such control; and of course all free government depends, in the last analysis, upon the willingness of the citizens to give enough of their time and thought and labor to secure the best men for any office in their gift. All that legislation can do is to remove from their path the artificial obstacles to the expression of their will which the cunning and greed of professional politicians have so long interposed, and in Pennsylvania those obstacles are now removed.

The next subject with which the Legislature dealt was that of the scandals and suicides which had arisen from the partisan manipulation of the State treasury and the great funds at its disposal for deposit. Here, also, the members seem to have acted in good faith, and to have provided a reasonably safe and conservative measure for preventing those sacred funds from being hereafter, as they have been in the past, the plaything of the organizations, and of safeguarding them in the interest of the people to whom they belong.

They next turned their attention to providing a method for the personal registration of voters in all the considerable cities of the State, including cities of the first, second and third classes. The frauds at the elections in our great cities have long been a subject of cynical and contemptuous boasting by the members of both organizations. For more than a quarter of a century, they have simply treated the ballot-boxes as a means whereby they could provide any majority for any candidate, or for any proposi-

tion submitted to the voters which they thought desirable. Indeed, the history of frauds upon the ballot in Philadelphia, if ever compiled by those conversant with the subject, will present one of the most deplorable records in the history of human depravity. The ballot-box is to the good citizen what the communion-table is to the good Christian. It is a sacred thing. And yet for long years it has been polluted and degraded with an impudent cynicism which is beyond belief. By the Act in question, which is very carefully and elaborately drawn, the commission of any fraud upon the ballot-box for the future has been made so difficult, as well as so dangerous, as to make it an unprofitable occupation even for the most hardened criminal. The Act required the Governor to appoint, not later than June 15th, 1906, a Board of Registration Commissioners for each of said cities, and it is due to Governor Pennypacker to say that he has discharged this important duty in a manner which met the approval of every fair-minded citizen; for he selected gentlemen of unblemished character, fairly representative of each of the political parties; and it can hardly be doubted that hereafter each qualified elector in those cities will be allowed to vote once and once only, and to have his vote honestly counted, and none other than such qualified electors will be allowed to approach the polling-place.

Then, in due course, we reach another act of great public utility. It is an act to regulate nomination and election expenses, and to require an account of all such expenses to be filed, and providing penalties for any violation of its provisions. It is a careful and searching piece of legislation, clearly defining what expenses are admissible and excluding all others, and allowing, upon the demand of a proper number of electors, a public audit of any such expenditures. So that hereafter, if there is an adequate public spirit to enforce the provisions of the Act, which ought not to be doubted, nobody can use a dollar for an improper purpose in the State of Pennsylvania, to secure either his nomination or his election to any office.

The last Act in the series is, perhaps, of equal importance with any of the others; for it is an admirable Act, applying true, practical, sensible civil-service methods to all appointments to subordinate offices in the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia. It was very carefully drafted by gentlemen thoroughly familiar with

the subject, who have been for years vainly endeavoring to secure such legislation; and there is every guarantee, from the character of the members of the Civil Service Boards, that its provisions will be carried into full effect. To all persons who are familiar with the very great advantages which have accrued to the national service from the existence of the Civil Service Commission at Washington, it will be a source of unfeigned gratification that an Act similar in scope and purpose to the Act of Congress establishing that Commission has now lifted the subordinate employees of those great cities out of their degrading servitude to political masters, and placed them upon the plane of self-respecting servants of the public, with a tenure secured to them so long as they are capable of discharging their duties and devote themselves to those duties with proper assiduity.

Such, in brief outline, are the welcome and happy changes which have taken place in the political conditions in Pennsylvania since the present year began: first, the abolition of passes; then the placing of the offices of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the Insurance Commissioner upon an honorable and honest basis of salary only; then an Act compelling the officers and employees of the great cities to attend to the duties for which they are paid by all the taxpayers, and to desist from meddling with politics and from taking any active part in political management or in political campaigns; then an Act prohibiting any officer, clerk or employee of such city from soliciting or receiving any assessment, subscription or contribution, whether voluntary or involuntary, intended for any political purpose whatever; then the invaluable Act abolishing nominating conventions, and providing for nominations at primary elections by the voters themselves and under the same safeguards as are provided for elections to office; then the Act to protect the State treasury from further depredations by politicians and conserving the public moneys to be used only in the public interest; then the Act providing for the personal registration of voters in all the considerable cities of the Commonwealth, so as to make tampering with the ballot-boxes or the casting of illegal votes so difficult, as well as so dangerous, as to be practically unprofitable, if not absolutely impossible; then the Act regulating the expenditures of any candidate for either nomination or election and containing this most important provision:

"No officer of any corporation, whether incorporated under the laws of this or any other State, or any foreign country, except corporations formed for political purposes, shall pay, give or lend, or authorize to be paid, given or lent, any money or other valuable thing belonging to such corporation to any candidate or to any political committee for the payment of any election expenses whatever."

Finally, came the Act to regulate and improve the civil service of the cities of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, making violation of its provisions a misdemeanor and providing penalties for such violation.

Surely, it is not too much to say that these laws, taken together and in connection with the abolition of passes by the railroad companies, have effected what may be fairly called a political transformation in Pennsylvania. It is, of course, very likely that errors or omissions will be discovered in some or all of these laws sufficiently grave to require additional legislation, and great care ought therefore to be observed by the voters when deciding upon the persons to whom shall be committed the government of the State, in both its executive and legislative departments; for none but sincere friends of honest politics ought to be entrusted with any office whatever. These admirable laws, indeed, like most other good things in this world, are not automatic, and they will require the self-denying patriotism of all good citizens, in season and out of season, to make them thoroughly effective. Their mere enactment, however, has already had a most excellent effect upon the politics of the Commonwealth.

The platforms presented to the voters for their choice by all the parties soliciting their suffrage this fall are of an admirable character, professing allegiance to excellent principles of government, and demanding the enactment of such additional legislation as the public interest may seem to require; and upon those platforms each party has nominated unexceptionable candidates; so that for the first time for many years, in the political history of Pennsylvania, it may be truly said that every ticket presents the names of gentlemen who can be supported by their fellow citizens with reasonable faith that, if elected, they will discharge the duties committed to them free from allegiance to any master, and with a view only to the interests of the public as they understand them. It is, therefore, in very truth, a return to government by the people, but the people must take care of their own

government. They must attend the primary elections, and exercise their choice among the candidates; and they must attend the elections themselves, to discharge their duty as good citizens by voting for such candidates as they believe best represent the true welfare of the great State of which they ought to be again proud to be electors.

The years which bring the philosophic mind bring also a sense of proportion and a serenity of spirit which enable one to cast all personal ambitions and all personal animosities into "the limbo of forgotten things." In discussing, therefore, the subject of this paper, if any expressions which appear to be unduly strong have found their way into it, they are inspired, not by ill feeling towards individuals, but only by that hatred of political corruption which has had more or less complete possession of the writer all his life. There is not a person in any degree responsible for the evils which are herein condemned whose political advancement, if honestly and fairly won in an open field and a fair fight, would give rise to any criticism, except criticism of the electors for the lack of wisdom in their choice. But now that the field is open and the fight is fair, it is for the voters to choose the candidates they prefer, and they will do so.

These great reforms have come so suddenly that it is not easy to believe in their existence or, if they exist, in their beneficence; but there they are and they speak for themselves. It is true that they have come too late to be of service to many of the veteran fighters in the cause of honest politics; but, happily, they have come in time to enable some of the elders and all younger men to challenge the judgment of an unbossed and unbought electorate upon their fitness for the offices to which they aspire. Such a consummation is an ample recompense for all past labors, arduous and seemingly hopeless as they were, and its blessings are fitly recognized only by reverently thanking God that we have been spared as free men to again salute the free Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND THE DRAGO DOCTRINE.

BY GEORGE WINFIELD SCOTT, LL.B., PH.D., CARNEGIE INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON.

ON July 21st, the representatives of twenty-one American States convened at Rio de Janeiro for the third session of the International Conference of American States.

The last Conference was held in Mexico City, and lasted from October 22nd, 1901, to January 22nd, 1902—just three months. At that Conference, three important agreements were formulated relative to arbitration and the peaceful settlement of international disputes: First, a protocol to adhere to the Hague Convention of 1899 (it will be remembered that Mexico and the United States were the only American states invited to the Hague Conference); second, a treaty of compulsory arbitration, which was signed by ten delegations and has since been ratified by six of the Republics; third, a treaty for the arbitration of "all claims for pecuniary loss or damage," which was afterwards ratified by six of the states, including the United States. This treaty was to be operative for five years from the date it should be ratified by five of the American states. It went into force March 24th, 1905.

At the recent Conference at Rio de Janeiro, only one new question relative to the modes for settling international disputes was scheduled for discussion. It read:

"A resolution recommending that the second Peace Conference at The Hague be requested to consider whether and, if at all, to what extent the use of force for the collection of public debts is admissible."

This question may be said to have had its origin in the war which Great Britain, Germany and Italy made against Venezuela, in 1902, to force the acknowledgement and payment of the pecuniary claims which their respective subjects held against Venezuela.

At that time, Dr. Luis Drago, Minister of Foreign Relations of the Argentine Republic, addressed a communication to the United States relative to the forcible collection by a foreign state of the public debt owned by its subjects. Dr. Drago seems to have expressed no doubts about the legal right of creditor states to force the payment of those pecuniary claims which have their origin in the ownership of the bonds of a debtor state. He merely sought to have the United States adopt, as supplementary to its Monroe Doctrine policy, a further policy to the effect "that the public debt [of an American state] cannot occasion armed intervention, nor in any wise the actual occupation of the territory of American nations, by an European power."

Dr. Drago called attention to the fact that "the collection of loans by force implies territorial occupation to make it effective; that territorial occupation means the suppression of the Governments of the countries on which it is imposed"; that there was considerable European expression in favor of establishing colonies in South America; and that, he feared, under the guise of "financial interventions," the yearnings, evidenced by that expression, might be suddenly stimulated and gratified.

Without commenting on the grounds, or lack of grounds, for such anxiety or on the wisdom of the proposal, attention is called to the difference between the proposition originally urged by Dr. Drago and the question formulated for discussion at Rio de Janeiro. Señor Drago proposed a question of policy for the Pan-American states.* The resolution under consideration at Rio de Janeiro involved the submission to the next Hague Conference of a question of law, to which, it is respectfully submitted, there can be but one answer.

Law and Practice.—When it is recollected that states are in legal theory equally independent; that the rules which regulate their relations are supposed to afford to one the same general rights and obligations that are afforded to another; that these rules have, as yet, developed no formal, superior judicial or administrative authority; that, in consequence, to every state is

* The Calvo Doctrine has to do with the principle of law, observed between the first-class Powers, which requires subjects to exhaust the judicial remedies of the debtor-state before their state interposes to present their claims diplomatically. It was urged by Señor Calvo, for many years the distinguished Minister of the Argentine Republic at Paris, that this rule should be observed by the first-class Powers in their transactions with the Latin-American states.

accorded the right to determine for itself when its rights have been invaded; that every state which considers itself aggrieved enjoys the sole right to decide the redress which it shall exact, and whether in the given case it has exhausted all the peaceful remedies to secure redress; that the use of force or war is a recognized legal remedy by which states may settle their differences; that every state is, in legal theory, accorded complete sovereignty over the persons and properties within its jurisdiction; that, as a consequence of this, every injury to the person and property of foreign subjects within its jurisdiction may be legally ascribed to the act of the state itself; that an injury to the subject of a state is to that extent, in law, an injury to the particular state; that states, like individuals, are entitled to maintain a reputable existence, and to protect themselves from debilitation and destruction; that their dignity and reputation, their economic and social welfare, are so intimately bound up in the maintenance of the persons and property of their subjects that they are compelled to guard jealously every invasion of their international rights—when these facts are recollected, it would seem that the answer to the question, "whether and, if at all, to what extent the use of force for the collection of public debts is admissible," must be that, as a matter of legal right, each state determines for itself both the conditions under which it is justified in using force, and the extent to which it shall go in the use of force, to collect the public debts due its subjects by another state.

States have, from time to time, and generally, declined, for reasons of domestic expediency, to exercise their legal right to collect the public bonds of foreign states due their subjects, but they have never admitted that they did not have the right to do so.

It is the general practice of states in these matters to afford to their subjects only their unofficial good offices. They have desisted from giving further help: sometimes to encourage their subjects to invest their capital at home or in the colonies, sometimes because it was considered incompatible with the dignity of the state to allow itself to become a debt-collection agency for unprincipled speculators, sometimes for fear their motives might be misunderstood by sister states, and unforeseen international complications thereby raised.

But, as pointed out in the oft-cited circular of Lord Palmerston in 1848 to the British representatives in foreign states, "it might

happen that the loss occasioned to British subjects by the non-payment of interest upon loans made by them to foreign Governments might become so great that it would be too high a price for the nation to pay . . . . and in such a state of things it might become the duty of the British Government to make these matters the subject of diplomatic negotiations."

The year before, in 1847, Lord Palmerston had taken occasion in Parliament to indicate the right of the British Government to make war against Spain for the recovery of the public debts due British subjects; and, in connection therewith, he stated: "This is a question of expediency, and not a question of power; therefore, let no foreign country which has done wrong to British subjects deceive itself by a false impression either that the British nation or the British Parliament will forever remain patient under the wrong."

In declining, in December, 1861, to participate in the concerted action of Great Britain, France and Spain to force Mexico to settle the claims, including public debts, due their respective subjects, Mr. Seward, as Secretary of State, said: "The President does not feel himself at liberty to question, and he does not question, that the sovereigns represented have undoubted right to decide for themselves the fact whether they have sustained grievances, and to resort to war with Mexico for the redress thereof, and have a right, also, to levy the war severally or jointly."

Further, it should be noted that the International Arbitration Tribunals, which have held that they had no jurisdiction to receive and decide bond claims "in the absence of express language to that effect" in the treaty establishing the Tribunal, have expressed no doubt whatever as to the legal right of a state to press such claims for payment by any means which its own domestic and foreign policy might dictate. Such, for example, was the opinion of Sir Frederick Bruce, who acted as umpire in the arbitral settlement between the United States and Colombia under the Convention of February 10th, 1864.

It can probably be stated without fear of contradiction that no state has ever resorted to force to collect from another state the public debt due to its subjects, where the acknowledgement and payment of the debt was the sole subject of difference between them. Nations are not likely to make war for such a cause alone. One day's war would cost more than the whole debt due.

Perhaps the instances in which the deferred payment of the public debt has been most nearly the sole cause for resorting to force, are the intervention of 1861 by France, Great Britain and Spain in Mexico, and the intervention of 1902 by Germany, Great Britain and Italy in Venezuela. In both instances, the subjects of the intervening Powers had suffered, at the hands of the delinquent states, repeated and serious injuries through violence and the denial of civilized justice. In both cases, it has been alleged that the ostensible reasons for intervening were not the real ones. However that may be, for the motives of states as of individuals are not accurately comprehended, it can be safely asserted that, as a general rule, creditor states have shown a considerate disposition toward debtor states, and this from the purely selfish reasons to which attention has already been called.

Where the finances of states have become utterly deranged from various causes—such as the ravages of civil and foreign war, a corrupt, extravagant and overmanned financial service, conducted without proper means of accounting—it has frequently happened that the creditor states have been able, through diplomatic negotiation and pressure, to take over temporarily the administration of the finances of the country. This is what happened in Egypt in 1879, in Greece in 1898, and in San Domingo in 1904.

In some instances claims, arising from non-payment of bonds, without having been the subject of prior diplomatic negotiation, have been presented by the counsel of a creditor state to an International Arbitration Tribunal established by treaty to hear and decide "all claims" against either state. With one exception, the Tribunals have declined to take jurisdiction on the ground that the claims had not been diplomatically presented and could not, therefore, have been intended by the High Contracting Parties to be embraced within the description "all claims." And, though it seemed to be admitted that this objection would not be applicable to other than bond claims, yet it was applicable to them merely because of the special policy of non-interposition which states ordinarily pursued in these cases.

Effect of Arbitration Treaties.—It has been thought by some that the establishment of The Hague Arbitration Tribunal affected to some extent the rules of international law, by making it incumbent upon states to arbitrate their differences and not to resort to the use of force. This is a mistake. The obligation, or

rather the lack of obligation, to arbitrate remains the same, except possibly that there is an indefinite moral obligation imposed by the civilized public opinion of the world. And even international law is made up of more determinate stuff than this!

On the belief that The Hague Arbitration Convention of 1899 had "altered international law," it was urged by the counsel for Venezuela, Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh, in the Preferential Treatment case at The Hague, that "the question as to whether or not Great Britain, Germany and Italy are entitled to preferential or separate treatment in the payment of their claims against Venezuela" required the Tribunal to decide "whether the war [waged] was justified or not," and that this was "the whole marrow of the question" submitted for decision.

The Tribunal, however, held that it "was not called upon to decide whether the three blockading Powers had exhausted all pacific methods in their dispute with Venezuela, in order to prevent the employment of force"; in fact, it considered itself "absolutely incompetent to give a decision as to the character or nature of the military operations."

Some have been misled as to the significance of The Hague Convention in international law by the language of Article XIX of that Convention, in which reservation was made that, "independently of existing general or special treaties, imposing the obligation" to arbitrate, the Signatory Powers should have "the right to conclude" at any time "new agreements, general or special, with a view of extending the obligation" to arbitrate. The phrase "extending the obligation" relates to any "obligation" which might be subsisting under arbitration treaties that were at the time in force between the parties, not to any "obligation" to arbitrate imposed by The Hague Convention—because, unfortunately, there was none. All proposals to make arbitration in any way obligatory were turned down by the Conference.

The Hague Convention, therefore, omitted entirely the giving of any jurisdiction to the Tribunal it set up; it merely provided an arrangement for the arbitration of international disputes, and left each state free to decide whether in a given case it would invite, of if invited, would refuse the remedy of arbitration.

The "epidemic" of arbitration treaties which has followed The Hague Conference shows the same hesitancy on the part of nations to give to arbitration in any wise a certain and definite juris-

diction. Of the fifty-odd treaties which have been signed "with a view of extending the obligation" to arbitrate, only a few give a jurisdiction—only a few make arbitration obligatory. Under none of the others is it possible for one state to summon another to the Arbitral Court. Under none of the others is any definite question of international dispute unconditionally segregated for arbitration. Under each of the other treaties, the state has reserved for its own decision, whenever a question of difference shall arise, whether the particular question shall be arbitrated. If at such time, which would ordinarily be a time of more or less national excitement and feeling, the state should decide that it was compatible with its "vital interests," "national honor," "independence" or "constitution" to arbitrate, then it might extend an invitation, or accept an invitation, to arbitrate.

To sum up, the present situation in *law* as regards the necessity to arbitrate international disputes instead of resorting to force is in no wise different, with the minor exceptions mentioned, from what it was before The Hague Conference.

Question at the Next Hague Conference.—The question at the next Hague Conference should be, it would seem: Are the civilized states so much in favor of peace that they are willing to agree, in order to make a positive but slight start in this direction, to set apart for settlement by arbitration a portion, however small, of the matters which give rise to international disputes?

The giving of a definite and unconditional jurisdiction to arbitration would act as an entering wedge. Gradually, this jurisdiction might be extended, as the early writs in England extended the jurisdiction of the courts. Gradually, the states might be expected to discover that their "national honor" and "vital interests" are not jeopardized by referring their differences to the arbitrament of law. Gradually, states, and the society of which they are composed, might be expected to acquire the habit of submitting international disputes to the decision of international tribunals in which they have confidence. Gradually, the crude arbitration arrangements of the present would be perfected, and that confidence in the fairness and judicial attitude of the arbitrators which is fundamental to the reign of law would come to exist. Gradually, the attachment of the property of an alleged debtor, in advance of a judicial investigation into the merits of the debt—a procedure unknown to the English common law—would

cease as between the states. Gradually, states would consider that it is unbecoming the high dignity and standards of justice which they should maintain, to lend their great powers to the collection of the often falsely exaggerated claims of unprincipled speculators, supported by merely *ex parte* evidence.

To give to the Arbitration Tribunal a definite and unconditional jurisdiction, however small to begin with, would put it beyond the legal capacity of states to confound their "national honor," etc., in a time of necessarily keen public feeling, with what would, in an ordinarily calm state of the public mind, be considered a mere lawsuit.

If, then, the civilized public opinion of the world is so much in favor of peace that it is willing to venture a slight but positive step in the direction of the reign of law in the settlement of international differences, the question arises: What are the matters which are giving rise to international disputes that can, with safety to the "vital interests," "national honor," etc., of states be unconditionally segregated for this purpose?

A strong argument might be presented for the setting apart for peaceful settlement, at all times, of all disputes incident to the collection of public debts arising from money loaned by subjects to foreign states, or, at least, for deferring the right to use force till after the alleged debts have been judicially examined and the sum due ascertained. "The propositions" in the note of Dr. Drago of December, 1902, described by Mr. Hay as "ably set forth," incidentally mention some of the reasons why international arbitration tribunals might be given jurisdiction over disputes relative to the public debts due foreigners.

Several cogent arguments, it would seem, can be advanced for a jurisdiction of this subject, which are not applicable to other classes of international pecuniary claims. Thus: "The capitalist who lends his money to a foreign state always takes into account the resources of the country and the probability, greater or less, that the obligations contracted will be fulfilled without delay." He generally takes advantage of the necessities of the borrowing state, and exacts discounts and interest accordingly. He knows that he is loaning his money to a sovereignty which is accorded by law the right to give or withhold the usual remedies of civil suit. He is aware that all debts of a state exist subject to the state's being in position to pay them without embarrassment to

its existence; and that, in law, the state is the sole judge of its ability to pay at any particular time. He knows that modern conditions require states to expend vast sums of money for the development and maintenance of their various public works; that, in the long run, all states must uphold their credit; and that, to accomplish this, the debtor states must observe a decent husbandry and keep good faith in their obligations. He knows that the legal relation of the delinquent debtor to his creditors has some points of difference from the legal relation of a state to foreign subjects whose person and property, while within the jurisdiction of the state, are injured, and who are denied civilized justice; that in the transaction of buying the bonds of a foreign state he is accepting the promise of the state in return for his property; and that the loss of one's property through a breach of promise is not so direct an injury as a loss occasioned without a promise.

If the various foregoing considerations are sound, the Conference at Rio de Janeiro did well not to adopt the resolution originally formulated for its consideration which had for its object the requesting of the next Hague Conference to consider a rule of international law which it would seem impossible to question. What the Conference did do was formally "to recommend to the Governments represented therein that they consider the point of inviting the Second Peace Conference at The Hague to consider the question of the compulsory collection of public debts; and, in general, means tending to diminish between nations conflicts having an exclusively pecuniary origin." The resolution adopted by the Conference is very indefinite, but it is probably an improvement on the one formulated for its consideration.

It is generally expected that some American state, perhaps the United States, will "consider the point" and present "the question" to the next Hague Conference. It is to be hoped that the question will be formulated for the consideration and action of the Conference with due regard to international law, foreign politics and the practical object to be attained, and that, by a treaty to which all states are party, International Arbitration will be given an unreserved jurisdiction of a small portion of the matters which are giving rise to disputes between states.

GEORGE WINFIELD SCOTT.

EDUCATIONAL RECIPROCITY.

BY CHARLES F. BEACH, JR., PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN LAW AND INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

WITH Treaties of Reciprocity, in the abstract, we have long been familiar. Mr. Blaine began to preach us that gospel many years ago, and now few dispute the proposition that, under existing conditions, no form of effort for promoting international good relationship is more efficient than a fairly adjusted reciprocity treaty, whereby each country gets something and gives something in return. We began years ago our efforts for reciprocity in trade; but, while the politicians have been haggling and hesitating over their commercial treaties and have made no very great progress withal, the schoolmen have devised a reciprocity of quite another sort, a reciprocity in education, and are reaching out with it to the ends of the earth. The result is that we now have, and are to have in future, reciprocal relations in higher education with each of the chief countries of Europe as the outcome, not of formal treaties entered into by the President and the Senate with foreign potentates, but of informal arrangements between some of our chief schools of learning and the great European universities—treaties of educational reciprocity between schools and scholars on the two sides of the Atlantic. Nothing in the way of reciprocal relationship between nations is more interesting and inspiring or bigger with promise of good results.

We know all about the work of American and European scholars as professors and teachers in the schools of backward and partially civilized countries, like China, Japan and Turkey, where their assistance has been sought as a means of importing learning to promote national advancement. But what we are here considering is quite another story. It has to do, not with Europeans and Americans going into the outer darkness as educational pioneers,

to teach civilization to those who have it not, but with their goings and comings on equal terms among themselves, to get acquainted educationally each with the other, to explain and to expound themselves to each other; each carrying to all the rest whatever is choicest and most distinctive and distinguishing in his own intellectual kit; each country giving as much as it gets, and getting a thousand times more than it gives. Each thus takes on, at first hand, not only much useful knowledge, but also something of the highest culture of all the rest, broadening each his view of the others, correcting his judgment, and thus coming to know even as he is known. That the professors and scholars of the dominant nations are thus exchanged in considerable numbers, and admitted to teach systematically each in the universities of all the rest, and to expound their several political, social and philosophical systems to each other in an orderly and consecutive way, year after year, writes a new chapter in the book of knowledge. It is not only something quite new in education, but it has something better to recommend it than its novelty; it signifies much for a better mutual understanding, for closer relations between the nations; it imposes itself as a barrier to misunderstanding, recrimination and war — something that makes for peace more than a dozen Hague conferences (with any discussion of disarmament barred) or five-and-twenty Pan-American congresses.

The beginnings of this form of international reciprocity are to be traced to the work of *l'Alliance Française,* an institution of much importance and value in promoting knowledge of the French language in foreign countries. With its headquarters in Paris, and branches in every part of the world, it has for many years carried on an active propaganda everywhere on behalf of the French language and literature and civilization. It has been especially active and successful in this country, and several years ago French professors, under its patronage, began to come to the United States to give lectures in French at Harvard and elsewhere. That seems to have suggested to Mr. James H. Hyde, who had known of and appreciated this work as a student at Cambridge, the foundation which he made three years ago at the Sorbonne for an annual course of lectures there in English by a Harvard professor. This course was inaugurated in the autumn of 1904 by Professor Barrett Wendell, who gave an attractive

series of lectures, or conferences, to a numerous audience in the great Amphithéâtre Richelieu at the Sorbonne, during the winter of 1904-05, on American ideas and ideals as disclosed in our literature. Last winter, Professor Santayana continued the work on the Hyde foundation in a course of lectures on American philosophy; and the work thus begun is to be carried on during the coming and future years by members of the Harvard faculty. These lectures have already attracted a very flattering interest and attention in Paris, and are bringing forth peaceable fruits an hundredfold in strengthening and increasing the traditional good understanding between educated Frenchmen and educated Americans. I understand that the parallel work at Harvard—French in Cambridge and English at the Sorbonne—goes on apace, each winter finding, by way of reciprocity, one of the Paris faculty in Boston.

Aside from the initiative of *l'Alliance Française,* the Baron de Coubertin is, more than any one else, the father of this internationalization of educational facilities. By his successful efforts to revive the Olympic games, his foundations of French prizes at Princeton, Tulane, Leland Stanford and the University of California, his stimulating promotion of athletics *à l'Anglaise* in the French schools, to all which he has devoted much of his time and money; by his persistent writing and speaking, and by all the infectious enthusiasm which he has been able to inject into his efforts, he has called wide attention to the subject and made thoughtful men everywhere think seriously about it. Whatever may be accomplished in this direction anywhere in the world will be very much the result of his intelligent initiative.

Next in order of time after the Harvard-Sorbonne exchange of professors, comes my work in Paris. This began in fact about the same time as Mr. Hyde's professorship, in the summer of 1904, by an invitation from the Faculty of Law of the University of Paris to undertake there a course on American law, which I accordingly did during the session of 1904-05. It was at the outset a question whether the work should be done in English or in French. Professor Barrett Wendell, across the rue Saint-Jacques, was doing his work in English, and doing it very successfully; and, following that example, it was at first proposed that I also speak English. But, upon consideration, and in view of the fact that very few of the law students could follow an English lecture,

it was finally decided that it would be unwise to try to impose a new subject and a strange language at once upon a body of students for whom either the subject or the language alone would be a sufficient tax on attention, and my work was therefore done in French. I usually give, however, at the conclusion of the lectures a short talk in English, using up in that way about the last ten minutes of the hour. The results of the first year's work were thought to be such that I was asked to go on for a second year (1905-06). At the suggestion of some members of the Faculty, I varied the work a little during the second year, broadening the scope of it and making the subject American law and institutions. I gave this course last year, not only at the Faculty of Law in Paris, but also at the University of Lille, spending half of each week at the latter place. Next year (1906-07), it is proposed that I continue the work in Paris and at Lille for the first half of the year, and at Bordeaux and Toulouse during the second half. In succeeding years the plan is gradually to enlarge the scope of the work, so as to give to the students in four of the chief universities of France, in a series of courses, a general view of our American law and our social and political institutions, somewhat as Blackstone did at Oxford on the Viner foundation for the English lawyers of his time.

So much for the work in Paris, where educational reciprocity was born. As soon as the success of the work had been demonstrated on the Mont Sainte-Geneviève, they caught at the idea in Germany. The Kaiser took it up with enthusiasm, and Mr. James Speyer's foundation of the Theodore Roosevelt Chair of American Institutions at the University of Berlin has made the work of Columbia men possible and permanent in that important institution of learning. This course was inaugurated last winter by Professor Peabody of Harvard. At his first lecture, a letter was read from the President of the United States, giving the work his high sanction and endorsement, and the Emperor himself had a seat on the rostrum. With this brilliant start, the success of the work in Germany seems assured. President Hadley of Yale and Professor Burgess of Columbia are to be the lecturers there during the coming winter. Meantime, the Germans are manifesting their practical interest in the work by the reciprocal establishment at Columbia, by the Prussian Ministry of Education, of a Chair of German History and Institutions, to be known as the

Kaiser Wilhelm Chair, to be filled each year by some eminent German scholar. Under this foundation, Professor Heinrich Schumacher of the University of Bonn is to lecture this winter in New York.

A similar educational alliance, along the lines already laid down in Paris and Germany, has also been concluded during the present summer between Italy and the United States, whereby Italian professors are to lecture at several of our chief schools, especially at the University of Chicago and the University of Pennsylvania; and, reciprocally, American professors are to give courses in several of the chief universities of Italy. This is the result of negotiations between Dr. Joseph S. Kennard, acting on behalf of certain American institutions, and two commissioners—Messrs. Villari and Crezaro—appointed for the purpose by the King of Italy, who has himself manifested the liveliest interest in the project. A royal decree was issued calling the especial attention of Italian scholars and educators to the matter, and emphasizing its importance from a national point of view, with the result of enlisting the cordial support of the best people of Italy. The formal details, as finally arranged under royal sanction, contemplate the recognition of the diplomas of American colleges by Italian institutions of learning, and *vice versa,* so that scholars in one country can be admitted *ad eundem* to university study in the other. The reciprocal study of the English language in Italy and of the Italian language in this country is provided for. The degree of Doctor of Laws recently conferred by the University of Pennsylvania upon the King and its formal acceptance by His Majesty were among the pleasant episodes of these negotiations. This opens to us anew the door to the abounding store of Italian culture, and fitly supplements the work of the American Academy of Art and the American School of Archæology in Rome. We shall, perhaps, have some day an American *Prix de Rome* as a capstone.

The Rhodes scholarships are the nearest approach we have to a similar educational alliance with England; but American professors have occasionally been heard in the English universities for many years past, and English professors in our colleges are almost a matter of course. There is, however, and as of course less reason for such an exchange of professors between America and England than between this country and the leading coun-

tries on the Continent of Europe. We know more about England and she has therefore less to teach us; or, to put it another way, our learning, having come to us largely through the English language, is inevitably impressed with an English character, and is English already in its essence. What we want, therefore, in this matter of educational reciprocity more especially, is an infusion of Continental and not purely English ideas and ideals. The Rhodes scholarships may, however, very well suggest to some ingenuous American who is at once large minded, philanthropic and millionaire, a counter foundation to bring foreign youths to our American universities as students. With us such a foundation should be stripped of insularity and broadened so as to include students from France, Germany, Italy and other Continental countries, as well as from England.

It is interesting to note, as a reflex of this internationalization of university instruction, that during the present year the ministers of Public Instruction in France and Germany have arranged for an exchange between the public schools of those two countries of their respective teachers of language, so that the grammar-school scholars of the two countries may each learn the language of the other from native teachers. A similar arrangement is also proposed between France and England. It is stipulated that teachers, to be qualified for this work, must be *au fait* in the other language. The educational pilgrimages for English grammar-school teachers, organized by Mr. Alfred Mosely, in London, which are to bring some five hundred or more of the common-school teachers of Great Britain to the United States during the coming winter, to observe our school methods and to study our pedagogics, in a way represent an interesting movement in the same direction. I think there is little doubt that these grammar-school exchanges are a direct result of the agitation for reciprocity in university instruction of the last few years, which may suggest the thought that in this matter—as, for example, in the use and application of electricity in the arts—we are, as the phrase is, only on the threshold.

In spite of the success which attends the work at the Sorbonne on the Hyde foundation, which is done in English, it is, I think, very generally conceded that if a professor of one country is really to reach the mind and heart of any considerable body of students in another country, he must teach in the language of

that country. If we are to enjoy an educational Pentecost, each student must hear in his own tongue. Accordingly, in the arrangements for work in Berlin next winter, our American professors are to lecture in German, and the German professors who come to us will speak English. It is not quite the same thing as between France and this country, since the acquisition of the French language is an universal desideratum, and our students hear a Frenchman, therefore, gladly in his own tongue. It may, however, even here be a question whether, speaking in French to an American audience, a French savant does not teach the French language more than he teaches the subject discussed.

An interesting feature of the work at the University of Berlin, on the James Speyer foundation, has been the commencement of an American library in that university. A thousand volumes on American history and various phases of American development have already been sent to Berlin. They are given shelf room and catalogued separately in a room set apart for the purpose, and are thus made accessible for study and reference. The plan pursuant to which my work is carried on at the Faculty of Law in Paris also contemplates the creation there of an adequate American reference law library. There is, it is a little curious to note, no single collection of American law-books anywhere in Europe at all adequate to any extended or serious study or research. At the libraries of the several Inns of Court in London, as well as in the finer and more extensive library of the Incorporated Law Society in Chancery Lane, a few American law-books are to be found; and at the Ministry of Justice in the Place Vendôme French lawyers can find a meagre assortment of our legal text-books, and some broken sets of our statutes and law reports. Elsewhere in Europe there is practically nothing. Neither a student of our law in Europe, nor a member of our bar called there on professional business, nor an investigator in comparative jurisprudence has anywhere access to a complete working American law library. It is, therefore, thought to be very desirable to establish in Paris such a library on a foundation adequate to its proper maintenance. Continental jurists, as a rule, know, in fact, comparatively little of the Common Law. Whereas we study the Civil Law as the foundation of our Equity and as the basis of much of our more modern Common Law system, and consequently have at least an adequate general notion of it,

European lawyers, for their part, seldom undertake to know much about our law. They are disposed to look upon the Common Law as a formless jumble of Germanic customs, without much scientific basis or merit as a system. Furthermore, although in all our better law schools the Civil Law is systematically taught and studied, no real attention is paid to the Common Law in any European scheme of legal training; and, although our reference law libraries in this country contain good collections of works on the Civil Law, the libraries in Europe contain little of our law aside from a few treatises written by European lawyers about it. The desirableness of at least one good American law library in Europe is, therefore, not in question. Aside from its value from an educational point of view, its usefulness to American lawyers visiting Europe on business for their clients would amply justify its creation and maintenance.

From the general standpoint of the educational reciprocity of which we have been speaking, the overshadowing importance of the work in Paris is well suggested by the fact that there are ordinarily from 15,000 to 18,000 students in regular attendance on the various courses at the university, of whom some 5,000 are in the Law School. Thus there are in Paris more than twice as many university students as in any German university, and about half as many as at all the twenty or more German universities put together. We have three times as many students as at any American university, six or seven times as many as at Oxford, and ten times as many as at Cambridge. Furthermore, this multitude of students comes not from France alone, but consists of ingenuous youth from every other country in Europe, and from almost every other country in the world. It is verily a cosmopolitan company—that throng of students in the *Pays Latin*—all come up to Paris to learn its language and to take on and to take home its civilization, as well as to eat of the bread of knowledge at the schools. I think that I myself must have made, in the course of my work, the personal acquaintance of students of not less than twenty nationalities. I recall the following: men from France, Germany, England, the United States, Canada, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Switzerland, China, Russia, Brazil, Bolivia, Scotland, Ireland, Austria, Turkey, Persia, Belgium and Spain. There may have been others. The composite character of this body of students, drawn together from the ends of the earth, not

only constitutes one of the charms of teaching in Paris, but it is a chief element of its exceptional usefulness. Here, as nowhere else, one reaches the whole world.

As an American, it has been a source of lively regret to me that so few American students are to be found in this goodly company. I have wondered why remote Rumania and half-barbarous Bulgaria and Servia send ten young men to Paris where we send one. From Germany and Russia it is twenty-five to one. The class-rooms swarm with German students, and there are many from Russia and South America. I have not understood why the unrivalled facilities that Paris offers for the study of any branch of human knowledge are less appreciated by us than by others. It has seemed to me, as the result of long residence in Europe, that if a young American can spend but one year in European study he can ill afford, from the point of view of the highest culture, to spend much of that time away from Paris. A practical acquaintance with the French language is of the first importance for every educated man of the world. Moreover, the life in Paris—its art, its music, its drama, its galleries, museums and libraries, its lectures, salons and exhibitions, with all its high-wrought cosmopolitanism—all this, the fine flower of modern civilization, is, in itself, a liberal education, the like of which is not afforded anywhere else; so that, upon the whole, I cannot doubt that, whatever else one may gain by residence and study in some remote and provincial university town, the graduate student from America gains most from his year or two in Europe if he takes up his abode in the Latin Quarter and sits down at the table of the Mother of the Universities.

CHARLES F. BEACH, JR.

OXFORD.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THE friendly gentleman in our railway carriage who was good enough to care for my interest in the landscape between London and Oxford (I began to express it as soon as we got by a very broad, bad smell waiting our train, midway, in the region of some sort of chemical works) said he was going to Oxford for the Eights. Then we knew that we were going there for the Eights, too, though as to what the Eights are I have never been able to be explicit with myself to this day, beyond the general fact that they are intercollegiate boat-races and implicate Bumps, two of which we saw with satisfaction in due time. But while the towers of Oxford were growing from the plain, a petrified efflorescence of the past, lovelier than any new May-wrought miracle of leaf and flower, we had no thought but for Oxford, and Eights and Bumps were mere vocables no more resolvable into their separate significances than the notes of the jargoning rooks flying over the fields, or the noises of the station where each of our passengers was welcomed by at least three sons or brothers, and kept from claiming somebody else's boxes in the confiding distributions from the luggage-vans. As our passengers were mostly mothers and sisters, their boxes easily outnumbered them, and if a nephew and cousin or next friend had lent his aid in their rescue in the worst cases, it could not have been superfluous. The ancient town is at other times a stronghold of learning, obedient to a tradition of cloistered men in whom the cloistered monk of other days still lingers, but at this happy time it was overflowed to its very citadel by a tide of feathered hats, of clinging and escaping scarfs, of fluffy skirts in all angelic colors; and I should not be true to that first impression of the meetings at the station, if I did not say that the meeters were quite lost, and well lost, in the multitude

of the met. When they issued together from the place these contributed their advantageous disproportion to the effect of the streets, from which they swept the proper university life into corners and doorways, and up alleys and against walls, before their advancing flood.

Our own friend, who, lief and dear as any son or brother or nephew or cousin of them all, came flying on the wings of his academic gown to greet us at the station, had in a wonderfully little while divined our baggage, and had it and us in an open carriage making a progress into the heart of the beautiful grove of towers, which, nearer to, we perceived was no petrification, but a living growth from the soul of the undying youth coming age after age to perpetuate the university there. We began at once to see the body of this youth chasing singly or plurally down the streets, in tasselled mortar-boards, and gowns clipped of their flow, to an effect of alpaca jackets. Youth can, or must, stand anything, and at certain hours of the morning and evening no undergraduate may show himself in Oxford streets without this abbreviated badge of learning, though the streets were that day so full of people thronging to the Eights and the Bumps that studious youth in the ordinary garb of the unstudious could hardly have awakened suspicion in the authorities. We were in fact, driving through a largeish town, peopled beyond its comfortable wont, and noisy with the rush of feet and wheels far frequenter and swifter than those which set its characteristic pace.

Our friend knew we were not, poor things, there for a tumult which we could have easily had in New York, or even in London, and he made haste to withdraw us from it up into a higher place at the top of the Radcliffe Library, where we could look down on all Oxford, with the tumult subsiding into repose under the foliage and amid the flowers of the college gardens. It is the well-known view which every one is advised by the guide-books to seize the first thing, and he could not have done better for us, even from his great love and lore of the place, than to point severally out each renowned roof and spire and tower which blent again for my rapture in a rich harmony with nothing jarring from the whole into any separately accentuated fact. I pretended otherwise, and I hope I satisfactorily seemed to know those tops and deeps one from another, when I ignorantly exclaimed, "Oh,

Magdalen, of course! Christ Church! And is that Balliol? And Oriel, of course; and Merton, and Jesus, and Wadham—really Wadham? And New College, of course! And is *that* Brasenose?"

I honestly affected to remember them from a first visit twenty years before, when in a cold September rain I wandered about among them with a soul dry-shod and warmed by an inner effulgence of joy in being there on any sort of terms. But I remembered nothing except the glory which nothing but the superior radiance of being there again in May could eclipse. What I remember now of this second sight of them will not let itself be put in words; it is the bird which sings in the bush, and alertly refuses to double its value by coming into the hand. I could not now take the most trusting reader up into that high place, and hope to abuse his innocence by any feigned knowledge of those clustering colleges. All is a blur of leafy luxuriance, probably the foliage of the garden trees which embower the colleges, but not so absolutely such that it does not seem the bourgeoning and branching edifices themselves, a sumptuous Gothic suggestion, in stem and spray, of the stone-wrought beauty of the halls and chapels where nature might well have studied her effects of Perpendicular or Early English, or that spiritual Flamboyant in which she excels art. There remains from it chiefly a sense of flowery color which I suppose is from the nearer-to insistence of trees everywhere in bloom.

It was as if Oxford were decorated for the Eights by these sympathetic hawthorns and chestnuts, and fond lilacs, and the whole variety of kind, sweet shrubs which had hung out their blossoms to gladden the pretty eyes and noses of the undergraduates' visitors. We could not drive anywhere without coming upon some proof of the floral ardor; but perhaps I am embowering Oxford more than I ought with borrowed wreaths and garlands from the drive to the Norman church of Iffley where our friend took us, ostensibly because it could just be got in before lunch, but really because we needed some relief from the facts of Oxford which, stamped thickly, one upon another, made us inexhaustible palimpsests of precious impressions. I am sure that if another could get at my memory, and wash one record clear of another, there would reveal itself such a perfect history of what I saw and did as would constitute every beholder a partner of my ex-

periences. But this I cannot manage for myself, and must be as content as I can with revealing mere fragmentary glimpses of the fact, broken lines, shattered images, blurred colors. For instance, all I can get at, of that visit to the Norman church at Iffley, is the May morning air, with its sun and sweet, from which we passed to the gloom, richly chill, of the interior, and then from that again, into the sun and sweet, to have a swift look at the façade, with the dog-toothing of its arches, which I then for the first time received distinctly into my consciousness. A part of the precious concept, forever inseparable, is my recollection of the church wardens' printed prayer that I would not lean against the chain-fencing before the façade, and of my grief that I could not comply without failing of the view of it which I was there for: without leaning against that chain one cannot look up at the dog-toothing, and receive it into one's consciousness.

As often I have thought of asking my reader to revisit Oxford with me, I have fancied vividly possessing them of this or that distinctive fact, without regard to the sequences, but I find myself, poor slave of all that I have seen and known! following myself, step by step through the uneventful events in the order of their occurrence; and if my reader will not keep me company, after luncheon, in my stroll across fields and through garden ways beyond my friend's house to that affluent of the Isis whose real name is the Cherwell, and which calls itself the Char, I know not how he is to get to the point where the Isis becomes the Thames, and where we are to see the first of the Eights, and two of the Bumps together. For except by this stroll we cannot reach the pretty water, so full, so slow, so bright, so dark, where we are to take boat, and get down to the destined point on its smooth breast, with a thousand other boats of every device, but mainly, but overwhelmingly, punts. The craft were all pushed or pulled by their owners or their owners' guests, who were as serenely and sweetly patient with the problem of getting to the Eights or the Bumps in time, as if the affair were subjective, and might be delayed by an effort of the will in the various cases.

As with other public things in England this had such a quality of privacy that we seemed the only persons really concerned, and other people in other boats were as much figures painted in the landscape as the buttercups in the meadowy levels that stretched

on either hand at our point of departure, and presently, changed into knots of boskage, overhanging the dreamy lymph. But I shall not get into my picture the sense of the lush grasses, with those little yellow lamps, or those Perpendicular boles, with their Early English arches, or their Flamboyant leafage, any more than I shall get in the sense of the shore gleamily wetting its root-wrought earthen brinks, or bringing the weedy herbage down to drink of the little river. River it was, though so little, and as much in scale with the little continent it helps to water, as any Ohio or Mississippi of ours is with our measureless peninsula. There is also something in that English air, which, in spite of the centuries of taming to man's hand, leaves Nature her moods, her whims, of showing divinely and inalienably primitive, so that I had bewildering moments, on that sung and storied water, of floating on some wildwood stream of my Western boyhood. It has, so it appeared, its moments of savage treachery, and one still eddy where it lay smoothly smiling was identified as the point where two undergraduates had not very long ago been drowned. Sometimes the early or the later rains swell it to a flood, and spread it over those low pastures, in an image of the vaster deluges which sweep our immense stretches of river valley.

There was a kind of warm chill in the afternoon air, which bore all odors of wood and meadow, and transmitted the English voices with a tender distinctness. From point to point there were reaches of the water where we had quite a boat's length of it to ourselves, and again there were sharp turns where it narrowed to an impossible strait and the congested craft must have got by one another through the air. The people in the punts, and canoes, and boats, were proceeding at their leisure, or lying wilfully or forgetfully moored by the flat shores or under the mimic bluffs. They struck into one another where they found room enough to withdraw for the purpose, and they were constantly grinding gunwale against gunwale, with gentle murmurs of deprecation and soft-voiced forgivenesses which had almost the quality of thanks. Then, before we knew it we were gliding under Magdalen bridge past bolder shores, and so, into wider and opener waters where, with as little knowledge of ours, the Char had become, or was by way of becoming, the Thames which is the Isis. I believe it is still the Char where the bumps take place in the commodious expanses between the college barges tethered to

the grassy shores. These barges were only a little more conspicuously aflame and aflutter with bright hats and parasols and volatile skirts than the shores; and they were all one fluent delight of sisters and cousins. In a path by the thither brink from our barge, there ran, soon after we had taken our first cups of tea, a cry of undergraduates, heralding the first of the two shells which came rowing past us. Then, almost ere I was aware of it the bow of a shell which was behind touched the stern of the shell which was before, and the first bump had been achieved. The thing had been so lightly and quickly done that the mere fact of the bump had not fully passed from the eye to the mind, when a glory wholly unexpected by me involved us: the shell which had made the bump belonged to our college, or at least the college to which our barge belonged. Shining in the reflected light, we rowed back up the Char to the point of our departure, and in the long, leisurely twilight found our first day in Oxford drawing on to night in the fragrant meadow.

Was it this night or the next that I dined in hall? There were several dinners in hall, and I may best be indefinite as to time as well as place. All civilized dinners are much alike everywhere, from soup to coffee, and it is only in certain academic formalities that a dinner in hall at Oxford differs from another banquet. One of these which one may mention as most captivating to the fancy fond of finding poetry in antique usage was the passing from meat in the large hall, portraited round the carven and panelled walls with the effigies of the college celebrities and dignities, into a smaller and cozier room, where the spirit of the gadding vine began its rambles up and down the glossy mahogany; and then into a third place where the fragrant cups and tubes fumed in the wedded odors of coffee and tobacco. If I remember, we went from the first to the last successively under the open heaven; but perhaps you do not always so, though you always make the transit, and could not imaginably smoke where you ate or drank.

Once, when the last convivial delight was exhausted, and there was a loath parting at the door in the grassy quadrangle under the mild heaven, where not even a star intruded, I had a realizing sense of what Oxford could mean to some youth who comes to it in eager inexperience from such a strange, far land as ours, and first fully imagines it. Or perhaps it was rather in one of

the lambent mornings when I strayed through the gardened closes too harshly called quadrangles that I had the company of this supposititious student, and wreaked myself in his sense of measureless opportunity. Nor opportunity alone, but opportunity graced with all the charm of tradition, and weighted with rich scholarly convention, the outgrowth of the patient centuries blossoming at last in a flower from whose luminous chalice he should drink the hoarded wisdom of the past. I said to myself that if I were such a youth my heart would go near to break with the happiness of finding myself in that environment and privileged to all its possibilities, with nothing but myself to hinder me from their utmost effect. Perhaps I made my imaginary youth too imaginative, when I was dowering him with my senile regrets in the form of joyful expectations. It is said the form in which the spirit of the university dwells is so overmastering for some that they are fain to escape from it, to renounce their fellowships, and go out from those hallowed shades into the glare of the profane world gladly to battle "in the midst of men and day."

Even of the American youth who resort to it, not all add shining names to the effulgent records of the place. They are indeed not needed, though they may be patriotically missed from the roll in which the native memories shine in every sort of splendor. It fatigues you at last to read the inscriptions which meet the eye wherever it turns. The thousand years of English glory stretch across the English sky from 900 to 1900 in a luminous tract where the stars are sown in multitudes outnumbering those of all the other heavens; and in Oxford above other places one needs a telescope to distinguish them. The logic of any commemoration of the mighty dead is that they will animate the living to noble endeavor for like remembrance. But where the mighty dead are in such multitude perhaps it is not so. Perhaps in the presence of their records the desire of distinction fails, and it is the will to do great things for the things' sake rather than the doer's which remains. The hypothesis might account for the prevailing impersonality of Oxford, the incandescent mass from which nevertheless from time to time a name detaches itself and flames a separate star in the zenith.

What strikes one with the sharpest surprise is not the memories

of distant times, however mighty, but those of yesterday, of this forenoon, in which the tradition of their glory is continued. The aged statesman whose funeral eulogy has hardly ceased to echo in the newspapers, the young hero who fell in the battle of the latest conquest, died equally for the honor of England, and both are mourned in bronze which has not yet lost its golden lustre beside the inscriptions forgetting themselves in the time-worn lettering of the tablets on the walls, or the brasses in the floors. Thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, they strew the solemn place, but in the religious calm of those chapels and halls there is no rude blast to scatter them, or to disturb the quiet in which for a few hundred or a few thousand years they may keep themselves from the universal oblivion.

When one strays through those aisles and under those arches, one fancies them almost as conscious of their sacred eld as one is one's self. Then suddenly one comes out into the vivid green light of a grassy quadrangle, or the flowery effulgence of a garden, where the banks of blossomed bushes are pushed back of the beds of glowing annuals by the velvety sward unrolled over spaces no more denied to your foot than the trim walks that wander beyond their barrier, under the ivied walls, and to and from the foot-worn thresholds. To the eye it is all very soft and warm, and the breadths of enclosing masonry, the arched or pillared gables, the towers starting on their skyward climb, seem to bathe themselves in sun or cool themselves in shade alike mellow and mild. There are other senses that more truly take account of the thermometer and report it in very glowing moments as not registering much above the middle fifties. But you answer in excuse of it that it is so sincere, just as you ascribe to its scrupulous truthfulness the failure of the English temperament ever to register anything like summer heat. We boil in the torridity of an adoptive climate, but our ancestral suns were no hotter than those of the English are now; and where we have kept their effect in some such cold storage as that, say, of Boston, we probably impart no greater heat to the stranger. The spiritual temperature of Oxford, indeed, is much that of Old Cambridge, that Old Cambridge, Massachusetts, when it was far older, forty years ago, than it is now. Very likely, the atmospheres of all capitals of learning are of the same degree of warmth; and of a responsive salubrity, in the absence of malarial microbes. At

any rate I was at once naturalized to Oxford through my former citizenship in Old Cambridge, and in a pleasing confusion found myself in both places at once with an interval of forty years foreshortened in a joint past and present.

The note of impersonality is struck in both places, but not so prevalently in Old Cambridge as in Oxford, where the genius of the place at some moment of divine inspiration,

"Smote the chord of self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight."

As in the political frame of things the powerful English individualities pronounce themselves strongliest by their abnegation to a patriotic ideal, so in this finer and higher England, this England of the mind, what chiefly impresses the stranger is that mighty accord, that impersonal potency, which is the sum of the powerful wills, intellects, spirits severally lost in its collectivity. The master of this college, the president of that, the dean of the other, they all unite in effacing themselves, and letting the university, which is their composite personality, stand for them. As far as possible they refuse to stand for it, and the humor of the pose is carried to the verge of whim in the custom which bars the Chancellor of the University from ever returning to Oxford after that first visit which he makes upon his appointment. My imagination does not rise to a height like his, but of all accessible dignities there seems to me none so amiable as the headship of one of those famous colleges. I will not, since I need not, choose among them, and very likely if one had one's choice, one might find a crumpled rose-leaf in the cushioned seat. Yet one could well bear the pain for the sake of the pleasure and the pride of feeling one's self an agency of that ancient and venerable impersonality and of denying one's self the active appearance. Scholarship, when it does not degenerate into authorship, is the most negative of human things. It silently feeds itself full of learning, which is as free again to the famine of future scholarship; and in a world where pretty nearly all the soft warm things of privilege are so cruelly wrong, I can think of none so nearly innocent as those which lap the love of learning round in such an immortal home of study as Oxford. It is there so fitly housed, so properly served, so respectfully fed, so decorously clad, so beautifully environed, that it might almost dream itself a type of what should always and everywhere be an emanation

of the literature to which it shall return after its earthly avatar, and rest, a blessed ghost, between the leaves of some fortunate book on an unvisited shelf of a vast silentious and oblivious library.

There is memory enough of lunches, and dinners, and teas, in halls and on lawns and in gardens, but as the reader was not asked, so cannot he in self-respect and propriety go. But there was one of the outdoor affairs of which I may give him at least a picture-postal-card glimpse. No one's abnegated personality will be infringed, not even the university need shrink from the intrusion if the garden of no college is named. The reader is to stand well out of the way at a Gothic window looking on the green where the guests come and go under an afternoon heaven which constantly threatens to shower, and never showers; where the sun indeed appears just often enough to agree with the garden trees that it will add indescribably to the effect if their lengthening shadows can be cast over the sward with those of the Gothic tops around. A little breeze crisps the air, and the birds sing among the gossiping leaves of the hawthorns and of the laburnums. One great chestnut stands elect, apart, dense with spiky blossoms from the level of its lowest spreading boughs to the topmost peak of its massive cone. Everywhere is the gracious architecture in which the mouldering Oxford stone, whether it is old or new, puts on the common antiquity.

I will not say that all the colleges seem crumbling to ruin, but the scaly and scabrous complexion of the surfaces is the impression remaining from the totality. The decay into which the stone almost instantly falls is sometimes rather dreadful to the casual glance in the plinths of those philosophers and sages about the Sheldonian Theatre, where the heads seem to be dropping away in a mortal decay. I believe they are renewed from time to time when they become too dreadful, but always in the same stone; and I do not know that I would have it otherwise in the statues or structures of Oxford. Where newness in any part would seem upstart and vulgar, every part looks old, whether it is of the last year or the first year. The smoke has blackened it, the damp has painted it a dim green; the latent disintegration of the stone has made its way to the surface, which hangs in warped scales or drops in finer particles. One would not have a different material used for building; brick or marble would

affront the sensibilities, and deny the wisdom of that whole English system, in which reform finds itself authorized in usage, and innovation hesitates till it can put on the likeness of precedent.

It is interesting in Oxford to see how the town and the university grow in and out of each other. Like other towns of the Anglo-Saxon civilization it is occasional, accidental, anarchical, the crass effect of small personal ambitions and requisitions. In the course of so many centuries its commonness could not always fail of a picturesque quaintness, and perhaps it only seems without beauty or dignity because the generous collective spirit working itself out in the visible body of the university has created more of both than any other group of edifices in the world embodies. Those shapeless, shambling, casual streets, with their scattered dwellings and their clustering shops, find by necessity a common centre, without impressiveness or distinction. But in their progress or arrival, weakly widening here, or helplessly narrowing there, they often pass under the very walls of the venerable and beautiful edifices which constitute at once the real Oxford and the ideal Oxford, alike removed from the material Oxford of the town. Sometimes it is a wall that flanks a stretch of the commonplace thoroughfares; sometimes a gate or a portal under a tower giving into the college quadrangle from which you pass by inner ways beneath inner walls to an inmost garden, where the creepers cling to the windows and the porches, or a space of ivied masonry suns itself above the odorous bushes and the daisied sward. It would be hard to choose among these homes of ancient lore; but happily one is not obliged to choose. They are all there for the looking, and one owns them, an inalienable possession for life. One would not will them away, if one could; they must remain forever to enrich the pious beholder with the vision which no words can impart.

The heart of the pilgrim softens in the retrospect even toward that municipal Oxford which forms the setting of their beauty, as a mass of common rock may shapelessly enclose a cluster of precious stones, crystals which something next to conscious life has deposited through the course of the slow ages in the rude matrix. He relents in remembering pleasant suburbs, through which the unhurried trams will bear him past tasteful houses, set in embowered spaces of greensward, and on past pretty parks into the level country where there are villas among grounds that

will presently broaden into the acreage of ancestral seats, halls, manors, and, for all I know, castles. Even the immediate town has moods of lurking in lanes apart from the busier streets, and offering the consolation of low, stone dwellings faced by college walls, and dedicated to the uses of furnished lodgings. If it should be your fortune to find your sojourn in one of these, you may look down from your front window perhaps into the groves that shade Addison's Walk; or you may step from your back door into a grassy nook where a tower or bastion of the old city wall will be hiding itself in a mesh of ivy. The lane before may be dusty with traffic and the garden behind may be damp with the rains that have never had intervals long enough to dry out of it; but the rooms with their rocking floors will be neatly kept, and if they happen to be the rooms of a reading or sporting undergraduate, sublet in some academic interval, you will find the tokens of his tastes and passions crowding the mantels and the walls. He has confided them with the careless faith of youth to your chance reverence; he has not even withheld the photographs which attest his preference in actresses, or express a finer fealty in the faces self-evidently of mother or sister or even cousin, or some one farther and nearer yet.

It is everywhere much alike, that spirit of studious youth, at least in our common race, and I do not believe that if I had met a like number of Harvard men, going and coming in the mortar-boards and cropped gowns, in those quadrangles or gardens, I should have known them from the Oxford men I actually saw. They might have looked sharper, tenser, less fresh and less fair, not so often blue of eye and blond of hair, more mixed and differenced; but they would have had the same effect of being chosen for their golden opportunity by fortune, and the same gay ignorance of being favored above other youth. If one came to closer quarters and had to ask some chance question, the slovenlier speech of the Harvard men would have bewrayed them in their answer, for even our oldest university has not yet taken thought of how her children shall distinguish themselves from our snuffling mass by the beauty of utterance which above any other beauty discriminates between us and the English. It is said that the youth of the parent stock are younger than our youth; but I know nothing as to this; and I could not say that their manners were better, except as the manners of

the English are in being simpler. They are not better in being suppler: I should say that as life passed with him the American limbered and the Englishman stiffened, and that the first gained and the last lost in the power to imagine another which they both perhaps equally possessed in their shy nonage, and which chiefly, if not solely, enables men to be comfortable to their fellows. But here, as everywhere, I wish to be understood as making an inference vastly disproportioned to the facts observed. The stranger in any country must reflect that its people seem much less interested in themselves and their belongings than he is, and from the far greater abundance of their knowledge have far less to say of them. This may very well happen to a traveller from an old land among us; his zest for our novelty may fatigue us; just as possibly our zest for his antiquity may put us at odds with him. The spirit seeks in either case a common ground of actuality, achronic, ubiquitous, where it may play with its fellow soul among the human interests which are eternally and everywhere the same.

What these are I should be far from trying to say, but I think I may venture to recur to my memories of the mute music of Harvard for the dominant of the unheard melodies of Oxford. The genius of the older university seemed much the same as that of the younger under the stress of ceremonial, and to have the quality of that stern acquiescence in the inevitable on the occasions of Commemoration Day that I remembered from Commencement Days in the past. The submission did not break into the furtively imparted jest which relieves the American temperament under fire, but the feeling of obedience to usage, the law-abiding instinct of the race, was the same in both. From both a gala pride was equally remote; the confident expectation of living through it, and not even a martyr exultance in the ordeal, was doubtless what sustained the participants. We have simplified form, but the English have simplified the mood of observing form, and in the end it comes to the same thing in them and in us. But there the parallel ceases. There is a riches of incident in the observance of Commemoration Day at Oxford, for which the sum of all like events in our academic world is but an accumulated poverty. We could not if we would emulate the continuous splendors of the time, for we lack not only the tradition but the environment in which to

honor the tradition. If it were possible so to abolish space that Harvard and Yale and Princeton, say, and Columbia could locally unite, and be severally the colleges of one university, and assemble their best in architecture for its embodiment, something might be imaginable of their collectivity like what involuntarily, inevitably happens at Oxford on Commemoration Day. Then the dinners in hall on the eve and in the evening, the lunches in the college gardens immediately following the academical events of the Sheldonian Theatre, the architectural beauty and grandeur forming the avenue for the progress of the Chancellor and all his train of diverse doctors, actual and potential, might be courageously emulated, but never could be equalled or approached. Our emulation would want the color of the line which at Oxford comes out of the past in the bravery of the scarlets and crimsons and violets and purples which men used to wear, and before which the iridescent fashions of the feminine spectators paled their ineffectual hues. Again, the characteristic surrender of personality contributed to the effect. In that procession whatever were the individual advantages or disadvantages of looks or statures, all were clothed on with the glory of the ancient university which honored them; it was the university which passively or actively was embodied in them; and their very distinction would in a little while be merged in her secular splendor.

Of course we have only to live on a few centuries more and our universities can eclipse this splendor, though we shall still have the English start of a thousand years to overcome in this as in some other things. We cannot doubt of the result, but in the mean time we must recognize the actual fact, and I will own that I do not see how we could ever offer a *coup d'œil* which should surpass that of the supreme moments in the Sheldonian Theatre when the Chancellor stood up in his high place, in his deeply gold-embroidered gown of black, and accepted each of the candidates for the university's degrees, and then, after a welcoming clasp of the hand, waved him to the benches which mystically represented her hospitality. The circle of the interior lent itself with unimagined effect to the spectacle, and swam with faces, with figures innumerable, representing a world of birth, of wealth, of deed, populous beyond reckoning from our simple republican experience. The thronged interior stirred like some vast organism with the rustle of stuffs, the agitation of fans, the

invisible movement of feet; but the master note of it was the young life which is always the breath of the university. How much or little the undergraduates were there it would not do for a chance alien spectator to say. That they were there to do what they would with the occasion in the tradition of an irresponsible license might be affirmed, but it must be equally owned that they generously forbore to abuse their privilege. They cheered the Candidates, some more, some less, but there was, to my knowledge, none of the guying of which one hears much, beyond a lonely pun upon a name that offered itself with irresistible temptation. The pun itself burst like an involuntary sigh from the heart of youth, and the laugh that followed it was of like quality with it.

Then, the degrees being conferred, each with distinctive praise and formal acceptance in a Latinity untouched by modern conjecture of Roman speech, there ensued a Latin oration, and then English essays and speeches from the graduates —thriftily represented, that the time should not be wasted, by extracts—and then a prize poem which did not perhaps distinguish itself so much in generals as in particulars from other prize poems of the past. If it had been as wholly as it was partially good—and there were passages that caught and kept the notice—it would have been a breach of custom out of tune and temper, as much as if the occasional Latinity had been of the new Roman accent instead of that old English enunciation as it was of right, there where Latin had never quite ceased to be a spoken language. All was of usage; the actors and the spectators of the scene were bearing the parts which like actors and like spectators had ancestrally borne so often that they might have seemed to themselves the same from the first century, the first generation, without sense of actuality. This sense might imaginably have been left, in any sort of poignancy, to the accidental alien, who in proportion as he was penetrated with it would feel it a contravention of the spirit, the taste, of the event.

I try for something that is not easily said, and being said at all, seems over-said; and I shrink from the weightiest impression of Oxford which one could receive, and recall those light touches of her magic, which as I feel them again make me almost wish that there had been no Eights, no Commemoration Day in my experience. Of course I shall fail to make the reader sensible of

the preciousness of a walk from the Char through a sort of market flower-garden, where when I asked my way to a friend's house a kindly consensus of gardeners helped me miss the short cut; but I hope he will not be quite without the pleasure I knew in another row on that stream. Remembering my prime joys in its navigation, I gratefully accepted an invitation to a second voyage which was delayed till we could be sure it was not going to rain. Then we started for the boat where it lay not far off under a clump of trees, and where we were delayed in their seasonable shelter by a thunder-gust; but the clouds broke away and the sun shone, so that when the boat was bailed dry, we could embark in a light shower, and keep on our way unmolested by the fine drizzle that was really representing fine weather. If I had been native to the impulsive climate I should not have noticed these swift vicissitudes, and as it was I noticed them only to enjoy them on the still, bank-full water, where I floated with a delight not really qualified by the question whether the pond-lilies which padded it in places were of the fragrant family of our own pond-lilies. I was pursued by a kindred curiosity in regard to many other leaves and blossoms till one Sunday morning, when I found myself interrogating a shrub by the sunny walk of a college garden, it came to me that my curiosity was out of taste. The bush was not there specifically, but as an herbaceous expression of the University, and I had no more right to pass certain bounds with it in my curiosity than I would have had to push any scholar of the place to an assertion of personality where he would have preferred to remain collective.

What riches of personality lay behind the collectivity I ought not, if I knew, to say. Again I take refuge from the reader's quest, which I cannot help feeling, in the indefinite attempt to suggest it by saying that the collective tone is that of Old Cambridge, or more strictly, of Harvard. I remember that once a friend, coming in high June straight to Old Cambridge after a brief ocean interval from Oxford, noted the resemblance. As we walked under a Gothic archway of our elms, past the dooryards full of syringas and azaleas, with

"Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,"

showing on the other hand in the college enclosures, he said it was all very like Oxford. He must have felt the moral likeness, the

spiritual likeness, as I did in Oxford, for physical or meteorological likeness there is none absolutely. It is something in the ambient ether, in the temperament, in the unity of high interests, in the mystical effluence from minds moving with a certain dirigibility in the upper regions, but controlled by invisible ties, in each case, to a common centre. It is the prevalence of scholarship, which characterizes the respective municipalities and which holds the civil bodies in a not ungraceful, not ungrateful, subordination.

Something of the hereditary grudge between town and gown descended to Harvard from the English centres of learning; but the prompt assertion of town government as the sole police force forbade with us the question of jurisdictions which it is said still confuses the parties with a feeling of enmity at Oxford. The war of fists following the war of swords and daggers, which in the earliest times left the dead of both sides in the streets after some mortal clash, and kept each college a stronghold, even after that war had no longer a stated or formal expression, is forever past, but still the town and the gown in their mutual dependence hold themselves aloof in mutual antipathy. So I was told, but probably on both sides the heritage of dislike resides only in the youthful breasts, and is of the quality of those ideals which perpetuate hazing in our colleges, or which among boys pass forms of mischief and phases of superstition along on a certain level of age. All customs and usages are presently uninteresting as one observes them from the outside, and can be precious on the inside only as they are endeared by association. What is truly charming is some expression of the characteristic spirit such as in Oxford forbids one of the colleges to part in fee with a piece of ground on which a certain coveted tree stands, but which allows it to lease that beautiful feature of the landscape to a neighboring college. A thing like that is really charming, and has forever the freshness of a whimsical impulse, where whimsical impulses of many sorts must have abounded without making any such memorable sign.

In the reticence of the place all sorts of silent character will have been accumulating through the centuries until now the sum of it must be prodigious. But that is a kind of thing which if one has any direct knowledge of it one feels to be a kind of confidence, and which one lets one's conjecture play about, in the

absence of knowledge, very guardedly. For my part I prefer to leave quite to the reader's imagination the charming traits of the acquaintance I would fain have made my friends. Sometimes they were of difficult conversation, but not more so than certain Old Cambridge men, whom I remembered from my youth; the studious life is nowhere favorable to the cultivation of the smaller talk; but now that so many of the Fellows are married the silence is less unbroken, and the teas, if not the dinners, recur in a music which is not the less agreeable for the prevalence of the soprano or the contralto note. It seemed to me that there were a good many teas, outdoors when it shone and indoors when it rained, but there were never enough, and now I feel there were all too few. They had the *entourage* which the like social dramas cannot have for yet some centuries in our centres of learning; between the tinkle of the silver and the light clash of the china one caught the muted voices of the past speaking from the storied architecture, or the immemorial trees, or even the secular sward underfoot. But one must not suppose that the lawns which are velvet to one's tread are quite voluntarily velvet. I was once sighing enviously to a momentary host and saying of his turf that nothing but the incessant play of the garden-hose could keep the grass in such vernal green with us, when he promptly answered that the garden-hose had also its useful part in the miracle of his own lawn. I dared not ask if the lawn-mower likewise lent its magic; that would have been going too far. Or at least I thought so; and in the midst of the surrounding reticences I always felt it was better not to push the bounds of knowledge.

There is so much passive erudition, hived from the flowers of a thousand summers in such a place of learning, that I felt the chances were that if the stranger came there conscious of some of his own little treasure of honey, he would find it a few thin drops beside the rich stores of any first apiarist to whom he opened it. In that long, long quiet, that illimitable opportunity, that generously defended leisure, the scholarship is not only deep, but it is so wide that it may well include the special learning of the comer, and he may hear that this or that different don who is known for a master in a certain kind has made it his recreation to surpass in provinces where the comer's field shrinks to parochial measure. How many things they keep to them-

selves at Oxford, it must remain part of one's general ignorance not to know, and it is more comfortable not to inquire. But out of the sense of their guarded, their hidden, lore may spring the habit of referring everything to the university, which represents them as far as they can manage not to represent it. They may have imaginably outlived our raw passion of doing, and have become serenely content with being. This is a way of saying an illanguagible thing, and, of course, oversaying it.

The finer impressions of such a place—there is no other such in the world unless it be Cambridge, England, or Old Cambridge, Massachusetts,—escape the will to impart them. The coarser ones are what I have been giving the reader, and trying to pass off upon him in their fragility for something subtile. If one could have stayed the witchery of an instant of twilight in a college quadrangle, or of morning sunshine in a college garden, or of a glimpse of the High Street, with the academic walls and towers and spires richly foreshortened in its perspective, or of the beauty of some meadow widening to the level Isis, or the tender solemnity of a long-drawn aisle of trees leading to the stream under the pale English noon, and could now transfer the spell to another, something worth while might be done. But short of this endeavor is vain. There was a walk, which I should like to distinguish from others, all delightful, where we passed in a grassy field over an old battle-ground of the Parliamentarians and the Royalists, and saw traces of the old lager-heads, the earthworks in which the hostile camps pushed closer and closer to each other, and left the word "loggerheads" to their language. But I do not now find this very typical, and I am rather glad that the details of my sojourn are so inextricably interwoven that I need not try to unravel the threads which glow so rich a pattern in my memory.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

OUR BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

BY SCRUTATOR.

CONFLICT between prosperity and the money system of the United States this year assumes a greater interest in the public mind, so extraordinary is the degree and universal the scope of our prosperity and so apparent are the defects of our money machinery. While the demands of internal trade are greater than ever before in our financial history, and while the volume of foreign commerce exceeds that of any previous period, we are called upon to move the most bounteous crops of grain ever harvested.

The country is confronted at this season every year with the same problem of moving the crops, causing for a few months a great demand for currency which gradually returns to those channels of trade from which it was withdrawn. At a time of merely normal activity of general business the strain, manifestly, is less acute, but in times like the present extraordinary measures are required by unusual conditions.

For many months there has been apprehension that a situation might arise which would seriously affect the business prosperity of the country unless the Secretary of the Treasury provided such measures of relief as he proffered some time ago, in order temporarily to meet the condition. For months the Treasury has been absorbing large amounts of money, thus diminishing, at a time when it is most needed, the volume of cash available for credits. At the beginning of September, the Sub-Treasury cash holdings amounted to $346,664,238, or $42,894,706 more than on the same day last year, and this has been accumulated at the expense of bank reserves, and serves no other purpose than to emphasize the solvency of the Government. The available cash balance in the Treasury, moreover, increased from $200,686,875 to $216,-

378,000 in the third week of September, and that at a time when money in New York was lending on call at 25 to 30 per cent., and time loans were quoted as high as 8 per cent.

To solve the difficulties of a situation analogous to that presented by the existing financial problem, the Supreme Court, in the early days of our history, discovered implied powers in the Constitution, and elasticity of constitutional interpretation has carried the ship of state through many storms. It is not inconceivable that the implied powers of that greatest of financial dictators, the Secretary of the Treasury, may be of like service in the business affairs of the nation.

Appreciating the inevitable effect on general trade of severe stringency in money, Secretary Shaw has deposited a small portion of available Treasury funds in various Government depositories, and announced that after September 10th he would advance Government money against engagements of gold, such advance to be secured by bonds in which savings-banks in New York and Massachusetts may legally invest at ninety per cent. of their value. This expedient may and, in the belief of many of the highest authorities on money-markets, will bridge over the crop-moving period.

This announcement by Secretary Shaw was followed by a rather remarkable letter, declaring that these deposits of Government funds were made "in aid of legitimate business, as distinguished from speculation, whatever its nature." What it was that prompted this declaration, and what it means, has engaged the speculation of bankers, as well perhaps as voters. Of necessity, the value of money is determined by the profit at which it can be employed. And where is the line to be drawn between "speculation" and "legitimate business," when almost every business is to a greater or less extent speculative? This letter illustrates one of the most dangerous possibilities of investing an individual with such power as the Secretary of the Treasury wields. One naturally infers that the letter was prompted by a desire to anticipate and disarm the criticism which always follows any act interpreted as favorable to Wall Street. There is a deep-seated hatred of Wall Street in certain thickly populated sections of the country, where votes count for more than they do in New York. This prejudice is a thing to be reckoned with by any Secretary of the Treasury who has an ambition to sit at the head of the Cabinet table. Politics

and business do not mix. Consider the possibility of a politician's pandering to what he conceives to be a popular demand to strangle "the demon of Wall Street," and in such a state of business affairs as exists at present not only refusing Treasury relief, but even going to the extent of withdrawing from the banks whatever Government money they held. The result would be far more disastrous to "legitimate business" than to the Stock Exchange, for the former absolutely depends for its existence on banking accommodation, while the latter has a very rapid way of accommodating itself to circumstances.

It may be said that in its economic history the United States is now in a state of readjustment or transition. No country has ever been called upon to finance such rapid growth of population or such tremendous progress in its material industries as we have seen here in the last twenty years. Every immigrant has his economic value in a land of such marvellous possibilities of development, and this value is each year added in enormous quantity to the wealth of the nation. In the last two years considerably more than two million people have come into the country from other parts of the world, the majority of whom have gone to the sparsely settled sections, increasing the productivity of the soil and engaging in the work of railway and other construction. It is a notable fact that nearly seventy-five per cent. of the annual increase in population has been represented by immigration in each of the last two years, while in 1890 immigration accounted for only thirty-four per cent., and in 1895 only twenty-one and one-half per cent. of such increase. How well the growth in population has been financed is indicated by the fact that the *per capita* circulation at the end of 1905 was $34.68, with a population of 83,143,000. This is the largest *per capita* circulation recorded,—$9.08 more than in 1896, or an increase of nearly thirty-six per cent. in ten years. The exact proportion of this increment of wealth which is attributable to the productive force of immigration it is impossible to state. Another phase of the question presents itself in the steady diminution of native-born Americans in the laboring classes, and in the necessity of finding others to take their places in so rapidly developing a country. A high tide of immigration is one of the best indices of a high state of prosperity and profitable employment of labor, and the statistics of immigration afford an excellent proof of this fact.

To go further into the matter of economic transition, it is well to deal at some length with the subject of our foreign commerce. The total value of exports of merchandise in 1890 was $857,828,684 and of imports $789,310,409—the total volume of foreign trade being $1,647,139,093. In the fiscal year which ended with June, 1906, the total volume of trade was $2,970,127,000. Of this sum, $1,518,561,000 was the value of exports. In the last ten years we have exported over $4,900,000,000 more than we have imported; and by this sum, exclusive of any deduction on account of our debts to foreign countries, we have gained in credit. That the debtor balance of the United States has been reduced to a sum smaller than, perhaps, at any time within twenty years is undoubtedly a fact. The most significant development of the foreign trade is the growth of exports of manufactures and the constantly diminishing importance of our agricultural shipments. How far we used to be dependent on agricultural exports is shown by the fact that in 1880 over eighty-three per cent. of all exports were agricultural and less than thirteen per cent. products of manufacture; while in 1905 over thirty-six per cent. of all exports were products of manufacture and fifty-five per cent. agricultural products. This tendency has been practically uninterrupted since 1890, and still continues at a rate even more rapid than in previous years.

This diversification of our exports gives a greater stability to our foreign trade, and in a very large measure insures us against those waves of industrial depression which have been so frequent in the past. We were then dependent almost entirely upon our domestic markets, and crop failures, and other adversities peculiarly our own, resulted in general depression along all lines. With foreign markets increasing, to be taken advantage of in greater measure in times of decline in internal business, not only is the employment of labor in manufacturing industries rendered more stable, but our lines of transportation are guaranteed greater regularity of traffic. The export of manufactures has also been encouraged by vast consolidations of industrial enterprises, which lessen the cost of maintaining foreign agencies in proportion to the sales, and provide ample capital for exploitation which the smaller manufacturer lacked. With wise establishment of large plants at points offering the greatest economic advantages, with coal and iron in close proximity, and with perhaps the most

efficient agencies of transportation in the world, the energies of our great industrial corporations in the last five years have been directed toward the acquisition of world-wide markets. The measure of success that has attended this endeavor finds some expression in the figures of our foreign trade.

The experience of 1893 taught a lesson from which the entire country has profited. Competitive railroad-building, not to serve some section with needed transportation facilities, but to furnish a financial adventurer with a basis for the issue of stocks and bonds, or some brigand of the street an opportunity to "hold up" another railroad, resulted in bankruptcy when hard times came. Ruinous rate wars marked the struggle for existence, and very few of the roads had been built or maintained so as to be able to withstand a period of depression, with no surplus income for repairs, and with a bonded debt the annual charge on which amounted to fifty and in some cases to nearly seventy-five per cent. of the gross earnings.

Receivership succeeded receivership; and, while in the process of reorganization, practically all surplus earnings were expended in placing these roads in a much higher state of physical efficiency than ever before. By vast sums of money provided by assessments on stocks, lines were practically rebuilt and newly equipped; bonds were scaled and interest rates reduced. The era of reorganization was followed by a period of ultra-conservative management. The errors of the past were to be avoided. All surplus over fixed charges went back into properties. There was what might be called a mania to establish credit. This applies particularly to the roads now known as the Harriman lines. The prosperity of the country resulted in extraordinary increases in traffic. By the use of heavier locomotives and larger cars the train-load was increased. Heavy bridges and heavy rails were laid and the effort along traffic lines was to reduce the ratio of operating expenses, even as Mr. Hill had done with the Great Northern. Increased density of traffic was the rule each year.

To guard against possible recurrence of disastrous competition, the "community-of-interest" idea spread. Stocks of newly reorganized roads were selling at low prices, and the control of some important system represented the investment of a few million dollars for which maintenance of fair rates would soon compensate. The rule of the day was consolidation, with the forma-

tion of the Northern Securities Company, the most original and boldest experiment. The Great Northern Railway acquired control of the Northern Pacific, or rather the control of both properties was in the same hands, and these two corporations jointly purchased practically all of the stock of the Burlington. During the period of the Northern Securities litigation the tendency toward consolidation continued. Such great trunk lines as the New York Central not only increased holdings in subsidiary lines, but invested largely in stock of the Hocking Valley, Chesapeake and Ohio, Norfolk and Western and Reading, for the purpose of obtaining a voice in the direction of these companies. The Pennsylvania participated in many of these purchases. In the southwest, the Rock Island, Chicago and Eastern Illinois, the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Choctaw, Oklahoma and Gulf came under one head. The Southern Railway brought under its control over seven thousand miles of road; and, by the acquirement of the Louisville and Nashville by the Atlantic Coast Line, another great Southern system of nearly ten thousand miles was formed.

The Union Pacific bought control of the Southern Pacific, and the dominating voice of that great railroad is, beyond peradventure, the ruling spirit of the Atchison. In this great movement, the central idea was the maintenance of fair rates and the prevention of competitive construction. The zones of each railroad have been well marked out and neutral territory has been a subject of compromise. The result of all this has been increase of the capacity of established lines and wonderful development of efficiency in serving the territory through which the system runs. By steady reduction in the cost of operation, any tendency toward decrease in rates would perhaps not be seriously felt by any of the great systems. The rate bill passed by the last Congress promises to guarantee the railroads against many abuses, and to eliminate the rebate which, while palpably an evil to the shipper, was a leech on the transportation companies. Already it appears that a large increase in revenue must accrue to these companies as a result of the passage of this law.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that in 1899, out of a total of $4,250,000,000 of stocks of railroad corporations, $847,740,399 was owned by other railroads; and in 1904, out of total stocks of $6,339,899,329, other railroads owned

approximately $2,000,000,000. Thus in 1899 barely one-fifth of the railroad stocks were owned by other railroads, whereas in 1904 one-third of all the shares were held by other railroad companies.

The extent of this community of interest is perhaps better set forth in a plain statement of mileage control. Seven separate interests, but all operating in apparent harmony, direct 139,000 miles of road out of a total mileage in the United States of slightly over 212,000. This is the surest pledge against a recurrence of the disastrous strife for business which occurred in the early nineties.

After expenditure of surplus earnings in improvements and betterments for many years, we have now come to the point where stockholders receive their due. It is with a railway as with a bank, profits reinvested yield twofold. Certain outlays in improvements are non-recurring. Once a road is ballasted, its wooden bridges replaced by steel and stone, its light rails with heavy rails, there is no necessity for other than a moderate allowance for operating expenses to keep the railway and equipment in a high state of efficiency. Appropriations of millions, in addition to heavy allowances in operating expenses, are no longer needful; and, provided with a liberal surplus, a railway corporation can begin to pay an increasing proportion of its net earnings to its stockholders. Considerable criticism has been aimed against the directors of the Union Pacific Railroad for an increase in the dividend rate on the common stock from six to ten per cent. But here is a conspicuous example of the very fact in railroad development to which reference has just been made. It had long been a matter of common knowledge that the Union Pacific had obtained a very large profit through its ownership of Northern Securities stock; that ninety million dollars of Southern Pacific stock had been bought advantageously at about fifty dollars a share, and that Southern Pacific was earning nearly ten per cent. on its common shares. The Union Pacific had accumulated a surplus estimated at upward of one hundred million dollars, and its earnings from the operation of its lines amounted to about thirteen per cent., this being exclusive of any income from its investment in Southern Pacific and other securities.

The first annual report issued by the Union Pacific Company covered the fiscal year which ended on June 30th, 1899. In that term, three and one-half per cent. was paid on the preferred stock,

and this required forty per cent. of the net earnings after payment of all fixed charges. In the next year, the full dividend was paid on the preferred stock and three and one-half per cent. on the common, which demanded sixty-one per cent. of surplus earnings. In 1901, the company also paid sixty-one per cent. of its net earnings to stockholders; in 1902, fifty-six per cent.; in 1903, fifty-four per cent.; in 1904, fifty per cent., and in 1905, fifty per cent. In estimating the proportion of dividends to net earnings in 1906, it is necessary to add the income at five per cent. on the company's holdings of Southern Pacific and reasonable return from other investments, which bring the net total to $38,700,000. This indicates that, with a payment of ten per cent. on the common shares, only sixty-two per cent. of the surplus income will be paid out in dividends.

The statistics of railways published by the Interstate Commerce Commission afford an interesting comparison of operations and results in 1890 and 1904, the last year covered to this date. Since 1904, the increase in railway earnings has been so remarkable as to make the final results even more favorable.

In 1890, the average amount of stock issued per mile of road was $28,194 and in 1904, $30,836, an increase of nine and one-third per cent. The average bond issue per mile in 1890 was $29,249 and in 1904, $33,429, an increase of fourteen and one-quarter per cent. Total capitalization increased from $60,340 to $64,256, or six and one-half per cent., and total net earnings per mile from $3,111 to $4,001, or twenty-eight and one-half per cent. Fixed charges showed an increase of nine and one-quarter per cent., and surplus earnings applicable to dividends increased from $651 per mile to $1,313 per mile, a gain of one hundred and sixteen per cent.

With the certainty of bumper crops, with every phase of the commercial situation satisfactory and reasonable assurance of political calm, the outlook for the future is exceedingly bright.

SCRUTATOR.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI.

I.

THE moribund condition of the Celestial Empire was first brought conspicuously to light as a consequence of the Chino-Japanese War; and, close on the heels of the Boxer uprising, the break-up of China was "in the air," and the world was busy contemplating how such disruption of this vast dominion would affect the respective interests of the Powers. To-day, the integrity of the Middle Kingdom is almost assured, thanks to the staunch efforts of the lamented Secretary Hay in behalf of the Open Door policy. Japan, impelled by the necessity of protecting her political and economic interests, nay, more, her very security and existence, forced Russia to relinquish her claims in Manchuria. Thus, the war with Russia has raised Japan to such a commanding position that, in the future disposition of the Chinese problem, the Powers must regard her avowed purpose to preserve the integrity of China. Simultaneously, the feeling of national unity in China, in lethargy for centuries, seems unmistakably aroused, as indicated in various events that have taken place of late in rapid succession. This national consciousness, as yet crude and undefined, has received new impetus through the victorious campaign of Japan against her titanic northern foe, and is no doubt destined to play a conspicuous *rôle* in the resuscitation of the effete Empire. Like all great movements, the present forward movement of the Chinese has its foibles, its follies, its extravagances, as, for instance, in the case of the murder of missionaries at Nanchang, and the riots incident to the Mixed Court affair at Shanghai. But these are merely side issues, unlikely to affect seriously the main course of progress. The apparently anti-foreign spirit displayed by the mobs is not

shared, as at the time of the Boxer uprising, by either the central or local authorities. "China for the Chinese," which is the motto of the national agitation now under way, is decidedly different from "Root out the foreigners," which was the slogan of the Boxers. The appointment of foreign delegations to investigate into the administrative organization of advanced countries, steps taken toward the abolition of the absurd court usages hedging about her ruler, the remarkable increase in the number of students sent abroad for scientific studies, the invitation liberally extended to foreign and especially Japanese teachers to take charge of her educational institutions, the reorganization of her army on a new basis, the significant departure from the abortive curriculums of civil-service examinations previously prevailing, the attempt to build railways under her own control, the united movement in protest against the anti-Chinese agitation in the United States, the Shanghai Mixed Court affair resulting from the assertion by the Chinese officials of the right to the independent conduct of matters relating to the trial and imprisonment of native offenders—these are all unmistakable indications that at last China is really awakening from her protracted slumber.

II.

The record of recent events in China resembles a leaf from the history of Japan, chronicling the events of some four decades ago, when Western civilization was first ushered into the Land of the Rising Sun. As soon as Japan emancipated herself from the traditions of mediævalism, the Mikado, then young, now one of the leading rulers of the world, solemnly declared to his subjects that "assemblies and councils shall be formed to deliberate on national affairs in the light of public opinion; that learning and knowledge shall be sought for throughout the world." This Imperial declaration was the first of the mile-stones punctuating Japan's highroad to civilization. Many delegates and commissions were sent abroad to inspect and study political and economic conditions in the advanced countries of the West, and Japan's new era was under way.

On the 16th of July, 1905, the Emperor and the Dowager Empress of China issued an Edict providing for the inauguration of the first of several missions to study the political institutions and administrative systems of civilized countries.

The primary object of the Chinese Government in sending these missions abroad is to investigate matters relating to the proposed constitutional government for the Middle Kingdom. In the face of the fact that China, since opening her doors to foreign communication, has shown but little susceptibility towards civilizing influences, the question, "What immediate cause has wrought such a radical change in China's attitude towards Western culture?" naturally presents itself for our consideration. Perhaps it would be ill-considered to ascribe this phenomenon to any single factor, but we are not probably straying far from the truth in asserting that the surprising success of Japan in the greatest of the many wars marking her annals has contributed greatly to the awakening of the dormant Empire. By what secret, the Chinese asked, has our little neighbor achieved so complete a success, and how can this utter collapse of the Northern Colossus be accounted for?

In an effort to answer this question, perhaps the first thing to challenge their attention would be the vital difference between the governmental organizations of the two belligerent nations. The defeat of Russia was a defeat of an absolute monarchy opposed to a constitutional government. The Japanese navy and army were not the only weapons wielded against Russia; the continued internal disturbance proved, as we all know, a serious handicap to the Tsar's campaign. With Japan, on the other hand, there was but a united movement against her enemy. Observing such radical differences between the internal conditions of the warring countries, Viceroys Yuan Shih-kai and Chang Chih-tung represented very strongly to the Emperor and the Dowager Empress the advisability of adopting a constitutional form of government. The inauguration of the foreign missions, already referred to, was, indeed, due to the representations of these progressive statesmen. The first two embassies, which recently visited the United States *en route* to Europe, will be followed by others each year, and thus the leading statesmen of China will have in turn an opportunity to observe at close range the advantages of the political and economic systems of the various Western nations.

III.

The most conspicuous evidence of China's dawning interest in the world about her lies in the fact that, during the past few

years, she has been sending to Japan many students to be educated at various colleges and schools. She has in addition invited a considerable number of Japanese scholars to teach her schools in different localities. It was in April, 1897, that the Chinese Government first sent two students to Japan. Thereafter, the entries of Chinese students in Japanese schools have gradually increased from year to year, until the signal success of the Japanese in the late war suddenly swelled the number of new arrivals beyond all expectation. There are at present nine thousand Chinese students in Japan; every steamer from China bringing at least a hundred newcomers, while three or four hundred are always waiting in Shanghai for an opportunity to sail. Of the eighteen provinces of China proper only one has so far failed to contribute to the total.

Some of these students are sent by the government, central or local, while many defray their own expenses. No statistics showing the respective numbers of students in these three classes are yet obtainable. The lines of study pursued are indicated by the following statement as to institutions among which Chinese students are distributed: Tokio Imperial University, 5; Kioto Imperial University, 2; Waseda College (private institution consisting of departments of political economy, law and literature), 23; Tokio Law College (private institution), 23; Keio-Giziku College (private institution having departments of political economy, law and literature), 1; Meiji College (private institution for law), 3; Law College (private institution for law), 296; Tokio Higher Normal School (Government institution for the training of high-school and normal-school teachers), 12; Higher Middle School (Government institution), 68; Seijo-Gakko (private military school assisted by the Government), 151; Shinbu-Gakko, 305; Kobun Gakuin (private school for liberal education), 1,100—Total, 1,989.

While there are, doubtless, many advantages to be derived through educating the Chinese in Japan, the disadvantages should be borne in mind. To be sure, there is a semblance of similarity between the two nations, inasmuch as they belong, in the main, to the same stock. Hence, the Japanese, it is claimed, can understand the Chinese to a degree not possible for any Occidental race, and *vice versa*. But when we study the two peoples more

particularly as they are at present, this similarity seems merely superficial. Centuries of separate and independent national existence have developed two radically different types of civilization and racial characteristics. Moreover, the Japanese and Chinese have no common medium through which to communicate their thought. True, Japan has adopted many of the Chinese characters, grafting them, as it were, on her indigenous figures. But these two elements of the Japanese language, thoroughly as they are intermingled, preserve in writing and oral intercourse their original characters, in so far that the Chinese "word-characters" are given entirely new pronunciation, while the Japanese phonetic signs are thrown into sentences to knit together the Chinese ideographs. The result is that, when spoken, the Japanese cannot understand a word of Chinese, and *vice versa;* while, in written language, the Chinaman recognizes his own characters distributed through the Japanese sentence, but is unable to grasp the collective sense.

Such, indeed, is the greatest inconvenience which the Chinese students encounter when studying in Japan. It would, perhaps, require as much time and labor for the Chinese to learn spoken Japanese as to acquire any modern language of the West, although written Japanese would be acquired somewhat more easily. Moreover, aside from pseudo-patriotism we must admit that, compared with European languages and their literature, our language is poor, not allowing of easy and free expression of ideas with their developed inflections. Hence, an attempt to translate scientific or philosophical works from any of the Western languages into Japanese is fraught with difficulties almost, if not quite, insurmountable, and it is doubtful whether the Japanese language is sufficiently capable of development and modification to satisfy the requirements of a higher intellectual culture. It is not without reluctance, therefore, that we require the Chinese students to spend much time upon the Japanese language. By far the greater portion of the authoritative works of the West are not translated into the Japanese language, and it is only through the knowledge of Western languages that the Chinese students have access to the masters of science and philosophy.

But, in the preliminary stages of China's new civilization, Japan's services as her tutor will prove invaluable. The unity of political and economic interests between the two nations makes

the Japanese all the more ardent and sympathetic in their efforts to reach the Chinese. With her population of four hundred millions fully modernized, and with her tremendous natural resources fully developed, China will undoubtedly furnish a wonderful market, where Japan could procure her raw materials and where she might find an outlet for her surplus products. Being conscious of this, the Japanese are looking upon China as their future political and economic ally. In the West, the Chinaman, whether a coolie or a student, is looked upon with repugnance and contempt, and a hundred and one obstacles are thrown in his way. In Japan, on the contrary, he is welcomed with sympathy and deference. As she advances in civilization and culture, China might perhaps do well to seek in the West a higher grade of education; meanwhile, Japan will be her earnest and sympathetic tutor, able to meet all her demands for some time to come.

IV.

The significance of Japan's educational influence upon China has been illustrated by the issuance, in the latter country, of an Imperial decree directing that students studying in Japan shall not be required to pass the provincial examinations, an essential preliminary to the final examination in Peking; and that diplomas conferred by Japanese schools and colleges should rank equally with certificates obtained from local examiners in China. In consequence of this decree, Chinese graduates from Japanese schools can proceed at once to Peking to compete for the much-coveted degree which opens the door to the highest official appointments. The first examination under the new system was held in Peking during the past summer, when the first degree was conferred upon eight and the second degree upon four students. These successful candidates have already been assigned to their respective offices, having again gone through two special examinations within the palace and in the presence of the Emperor.

The far-reaching effect of this signal departure from the conservative system of civil-service examinations is not difficult to apprehend, in view of the fact that this venerable competitive system, having a record of some ten centuries, has been conducted on a basis which contributed little, if at all, to the cultivation of independent thought and the promotion of useful learning, still

less to the production of efficient officials, able to cope with the growing complexity of modern governmental functions. The shortcomings of the institution lie in the curriculum which the contestants are required to pursue. This, in common with many other institutions in that stagnant country, has undergone little or no change since its first inauguration, and the poor pupils of to-day are dragging their weary feet along the same thorny, unprofitable path trodden by their ancestors of a thousand years ago. Consisting, first of all, of committing to memory the canonical books, and writing an infinitude of diversely formed characters as the art of chirography; and, secondly, in studying *belles lettres* and composing essays on politico-ethical subjects, setting forth ideas bequeathed by ancient sages and savants, the occupation of the student is so widely removed from practical purposes that, when finally rewarded with the meed of civil office, he finds himself quite unacquainted with the administrative business of the government. The departure from this abortive curriculum and the substitution of modern studies as the basis of competition, will realize an intellectual revolution, the extent and results of which it would be difficult to foretell. Like the man in the legend, who, needing a sewing-needle, made one by grinding a crowbar on a piece of granite, the Chinese *literati* have wonderful power of patience, which, turned into a right channel, should work marvels in the advancement of science and art. All the zeal and ardor which the students have hitherto applied to the barren study of chirography, canonical books, and *belles lettres,* will, when the Peking Government remodels the entire examination system on this new basis, be deflected to the pursuit of modern scientific studies. By waiving for her students in Japan the usual provincial examinations, the Tsing Dynasty has taken a long stride towards the inauguration of a modern *régime.*

V.

No one has been more instrumental in hastening this forward movement than Yuan Shih-kai, Viceroy of Chih-li, the metropolitan province of China. A staunch antagonist of Japan until a decade ago and the real instigator of the Chino-Japanese War, as the minister of China at the Seoul court, this able statesman, once convinced of Japan's ability and sincere desire to rescue China from the perils of Western aggression, has, with the sym-

pathetic assistance of Japan, converted himself into a harbinger of modern civilization. Yuan Shih-kai is generally recognized as the ablest statesman of China since the death of Li Hung-chang, his master in statecraft and statesmanship. Possessing many of the traits of the deceased statesman, Yuan is a resourceful diplomat and a man of broad calibre and wide view. With Russia the upper, and Japan the nether, millstone, between which the Manchus have vainly struggled, this tactful Viceroy had been but half-hearted in seeking Japan's assistance until the triumphant campaign of the islanders indisputably demonstrated their ability to checkmate Russian aggression in the Far East. Judging from his recent acts and movements, the Viceroy is now a sincere friend of Japan. It is mostly due to his influence that almost two hundred Japanese are now serving the central and provincial governments of China in various capacities. Some of them are teachers in colleges and schools, some military officers, some police officials, while others are employed as financial or economic advisers.

Foremost in the reform programme conceived by Yuan Shih-kai is the diffusion of modern education. His coveted plan is to readjust the entire educational system of China after advanced principles of pedagogy. First of all, he will try his plan in his own province, Chih-li, and, when convinced of its practicability, he will embark on the gigantic task of remodelling the educational institutions of the remaining seventeen provinces. In carrying out this plan, the Viceroy turns to Japan for cooperation and assistance. It is assumed that Japan has not only imported, but so assimilated, Western civilization as to make it adaptable to the peculiar conditions and characteristics of the nation. Western civilization, having thus undergone a process of Orientalization at the hand of the Japanese, would, it is held, benefit the Chinese rather than a civilization directly imported from the Occident. Following the plan adopted by Japan a few decades ago, Yuan has already established a normal school in Pao-ting; while, with a view to reforming the police system of his province, he has instituted a school for training the police officials.

Not only is Yuan the forerunner of educational reform, but he is also the most ardent advocate of military reform. After organizing his provincial army in accordance with the German and, latterly, after the Japanese system, he has finally expanded

his provincial standard into a national reform movement, in accordance with which the entire country is divided into six military districts supervised by a general staff. This plan is now to be reconstructed; and the number of military districts will be increased to twenty, each having four regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, an engineer corps and artillery in proportion. If this schedule is carried out thoroughly, China will have in five years, it is estimated, 500,000 trained men ready for service in the field. The importance of this readjustment cannot be emphasized too strongly, inasmuch as the existing provincial armies, maintained by the Viceroys without either unity or harmony, are utterly unable, in case of such emergencies as the Boxer disturbance, to protect trade and commerce, which the great trading nations are justified in demanding. Holding military power in his hands, controlling the educational, financial and judicial departments, endowed with the uncommonly strong will essential to a reformer, and, what is of greater moment in a despotic government, enjoying the confidence of the Emperor and the Dowager Empress, Yuan Shih-kai may find himself in a position to execute what he considers imperative for the rehabilitation of his country.

VI.

After Yuan Shih-kai, Chang Chih-tung stands the most prominent figure in the present reform movement in China. The Viceroy of the two great southern provinces, Hu-peh and Hu-nan, Chang enjoys power second to none of the eight Viceroys save the Viceroy of the metropolitan province. He had been a convert to modernism before Yuan Shih-kai renounced his allegiance to rusted mediævalism. When the Emperor Kuang-hsü first enunciated his radical but untactful measures of internal reform, Chang openly declared himself ready to support this progressive ruler. It was then that he wrote the book "*Chun Hioh Pien*," emphasizing the necessity of a change in the ancient ideas and institutions. It was a critical moment when the conservatives were bitterly set against any reform that savored of the Occident, while the progressives, fanned by the host of "scoffers," were ignorant of what was radical in Chinese affairs, looking with contempt upon the venerable *literati* and *connoisseurs* imbued with the oracular wisdom contained in the canonical books of the ancient sages. A collision between the two seemed imminent.

Moved by this perilous situation, Chang summoned all his patriotism and literary talent in producing "*Chun Hioh Pien.*" The book was hailed by the liberals with wild enthusiasm, while the author's influence and personality, coupled with his elegant literary style, could not but induce even the most obdurate of conservatives to read this work with respect and attention. Loyal to the moral ideals of his country, the Viceroy, nevertheless, shows neither hesitancy nor remorse in denouncing the waywardness of his country, applying the lash without stint upon the backs of his own people and their ruler.

While writing "*Chun Hioh Pien,*" Viceroy Chang was placed in an extremely dangerous position. Had he not had under his command a powerful army with modern training, it is all but certain that the monstrous *coup d'état* of the Dowager Empress, and the fiendish deeds of Prince Tuan, would have involved the Viceroy in the common fate which overtook the members of the Reform Party who dyed the scaffold crimson with their blood. And yet he did not feel that he could safely remain faithful to the reformers at that trying moment when they needed his assistance most urgently, and the hope of China's regeneration, held out by the young Emperor Kuang-hsü, passed away like the trail of a meteor. But the five odd years intervening since the Boxer disturbance have wrought a signal change. Yuan Shih-kai, who, as the Viceroy of Shan-tung, was then not entirely free from prejudice against Western civilization, is now, as the more powerful Viceroy of Chih-li, indisputably an earnest herald of modern knowledge. Thus, with the cooperation of the strongest official who ever graced a Viceroy's throne, Chang Chih-tung begins to realize the plan which he laid down several years ago.

Chang is perhaps a warmer friend of Japan than Yuan. It was the former who first sent students to Japan, the number from his province now totalling almost five hundred. Under him scores of Japanese instructors are teaching in various colleges and schools in the two provinces of Hu-nan and Hu-peh, while, in his provincial government, many Japanese officials are assisting him in various capacities.

VII.

In a study of the present forward movement in China, the question of railroads should not be overlooked, for in all countries the railroad has ever been one of the most effective civilizing

agencies. It is true that the Chinese have been stubbornly averse to the extension of railways. But may we not attribute this sentiment to causes other than the mere ignorance and superstition prevailing among the people? Mr. William B. Parsons, who was in China as the Chief Engineer of the American China Development Company, in his interesting book "An American Engineer in China," tells us that the general popular opposition to railways in China is two-sided, being partly due to religious superstition and partly to the fear of competition against manual labor. That is true enough. But in addition to such religious and economic reasons, may we not seek some political reason wherein we can more heartily sympathize with the Chinese?

In the consideration of this question it is important to remember what a significant part the railways have played in the execution of colonial policies enunciated by the Powers, and especially by Russia, in the Far East. Like the Spanish missionaries of yore, who went forth into different parts of the world openly bearing the standard of Christ, but in reality the forerunners of the *conquistador,* the railway concessions in China have been wrung from the Manchu Government by the European Powers ostensibly for the purpose of developing the means of communication, under the thin guise of which lurks a covetous desire for territorial acquisition. The case of Manchuria is sufficient to start an alarm among the Chinese. Spanning the Amoor on the eastern boundary of Manchuria, the great Trans-Siberian railway extended itself into the dominion of the Middle Kingdom down to the Yellow Sea, and a vast territory of 370,000 square miles supporting 8,500,000 people with enormous agricultural and mineral resources, would have been permanently lost to China, had not the little warriors of Nippon gallantly taken arms against the giant intruder. Nor is Russia's design confined to northern China. Paramount behind the Belgian syndicate which procured a railroad concession from Peking to Hankow, it is generally believed, is the influence of Russia, whose ambition it is either to form ultimately a through line from St. Petersburg to the Yang-tze River, or to have something ready to offer in trade for other concessions in the North of more immediate benefit to herself and of a less menacing nature to Great Britain. This, in itself, is alarming enough; but, when it is remarked that the whole country is vivisected, as it were, by six different foreign

nations into so many sections of railroad concessions as a preliminary step toward the establishment of "spheres of influence," even the Chinaman rubs his sleepy eyes and suspects that a great menace is hovering over his country.

It was but yesterday that Russia's grasping hand was frustrated in Southern Manchuria, her Eastern China Railway being ceded to Japan. Notwithstanding this, a thousand miles of the Trans-Siberian system still traverses the territory of China, and in addition Russia claims, as conceded, branches from the Belgian Hankow-Peking line, aggregating 653 miles. South from Tien-tsin and in the province of Shan-tung, the German influence is paramount, procuring a concession for a local system totalling some 375 miles, together with another concession for a portion of main line between Tien-tsin and Ching-kiang, reaching a mileage of 470. The trunk and branch lines approaching Shang-hai belong to English syndicates, amounting to some 1,400 miles, besides which England has a preponderating share in the Peking Syndicate, an Anglo-Italian combination, possessing a concession for 125 miles in the provinces of Shan-si and Shen-si. Through the heart of China, from Peking on the north to Hankow, the metropolis of the interior, on the south, a Belgian syndicate has completed the construction of a trunk line extending over 700 miles, in which France and Russia are understood to have a large interest. From Hankow southward as far as Canton, the American China Development Company was to have built a line to a length of 918 miles, the concession for which has been cancelled by the Chinese Government. Finally, in the extreme south, France has a concession for 800 miles. By the side of this enormous mileage covered by foreign *concessionaires,* the Chinese Government holds but some 550 miles of railroad already constructed. Such a situation is both anomalous and threatening. The motives of the European Powers in exacting railway concessions from the Manchus are political rather than commercial. Eager to establish a foothold on Chinese territory, they vie with each other in seizing advantageous positions. The railroads constructed under such circumstances would be like cords of steel ever tightening round the inert Empire. With this record of foreign concessions before us, is it just to put all the blame at the door of the Chinaman alone for the troubles and difficulties encountered in the construction of railways in China? In

justice, the Chinaman's antipathy to the railroad cannot be ascribed to his ignorance or superstition only.

Since China bought up the Hankow-Canton concession, she has also been negotiating with England for the cancellation of the Tien-tsin-Chin-kiang concession, in which Germany has a large share. The British Government has replied that it is willing to comply with China's request, provided Germany agrees to relinquish her share. This cancellation movement does not seem to be a mere manifestation of anti-foreign spirit, accompanied by no practical intention on the part of the Chinese to build railways of their own. A recent report from Canton to the effect that the rush of applicants for shares of the Hankow-Canton railway was so great that the streets were blocked with Chinese, is a most emphatic evidence that the natives no more cherish prejudice against the railway. "One of the first steps toward the realization of our new national ideas," says Sir Chentung Liang-cheng, the Chinese Minister at Washington, "would be the construction, under Chinese auspices, of a great trunk line to traverse the central and most fertile provinces of China from Canton to Peking." The day when the Chinese Government, having bought a railroad, threw rails, cars and locomotives into the river, as happened in the case of the Wu-sung line in 1877, has passed, never to return, and the time seems really at hand when the actual system covering the Empire with its lacework of steel may not be projected on paper alone, but in actual process of construction.

It would doubtless be rash to expect a nation comprising nearly one-third of the human race to cast off in a day the lethargy of centuries. Many a generation shall have passed ere it has transformed itself into a new life; but that it is under a sure process of transformation, there is hardly room to doubt.

When China, invigorated and enlightened, with her vast natural resources exploited, her enormous population roused from the torpor of the past, her army and navy recast after advanced models, shall have formed an *entente cordiale* with Japan, bound to develop sooner or later into a political and economic alliance, the Mikado's subjects will begin to realize that the twelve hundred million *yen* and eighty thousand lives lost in the recent war were sacrificed for an issue vastly greater than they dreamed of.

K. K. Kawakami.

IN AMERICA'S GREATEST PRISON.

BY THOMAS SPEED MOSBY, PARDON ATTORNEY TO THE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI.

THE Missouri State Prison is the largest penitentiary in the United States. Here are confined more convicts than will be found in any other American State Prison. Those States which have a criminal population in any wise approaching that of Missouri have provided two or more prisons for their keeping, whereas Missouri confines all her criminals in the penal institution at Jefferson City.

From eight hundred to one thousand convicts are received at this institution every year, and at no time during the past twelve years has the population of this prison been less than two thousand. This city of crime, consisting of more than two thousand felons, convicted of eighty-five different felonies, presents to the criminologist a field most interesting because of its size, and most instructive because of its representative character.

Less than half the number received at this institution are native-born Missourians. Of the 1,794 convicts received during a recent two-year period, but 819 were born in Missouri. The remaining 975 came from every State in the Union excepting Idaho, Montana, Nevada and New Hampshire. Every other one of the remaining States was represented, as was also the Indian Territory and the District of Columbia, and thirteen foreign countries besides. Of this number, but 80 were females, and only 27 of the 80 were white women. Of the males, 523, or nearly one-third, were negroes.

The most striking feature of this immense criminal population is the exceedingly large proportion of young men, 785 of the number ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. The age of greatest criminality is shown to be the period between the

ages of twenty and twenty-five years, inclusive; the second greatest period of criminality is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty; and the third is between the ages of sixteen and twenty years. The fourth period is from thirty to thirty-five, and from the age of thirty-five onward the tendency to crime seems to decrease with the increase of age.

Of the 1,794 convicts, 627, or more than one-third, were of the ages of twenty to twenty-five years, both inclusive. Of this number, 96 were twenty years of age; 98 were twenty-one; 104 were twenty-two; 132 were twenty-three; 101 were twenty-four; and 96 were twenty-five. It thus appears that the age of greatest criminality in the period of greatest criminality is twenty-three. Of this younger and most numerous class of criminals, 404 of the 627 (or nearly two-thirds) had committed crimes of violence, such as homicides, assaults with intent to kill, burglaries, etc., the remaining 223 having committed crimes such as larceny, forgery, and other crimes not involving the use of physical violence. It is thus shown that, in the period of greatest criminal activity, crimes of the daring and adventurous sort are most frequent. Singularly enough, it appears that the crimes involving the sexual passions are proportionately small among this class of criminals. Out of a total of 135 crimes of this character, only 30 were committed by persons within the age of greatest criminality. Thus, although committing more than one-third of the total number of crimes within the given period, the persons within this class committed less than one-fourth of the sexual crimes.

Comparatively few of the 1,794 convicts had learned any trade or profession, 1,198 giving their occupation as that of day laborers, and 107 more giving their occupation as that of shoemaking; but, among the shoemakers, there was a great proportion of ex-convicts, who had learned shoemaking in the prison shoe-factories, but who in the beginning had no occupation. The inference to be drawn is that the trades and professions usually act as deterrents against crime. Of the trades and professions, generally, no one class seemed to be more criminal than another, the remaining 489 convicts being divided among 66 trades and professions.

Intemperate habits of life were not so much in evidence as might have been expected, 852 (or nearly one-half) having led

temperate lives. Nor was there so great a lack of religion as might have been imagined. Of the whole number, there were 1,267, or more than two-thirds, who were professors of some form of religious belief. The respective denominations to which the 1,267 convicts belonged appear below:

Baptist	396
Methodist	335
Catholic	312
Christian	120
Presbyterian	48
Lutheran	29
Episcopal	16
Hebrew	6
Dunkard	5

The percentage of illiteracy among the convicts was 26.5, which is four times as great as the average percentage of illiteracy among the non-criminal classes in Missouri. Those professing a belief in some form of religion constituted about 71 per cent. of the whole number. Those having some degree of education aggregated 73.5 per cent. The conclusion is obvious that, to a slight extent at least, religion is of more avail in preventing crime than is education; or, otherwise stated, that illiteracy is less dangerous to society than irreligion. To be sure, neither education nor religion of a very pure or advanced type is found among the majority of felons, but these statistics tend at least to illustrate the respective moral tendencies of the illiterate and the irreligious, the irreligious apparently lapsing most frequently into the ways of vice and crime. It is obviously true, also, although not susceptible of accurate statistical demonstration, that there is a higher degree of education among the educated criminals than there is of religion among religious criminals; for mere intellectual strength, while it may aid criminals in escaping detection and avoiding punishment, does not necessarily cause men to adhere to the paths of moral rectitude, whereas religion, if its precepts be precisely obeyed, is absolutely incompatible with any criminal tendency whatsoever.

The accepted theory that marriage tends to operate against the commission of crime is amply sustained by the Missouri statistics, less than one-third of the number mentioned being married persons; or, otherwise expressed, it appears that, where crime is committed by one married person, crimes are committed by two unmarried persons.

Among the number which constituted the subject of the present inquiry, 1,689 were native-born Americans, while the remaining 105 came from Mexico, Australia, Canada, Austria, Denmark, England, Germany, France, Ireland, Italy, Scotland, Russia and Switzerland; Germany leading with 37, Canada coming next with 16, England following with 10, and Ireland being fourth with 8. Scotland and Russia each had 7, Austria 6, France 4, Italy and Denmark 3 each, Mexico 2, and Australia and Switzerland 1 each.

The foreign-born population of the State was 216,379, and the native-born population 2,890,286. It thus appears that of the foreign-born population .0049 per cent. are convicts, while the felons of the native-born population number .0058 per cent. In other words, 49 in every ten thousand foreigners committed felonies while crimes of the same class were committed by 58 in every ten thousand of the native-born population. The foreign-born population of the State aggregates about seven per cent. of the population, while the percentage of foreign-born convicts received during the two-year period was 5.9 per cent. of the whole number of convicts received during that period. If there is a greater percentage of criminality among the foreign-born people of this country than is found among the native American population, the fact is not shown by these statistics.

The current theory that criminality is greatest in the larger centres of population is borne out by the Missouri statistics. Of the 1,794 convicts under investigation, one-third came from cities containing one-fourth of the population of the State.

Of the 1,794, 1,550 were in prison for the first term; 191 for the second term, 41 for the third term, 9 for the fourth term, 2 for the fifth term and 1 for the sixth term. Thus, 86 per cent. were first-termers; that is to say, 86 men in every hundred were never in the penitentiary before. Of the remaining 14 per cent. who were old offenders, 191, or over 10 per cent. of the whole number, were in the penitentiary for the second time, while less than one-fifth of the 14 per cent. were in for the third time. It may therefore be concluded that a large proportion of those who undergo a sentence in the penitentiary are deterred from again committing crime, and are converted again to law and order.

THOMAS SPEED MOSBY.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER, ABRAHAM CAHAN, BRANDER MATTHEWS AND LAWRENCE GILMAN.

"ITALIAN ROMANCE WRITERS."*

IT is twenty years since Mr. Howells heralded the advent of Giovanni Verga as a new force in realistic fiction. It is ten years since Continental critics hailed Gabriele d'Annunzio as the prophet of a new Latin Renaissance. More recently, through the interpretations of Signora Duse, these two names have grown familiar to the public ear; they are the sole familiar landmarks in an unexplored territory. If a translator is rash enough to put into English a volume by Grazia Deledda, let us say, or Matilde Serao, his best chance of winning a hearing is to proclaim the former a Sardinian Verga, and announce the latter as the author to whom d'Annunzio dedicated his first novel. But, aside from the authors of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Gioconda," there is, both in England and America, not only a pervading ignorance of contemporary Italian fiction, but an equally general lack of curiosity. Consequently, any book which successfully fulfils the task that Dr. Joseph Spencer Kennard presumably set himself in his "Italian Romance Writers," any book which adequately reveals the strength and originality and poetic beauty of the younger school of fiction in Italy, and inspires us with a curiosity to know more of it, is a work eminently worth the doing.

Such a book, however, to be well done, should aim to accomplish three separate things. It should, first of all, lay before us, briefly and clearly, the evolution of a particular form of literature in a particular country, its debt to foreign influences and its internal development. Secondly, it should show the relation of

* "Italian Romance Writers." By Joseph Spencer Kennard. New York: Brentano's.

Italian fiction to Italian life; should seek the key-note of the Italian temperament, and show how far the native writers truthfully reflect it. And, finally, it should seek to make quite clear the aims and tendencies and relative importance of the authors chosen for discussion. It is profitable to ask ourselves how far Dr. Kennard's book performs this threefold task.

Aside from his needlessly pedantic introduction, Dr. Kennard has written in a popular and entertaining style, keeping himself in the background, and allowing the novelists to speak for themselves, in the form of well-chosen extracts and sympathetic summaries. It is his introduction which is intended to accomplish two of the three purposes above mentioned, and it is the least satisfactory part of the book. He deprecates any intention of retracing modern romance through story, tale and fable, to its earliest origins, yet he begins with "Daphnis and Chloe," "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius and the "Satiræ" of Petronius, indulging in generalities that are quite true about Apuleius, but not at all true regarding Petronius. Chaucer and Brantôme and Marguerite de Navarre, Rousseau and Voltaire, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Clarissa Harlowe" besprinkle the pages with capitals and italics, merely to prove a thesis which might almost have been laid down as an axiom—that the Italian novel of to-day is not a lineal descendant of Boccaccio and Bandello, but an imported form, borrowed from the English and the French. He does show, in a rather interesting manner, the reciprocal connection between the political and literary movements during the *Risorgimento,* making clear how such a book as Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi" was the logical outcome of the times. But where Dr. Kennard signally misses his opportunity is in neglecting to trace the influence which Maupassant and Zola, Tolstoi and Sudermann and Ibsen, have successively exerted upon the development of contemporary fiction in Italy. He rightly points out that the dominant note in Italian literature to-day is that of individualism. But he seems to miss the point, that it is the tendency to take the best wherever they find it, in France or Germany or Russia, that has given Italian individualism its variety and its strength. Verga's similarity to Zola is worth studying, as well as his points of difference; even though Dr. Kennard does not think so. Matilde Serao did some of her most remarkable and virile work under the direct influence of the Rougon Mac-

quart series. "Paese di Cuccagna," "Conquista di Roma," "Riccardo Joanna" come nearer to the Zolaesque type of epic novel than any other works yet written by a woman. Dr. Kennard dismisses them as mere collections of episodes, unworthy the name of novel. He fails to realize that in these books the protagonist is not a man or a woman, but a symbolic thing—the gambling craze, the corruption of political life, the venality of the public press; just as, in Zola, it is the stock exchange, the markets, the department store.

The second point that Dr. Kennard emphasizes in his introduction is the difficulty which confronts a foreigner in attempting to criticise the literature of a race whose soul he but half understands. Much that he says in this connection is quite true; the Italian ideal is radically different from the Anglo-Saxon ideal; the beauty of the material world is more often their theme than that of the spiritual world; or, as he most aptly puts it, "the craving for sensuous beauty, the glory in pagan ideals, the artist careful only for the precepts of his art, is the true Italian type, whether expressed by chisel, brush or pen." It is evident that Dr. Kennard himself feels this difficulty of understanding an alien temperament, and struggles with it. But at least he makes one thing very clear: that the Italian writers have faithfully and triumphantly put into their books those very thoughts and ideals that differentiate Italian life, outside of books, from the life of every other race. To succeed in seizing the spirit of a race, a tribe, a city, and put it into a novel so faithfully that all who read will say, "This is the very essence of Italian life, Sicilian life, Neapolitan life, and of no other life in the world," is a triumph of as high an order as any novelist, even the greatest, need seek. Yet, curiously enough, the author of "Italian Romance Writers" has the air of regarding this very fidelity to life as a sort of defect, a note of inferiority in the Italian novelists. Now and then, he throws out a covert sneer at "literary photography"; he expects a painter "to create a higher form of life, a grander reality." In other words, he quarrels with the Italian novelists because they do not emphasize the moral and spiritual side of life. He does not seem to realize that, in German and English fiction, religious and metaphysical problems have their proper place, because they reflect the more serious thought of the people themselves; while, in Italy, that same class of problems would

seem distorted and untrue to life, because they would not fit into the social framework: they would not strike the key-note of the Italian temperament.

Lastly, Dr. Kennard has not defined clearly in his criticisms the relative value that he attaches to the nine contemporary writers whom he has selected for detailed examination. One is not inclined to take issue with his selection of these nine; although it seems rather incongruous to find Capuana omitted, when he might so much more easily have dispensed with Enrico Annibale Butti,—Butti, who has claimed notice mainly as a follower of d'Annunzio, and Dr. Kennard robs him even of this claim. But, really, there are to-day only three leaders: Verga, the exponent of that special type of Italian realism known as "*verism*"; Fogazzaro, who stands for spiritism, and would have our morals, our religion, our social and political economy, all settled for us in the pages of the novel; and finally, d'Annunzio, the high-priest of artistic beauty, the leader of the psychological and symbolic movement. All other contemporary novelists have to a greater or less degree come under the influence of one or more of these three. Dr. Kennard concedes the high order of art of Verga and d'Annunzio, but he concedes it grudgingly: Verga is "a master of his art, a pioneer of realistic fiction, . . . striving truly to comprehend and describe life." D'Annunzio is "a factor in modern literature with which we must reckon," a "great artist, but a little man." The real reason for Dr. Kennard's frequent lack of sympathy and appreciation is nowhere clearly stated, but it is to be found latent throughout the book,—a deep-rooted antipathy to Zola and the naturalistic movement; a movement which exerted a powerful influence upon practically all the prominent Italian writers, with the one exception of Fogazzaro, and Fogazzaro is the one writer upon whom Dr. Kennard bestows cordial and unqualified praise. Yet, even in one's antipathies, one is expected to show an accurate knowledge of details. But regarding Zola Dr. Kennard does not show such knowledge. In the one illustration that he takes from the Rougon-Macquart series—that of a child who is shocked by the revelation of her mother's sin, and in consequence sickens and dies,—he refers to the child as "little Pauline." Of course, he must have had in mind Jeanne, the daughter of Hélène Mouret, in "Une Page d'Amour."

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

"THE DAWN IN RUSSIA."*

RUSSIAN conditions and Russian human nature are so unlike our own that one often finds it next to impossible to translate them into terms of our point of view. As a consequence, the newspaper despatches through which we follow from day to day the historical drama, so full of poetry and of pathos, which is now being enacted in the unhappy Northern Empire leave us with an uncomfortable sense of vagueness or perplexity. Perhaps the only case in which Russian life seems real to the Western reader is when it is presented to him in the form of those highly visualized and convincingly analytical pictures which mark the better class of Russian literature. In many respects, "The Dawn in Russia," by Henry W. Nevinson, although essentially a collection of newspaper letters written in St. Petersburg, Moscow, the Baltic Provinces and Odessa during the most eventful months of last winter, is, in many respects, the nearest approach to that type of literature among all the accounts of the Russian struggle for freedom published in this country or in England.

That the author was a stranger in the country which forms the subject of his narrative seems to have been an advantage rather than an obstacle. It was so not merely in the sense of enabling him to view things with the impartiality and perspective of the outsider; but also because it gave him access to scenes from which the native observer was excluded by the Tsar's bayonets. While in Moscow, he was continually roaming about in those spots where Dubasoff's dragoons and infantry turned the gutters into streams of blood, without discriminating between the intellectual young man or girl, whom it was legitimate to set down for a revolutionist, and the old woman who was hurrying home with the family provisions. As an obvious foreigner, Mr. Nevinson was only molested to the extent of being searched some half a dozen times within so many blocks. Moreover, if there were Russian writers who saw as much as he did and who retained their life and liberty immediately after the fall of the Moscow barricades, the Liberal papers, in which the full truth of these events would have been published, were mostly closed. I say "immediately," because in revolutionary times exciting occurrences succeed one another with such rapidity as to turn the most sensational episode of yester-

* "The Dawn in Russia." By Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

day into a happening of the faded past for which the reading public has neither time nor interest. Russian literature will scarcely take up the present revolution before its last battle has been fought. Just now, the country's writers are too busy making history to write it. Thus, the three chapters in Mr. Nevinson's book which are concerned with the Moscow conflict, when Admiral Dubasoff, the Governor-General of the ancient capital, outdid the sickening atrocities with which the Paris Commune was stamped underfoot, will remain, for a long time to come, the most graphic and veracious account of those days of horror not only in English, but also in the language of the country.

This admiral, whose previous title to glory, it may be recalled, was based on his "victory" over the fishermen he shot down off Hull, England, mistaking their smacks for Japanese torpedo-boats, had some of the captured revolutionists "strapped to a board," as Mr. Nevinson tells us, "and handed over to the executioner to be 'broken up.' . . . Their bones were smashed, their legs and arms lopped off with swords, and it did not take them very long to die." In fairness to Admiral Dubasoff it must be admitted, however, that this was one of the tidbits of the bloody feast with which he celebrated his triumph over the revolutionists. A more common proceeding was for them to be simply shot—without trial, of course—in batches of sixteen or more.

"The work-people were set in a row before the firing party, and were driven forward three at a time. Three by three they were shot down before the eyes of others. The heap of dead increased. Three more were driven forward to increase it. In the case of two workmen, suspected of being leaders, there was a variety in the proceedings, perhaps by way of a practical joke. They were ordered by the officer to walk round a corner of the sugar mill. They went carelessly, with their hands in their pockets, and when they turned the corner they were faced by eight soldiers standing at the present. In an instant they fell dead, and their bodies remained for a long time lying on the ground for all passers-by to see. Such executions continued among these factories for more than a week, and the numbers of those poor and uneducated men and women who died for their protest against despotism will never be known."

A little boy was bayoneted to death in the presence of his father, because he had shaken his fist at the soldiers through a window; a well-known physician, who had nothing to do with the revolution but thought it his duty to give aid to the wounded,

was treacherously shot in the back by an officer; boys and girls of the Red Cross were slaughtered by the score; school children were chopped to death or maimed, because "they had the revolutionary look in their eyes."

The atrocities of Moscow were duplicated in the Baltic Provinces under General Orloff, with whose "bloody assize" our author makes us acquainted in a separate chapter. The book also contains admirable sketches of the domestic life of "a nest of nobles," of the working-people and the peasantry. We are introduced to a starving, sweet-tempered village family, "with the marks of passionate labor upon them, and their five children growing up round their knees." Their horse had been sold to pay taxes. Yet, when a neighbor, who is still poorer than they, calls at their cabin, they slip part of their scanty supply of food into his sack. "Certainly, it did seem incredible," the English observer of these scenes exclaims, "that these were just the people who are marched off to the village police-court, are tied face downwards to a sloping bench, have their clothes turned up and are flogged with whips or rods by officials and police, because they cannot pay the taxes for the Japanese War or for the interest on the French loans." There is an excellent description of public meetings, at one of which Mr. Nevinson met Father Gapon, for whom the police were then searching the capital.

Perhaps one of the most important passages in the volume is the one which is devoted to the psychology of the sons of the peasants or city workmen, who, when clad in the uniform of the Tsar, shoot at their own brethren merely because "obedience is only a temptation to sloth, and it becomes almost irresistible when the temptation is supported by fear of death." But political and economic oppression has set the nation thinking, and "where people think liberty must come." The number of soldiers who are exempt from the temptation of obedience and the fear of death is continually growing. Each suppressed mutiny is succeeded by several new ones.

Mr. Nevinson's chapters were written at a time when the Tsar's promise of free speech was still partially fulfilled, and the country, after having been gagged for centuries, was intoxicated by the sound of its own voice and "revelling in a spiritual debauch of words." The subject of newspapers, and of labor-unions; the exaltation and self-sacrifice of educated boys and girls; the all-

pervading melancholy of Russian life as it manifests itself in the music and the literature of the nation—all this is treated with the sympathetic insight and the charming sincerity of true art, yet with a conversational informality, liberally interspersed with humor, which gives the reader a pleasing sense of intimacy with the writer, as well as with irresistible subject..

ABRAHAM CAHAN.

"A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSODY."*

WITH the obvious exception of Mr. Andrew Lang, there is no British man of letters more copious or more multifarious than Mr. George Saintsbury. He is ever ready to write with equal interest and with equal energy upon the history of criticism or upon the art of cookery. The boundaries of his reading are wide-flung; his industry is indefatigable; and his individuality of opinion is independent to the very verge of freakishness,—from which he is preserved only by his robust common sense. This opinionated individuality is probably responsible for the belligerent tone he affects. He is forever warding and fending, as though painfully sensitive to the possibility of attack. He is eager to parry even before the thrust. In the present volume, for example, there is a constant girding at the phoneticians and a persistent scoffing at modern linguistic scholarship: but a good workman is not known by the chips on his shoulder.

While the temper of the book is often unduly aggressive, the style is also open to reproach for its lack of simplicity and of directness. The reader gets the impression of a vigorous mind, doing its work sturdily; but the results of this cerebration are not presented as persuasively as they might be. Mr. Saintsbury's manner of writing is allusive and parenthetical beyond all measure; and his trick of sprinkling foreign words and phrases over his pages is unfailingly irritating. That was a hostile critic who once dismissed Mr. Saintsbury's style as "a piebald jargon"; but any reader of this volume can understand the provocation. Perhaps Mr. Saintsbury has better restrained this tendency in the present book than in certain of its predecessors; but he is not always awake to his own weakness, and we find here "*fons*,"

* "A History of English Prosody, from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day." By George Saintsbury. In 3 vols. Vol. 1, from the Origins to Spenser. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"*epigrammation*," "*disgrazia*," "*ménage*," "*lubie*," "*déblayage*," "the famous *perruque* critic," "*les morticoles* of literature," and even "*pour tout potage métrique*." Is it too much to ask that a historian of English prosody should express himself in his own tongue without calling in the aid of foreign allies?

But although these blemishes of tone and of style must needs be noted here, they may be pardoned, for the inquiry which they disfigure is good work well done. Whatever his defects, Mr. Saintsbury loves literature in all its aspects; he loves it ardently and devotedly; and he has proved his love by his relish for technic, by his delight in the processes of craftsmanship,—a relish and a delight wholly lacking in many a critic otherwise commendable. This "History of English Prosody" could have been undertaken only by a student deeply enamored of the means whereby the poets have wrought their magic. The three volumes are to contain a thorough consideration of the technic which underlies and sustains English poetry, and which is the source of much of its beauty. The connection is far closer than many are willing to admit between the divine afflatus of the poet and his mastery of metre, of pause, of alliteration, of rhyme, and of rhythm in all its possibilities. Dante's great poem is what it is, partly because he was able to bend the *terza rima* to his bidding; and Shakespeare's great tragedies are what they are, partly because he could avail himself of the noble amplitude of blank verse. Corneille's dramas are what they are, partly because he had to employ as best he could the lumbering Alexandrine; Pope's polished verse is what it is, partly because he could find his profit in the rhyming couplet; and Heine's lyrics are what they are, partly because he had ready to his hand the old Teutonic rhythms. Every true artist is glad to avail himself of the tools bequeathed to him by all his predecessors. The record of the development of English prosody is an integral part—and not the least important either—of the history of English poetry.

This is but the first of the three volumes to which Mr. Saintsbury's inquiry is to extend; but it is sufficient to warrant the opinion that the complete work will be welcomed by students of English literature, even if some of them will not accept all of its conclusions. He begins by declaring "that everybody feels a difference" in "the value of the syllables out of which rhythm and metre are made"; and then he refuses to discuss the vexed

question as to the exact nature of the precise cause of this difference, preferring to accept it as a fact obvious to all. He calls these "longs and shorts," without implying any opinion as to the reasons why one is felt to be "long" and the other to be "short." And by "Prosody" he means: "The laws and variations observable in the rhythmical and metrical groupings of sets of these two values,"—an admirable working definition. He has proposed to himself "to examine, in chronological order, the practice and the theories of English prosody which have actually existed in the seven centuries between 1200 and 1900"; and, in this first volume, he has covered a little more than the first three and a half of these centuries.

His appeal is not to preconceived theory but to "the fairly sensitive and well-trained ear." He shows that various causes united to bring about, before 1200, a discarding by English poets of the Anglo-Saxon type of versicle in favor of the modern prosody by "feet." He considers the foot of one syllable, the foot of two syllables, and the foot of three syllables; and, in so doing, he reveals that robust common sense which is perhaps his chiefest qualification as a critic, and which here leads him to conclusions that the present reviewer feels to be solid. And the present reviewer takes pleasure in recording his conviction that Mr. Saintsbury is justified in his assertion that the conclusions have been reached by a "most loyal admission of the facts" and by a selection of the "*live* facts," which "are related to each other in a connection of real development, and not of dead or mechanical engineering."

The American student is accustomed to find British writers more or less carelessly ignorant of the contributions of American scholarship. But in his "History of Literary Criticism," Mr. Saintsbury revealed a desire to acknowledge heartily the labors of his American predecessors in one or another portion of his field. It is with surprise, therefore, that we note the omission in the present work of any reference to Professor Gummere's "Beginnings of Poetry," or to Dr. Holmes's paper on the "Physiology of Versification." And, from the care with which Professor Saintsbury indicates privately printed editions of certain plays, we infer that he is unfamiliar with Professor Manly's excellent "Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearian Drama."

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE ART OF FIONA MACLEOD.

For those of us who are more concerned with the essential substance of literature than with its phenomena of time and circumstance, however interesting and significant, it has been a cause of regret that the remarkable body of writing which exists in print over the signature of "Fiona Macleod" has been, so far as its quality is concerned, submerged in the excited *mêlée* of gossip, speculation, and bewildered curiosity which followed upon the death of William Sharp. One need not deny the authentic interest that such a revelation would naturally arouse in the mind of the sincere historian and psychologist of letters; but that it should obscure the extraordinary character and the singular appeal of an artistic achievement which is open to the observation of all, is not unrepresentative, perhaps, of a time which is more immediately engrossed with the externalities than with the actual matter of literature.

One has heard and spoken overmuch, it may be, of the "Celtic revival" and of the "neo-Celtic school," so that too great stress has seemed to be laid upon the merely parochial implications of a phenomenon the chief importance of which, after all, resides in its purely literary aspects. I shall not, therefore, attempt, in this brief appreciation, to consider the work of Fiona Macleod in its relation to the "movement" to which it has been popularly imputed; nor shall I venture upon any discussion of its connection with the literary and spiritual history of Mr. Sharp. It has been presented to the student of contemporary letters as an independent product, and as such one is justified in regarding it; one may comfortably leave the matter of its circumstantial origin to those "polite detectives of literature" for whom such mysteries transcend any other possible consideration.

The "Fiona" literature, put forth during the last decade, ranges easily through the domain of pure fantasy, of fable and allegory, of speculation, of æsthetic discussion, of symbolized fiction, and of verse. The voice has spoken many tongues, but always the accent of the mystic has persisted, has persisted and increased in poignancy and aloofness; so that in her later work it is frankly, and without the palliation of pictorial or symbolical setting, the speech and vision of the dreaming mind that is offered us. One will miss the essential note of this writing if one fails to see in it, as its prime possession, the confessions and aspirations

of a spirit swayed, beyond any other impulse, by a passionate consciousness and a special revelation of all beauty. Beyond any other writer whom one may allege for the comparison, this writer has chosen to saturate her work in beauty. The sense of it is, for her, a perpetual touchstone—a touchstone for the apperception of sheer natural presences, of dream and vision and intimation, of that miraculous and supra-sensuous world in which the spirit of the essential mystic has its intensest life. One may read her own avowal in that haunting preface which introduces her version of the tale of Deirdrê and the Sons of Usna:

"I know you will find a compelling beauty in these old tales of the Gael, a beauty of thought against which to lay your thought, a beauty . . . of desire against which to lay your desire. For they are more than tales of beauty, than tales of wonder. Shall the day come when the tale of Deirdrê shall be no more told? . . . If so, it is not merely beautiful children of legend we shall lose, not the lovely raiment, but the very beauty and love themselves . . . the old wandering ecstasy, the lost upliftedness."

It is doubtless easier to make than to establish so deliberate a claim for any writer as I have made here, and I shall not attempt to establish it. To achieve a deep and continuous beauty in any art would seem to insure a fairly certain measure of recognition,—a recognition which the writing of Fiona Macleod assuredly has not compelled. For the admittedly small body who do know and esteem it, that is not a matter for inconsolable regret; perhaps they await the coming of that "Spirit of Delight" which, wrote Alice Meynell, "flits upon an orbit elliptically or parabolically or hyperbolically curved, keeping no man knows what trysts with time."

One must not neglect to note the authentic presence in this beauty of what most of us have agreed to denote, however reluctantly, as the quality of Celtic "magic"; for since that important and memorable occasion when Matthew Arnold used it, so deftly and so luminously, to signalize the peculiar and excelling quality of the Celtic genius, we, a quarter of a century later, have found no equivalent: one must still evoke it if one would apply to the Celtic genius, to Celtic beauty, the inevitable epithet. One finds this quality in the

> ". . . already
> The cloudy waters and the glimmering winds
> Have covered them"

of Mr. Yeats, no less than in the

". . . fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains. . . ."

adduced from the Welsh by Arnold; and it is movingly and persistently present, as I have said, in the writing of Fiona Macleod, where it is touched with the profound and poignant nostalgia, the wistful ecstasy, of the "Eternal Dreamer." As she herself has said of a certain group of tales called by her "Wind and Wave," she has named them so "because through each goes the wind of the Gaelic spirit, which everywhere desires infinitude, but in the penury of things as they are turns upon itself, to the dim enchantment of dreams." One may feel it in her

"Dim face of Beauty haunting all the world. . . .";

supremely, perhaps, in that heart-shaking apostrophe of the desolated Concobar to the image of Deirdrê dead, in her brief and piercing drama, "The House of Usna":

"Heart of my heart, Deirdrê! Love of my love, desire of all desire—can no voice rise to those lips, red as rowans, in that silent place? . . . She sleeps, she sleeps, she is not dead! I will go to the grianân, and will cry *Heart o' Beauty, awake! It is I, Concobar the King!* She will hear, and she will put white hands through her hair, like white doves going into the shadow of a wood; and I will see her eyes like stars, and her face pale and wonderful as dawn, and her lips like twilight water; and she will sigh, and my heart will be as wind fainting in hot grass, and I will laugh because that I am made king of the world and as the old gods, but greater than they, greater than they, greater than they!"

One would perform an ill service to the memory of such a writer were one to imply that her concern with beauty is directed solely toward mere surface loveliness. She has played, from the first, "upon the silent flutes, upon the nerves wherein the soul sits enmeshed." Always she has made her command over beauty serve the needs of an exquisite spiritual consciousness. She has sensed the profound and importunate reality of the deeper Beauty. She says revealingly, writing of "The Wind, Silence, and Love":

"Meanwhile, they are near and intimate. . . . We cannot forget wholly, nor cease to dream, nor be left unhoping, nor be without rest, nor go darkly without torches and songs, if these accompany us; or we them, for they go one way."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

WORLD-POLITICS.

LONDON: ST. PETERSBURG.

LONDON, *September, 1906.*

THE Irish policy of the present Government is one of its most interesting enterprises. The Government came into existence pledged, not to Home Rule, but to take a considerable step in the Home Rule direction. The omens for a strong and statesmanlike handling of Irish problems are more favorable to-day than at any time within my recollection. The Liberals are both sympathetically inclined towards the Nationalist view of Irish grievances, and at the same time independent of the Nationalist vote. Whatever they concede in the way of greater self-government will, therefore, be conceded voluntarily. It will not be wrested from them by threats or intimidation, or under pressure of the merely party view of politics. That is one circumstance that tells strongly on the side of calm inquiry and dispassionate policy. Another is the remarkable change that has come over English opinion within the last few years. I do not by that mean to imply that if either of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bills were again to be submitted to the English electorate, a majority of the people would vote in favor of it. I do not think they would. On the other hand, it would be impossible now to rouse the opinion and passions of this country over any Irish question to that pitch of rancor and blind ferocity that prevailed two decades ago. It is a sign of the new reasonableness that, though we are on the eve of a momentous extension of Irish control over Irish affairs, the people, so far from being alarmed, so far from heeding the cry of the rock-ribbed Unionists to rally round the flag, are awaiting the Government's proposals with almost as much apathy as expectancy. When you hear Irish affairs discussed at all nowadays outside the House of Commons, you hear them discussed

rationally. That in itself is an immense gain. The fears and the catchwords of twenty years ago have been outgrown. There is a frank recognition of the evils which English misgovernment has inflicted upon Ireland. There is an honest desire to make reparation. There is an effort, almost pathetic in its futility, to understand the Irish character. The old contemptuous bitterness has vanished. The spirit in which the country approaches the Irish question has been revolutionized.

Nor, if we look to Ireland herself, are the tokens less propitious. There is an almost complete absence of crime and agitation. That great measure of appeasement, the Land Purchase Act of 1903, is slowly working its way through to a better order of things. Not that its operation is by any means perfect. The Estates Commissioners are not at one as to certain of the leading principles that should direct their administration of the Act. The staff of inspectors employed by them is undermanned. If you accept without a judicious reduction of at least sixty per cent. all that you hear from the landlord side, it is also inefficiently manned. There have been, at any rate, great and irritating delays in expanding the Act till it is capable of transacting the vast amount of business created under it. The machinery for working it, rather than the Act itself or its fundamental principles, needs improvement. At the present rate of progress, it will take from twenty to twenty-five years before the land of Ireland shall have passed into the hands of peasant proprietors. I imagine that Mr. Bryce, whose heart and intellect and energy are wrapped up in the successful conduct of his office, will find speedy means to simplify and expedite the workings of the Act. Landlordism in Ireland was played out. Everybody realizes that. To facilitate its final extinction, it may be necessary in one or two particulars to amend the Act of 1903. That Act made no provision for the reinstatement of evicted tenants, or for the compulsion of refractory landlords who refuse to sell. In both points it may hereafter be found advisable to bring in new legislation. But these, after all, are details. The grand fact remains that, taking them as a whole, both landlords and tenants have shown themselves more than willing to take advantage of the Act and to combine in the establishment of a peasant proprietorship. The land-tenure question is settled; and to be able to say that of Ireland means that its greatest source of internal

strife is dammed at the fountain-head. There are those, I know, who still take a gloomy view of the future; who insist that the tenants are paying too much for their land; that the Government sooner or later will be unable to collect its instalments of the purchase money, and that a no-rent campaign is something more than a chimera. There are also those who prophesy that the landlords, when once they have pocketed their purchase money, will make haste to get out of the country, and so deprive it of the advantages of a resident cultured class. I do not believe these forebodings. Thousands of Irish peasants purchased their holdings before the Act of 1903 was dreamed of. In hardly a single instance has there been a failure to remit punctually the instalments due to the State. Peasant proprietorship brings such energy and enterprise into the cultivation of the land that its value and its resulting yield are nearly trebled. As for the landlords, those who were absentees before the Act will continue to live abroad. But those who were residents before the Act, unless I am wholly mistaken, will continue residents still. Why should they leave? There are no more delightful people on earth to live among than the Irish and no more delightful country than Ireland. Living is cheap, and those three props of an aristocracy, shooting, fishing and hunting, are cheap and abundant also. Why should they desert the ancestral house and demesne merely because the tenants, with whom they were always at war, have become proprietors, with whom they can live at peace?

Speculations such as these may wait. The outstanding feature of the present situation is that the passing of the Purchase Act of 1903 has produced what is known in American politics as an era of good feeling. It does not, of course, extend to all sections and classes and creeds. But the Purchase Act, by uprooting the most penetrating cause of dissension in Ireland, has at once supplemented and been supplemented by those other factors that were gradually creating an atmosphere of cooperation and good will. Among those other factors, I would give the first place to the admirable work of industrial and agricultural betterment that is being carried on all over Ireland by the Department of which Sir Horace Plunkett is the head, and by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, of which he was the founder. Men must, indeed, be utterly under the curse of politics when they will deny the necessity, or seek to impede the workings, of co-

operative creameries, dairies, village banks, the development of the coast and inland fisheries, the building of a pier here and a breakwater there, and the thousand and one practical improvements that will have to be introduced before the peasants are able to make the most of their new position, and before Ireland can recover the industrial instinct. It is the fine achievement of Sir Horace Plunkett to have opened up, outside of politics and religion, a field of labor which lays North and South, Protestant and Catholic, Unionist and Nationalist, landlord and tenant, farmer and laborer, the town and the country, under impartial contribution. This has had already, is having now, and in the future will have still more, an immense and mellowing influence. It is assisted by that disenchantment with the old type of politics that set in after the catastrophe of Parnell's fall, and has not been lessened by the internal bickerings in the Nationalist ranks. Ireland is taking her politics quietly and is interesting herself in other things besides.

Another factor that will help the present Government in its Irish policy is the growth of a moderate and rational spirit among both English and Irish Unionists. To Lord Dunraven is chiefly due the credit for the organization of this new spirit. He has gathered around him a considerable body of opinion, that is Unionist in the sense that it is opposed to two separate legislatures, but is Nationalist in the sense that it advocates a far greater control of Irish affairs by Irishmen. The Unionists who agree with Lord Dunraven's views realize that Unionism, as a policy of mere negation, is over and done with; that, if it is to have any future at all, it must show, not only sympathy with the aspirations of the majority of the Irish people, but also constructive ability; and that there are gross abuses and extravagances in Irish administration that can be, and ought to be, remedied without impairing the Union or the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It is an open secret that there were more than one member in Mr. Balfour's Cabinet who shared these views. Mr. Wyndham, the Irish Chief Secretary, was forced by the extreme Ulsterites to resign office, simply because he believed, and was ready to act on his belief, that the time had come for a measure of administrative and financial devolution. The task of the present Government is to take up Mr. Wyndham's policy where he was obliged to drop it, and to carry it further than he

would ever have ventured to. In doing so, the extreme Unionists, who hardly yet realize that the question of whether Englishmen or Irishmen are to govern Ireland has long ago been settled against them, will fight Mr. Bryce and his colleagues with all the old-time fury. But moderate Unionists, and there are many of them, will sympathize with the Government, will support it, or, at least, will abstain from opposing it. As for the Nationalists, without abating in any way their claim for a separate Parliament, they will take what they can get.

The details and even the scope of the Government's Irish policy are still an official secret. We only know on the assurance of the Under-Secretary, Sir Antony MacDonnell, that next year is to witness the fulfilment of those hopes which many of the best Irishmen have for long entertained. This oracular way of putting it has whetted speculation, and aroused a multitude of conjectures. I believe it will be found, roughly speaking, that, while the Union remains untouched, an Irish Council, consisting for the most part of elected members, with a minority of nominated members, will be created to control the administration of Irish internal affairs, and to have the spending of all the moneys raised by taxation in Ireland, and not allocated to Imperial purposes; and that Ireland will thus come to occupy, from the financial and administrative standpoint, very much the same position towards the United Kingdom that the province of Bengal or Madras occupies towards the Government of India. To this general control over all local affairs, there is one exception to be made—the police will remain, as they are now, an Imperial force and will not be subject to the new Irish Council. At the same time, they will probably be considerably reduced; and I imagine that, when Mr. Bryce's Bill becomes law, they will stand at not more than seven thousand. Otherwise, Irishmen will be given virtually complete control over their local affairs. If the Imperial Government were to say to the Irish Council, "About ten millions are raised from Ireland by taxation. We keep two of these millions for Imperial purposes and we hand the remainder over to you. There are certain fixed charges upon it that will have to be met, but the balance which we reckon to be about four or four and a half millions a year will be placed unreservedly at your disposal for a term of five years"—if the Imperial Government were to say this to the Irish Council, and were to allow Ireland

to have the benefit of whatever savings might be effected by Irish administration, it would clearly be giving Irishmen a far more extensive control over their own affairs than they at present possess; it would stimulate them to an efficient and economical administration; and it would result in the accumulation of a large annual sum of money that could be applied to the task of Irish development at the discretion of the Irish Council. This, or something like it, is probably what the Government are meditating. If at the same time they reorganized the wretched system under which Ireland is misgoverned through forty-five overlapping, over-manned Boards and Departments, and if they placed Irish private Bills in Parliament as fully under the control of an Irish Committee as Scotch Bills are under the control of the Scotch Committee, they would, I believe, be laying the foundations for a settlement of the Irish question that would endure for twenty years. On one point, at any rate, every one seems agreed, and that is that "something must be done." It is felt on all sides that Ireland is at a crisis of her fate, and that now is the hour to clear the ground for that steady constructive work which can alone stop the appalling drain of emigration, and make of the country a place in which Irishmen may live and earn a living wage.

ST. PETERSBURG, *September, 1906.*

POLITICAL and social chaos, without a creative spirit moving over the face of the welter, would seem to be a fairly correct description of the present condition of things in Russia. It is utter anarchy, with no strong man, no efficacious social force, to evolve order. The bomb and the "Browning"* are the symbols of the transitional state from civilization to savagery; "hands up" is the war-cry; fire and blood are the accompaniments of the movement misnamed emancipatory. The committee of the Moderate Liberal Party writes:

"Human life is set at naught: tens, nay hundreds, of murders are daily committed; incendiarism, rioting, robbery, are spreading more and more throughout the country; the influence of law and authority is undermined; falsehood, calumny, deception, have blunted the moral sense; enmity and mutual hate have acquired such dimensions that they merge into epidemic madness. Parallel with the unavoidable on-

* The name of a revolver which the Russian revolutionists have adopted.

slaught against the antiquated political fabric goes a struggle against every kind of political *régime*, the combat for political and civil liberty often takes a direction which can lead only to the loss of all liberty, the campaign for the economic and cultural interests of the masses, in the forms which are now being imposed, threatens to sweep away the remains of material well-being and culture and to ruin the nation; while the sanguinary methods of warfare are poisoning the public conscience, and sowing in the souls of the people the seeds of future hatred, of future quarrels and violence. . . . The people themselves can alone save our fatherland from destruction; without the cooperation of the people no Government can tackle such a problem."

How difficult the task has become, only those who have recently travelled in the Empire can fully realize. A few concrete pictures, however, may enable the American public to form a more or less adequate notion of the difficulty. The first is a scene in the daily life of Warsaw, where the destructive forces are perhaps stronger than in any other part of Russia, except the Caucasus. The sidewalks of some streets are occupied by dragoons, artillerymen, foot-soldiers armed to the teeth, while the public walks in the middle of the roads, where, in peaceful times, carriages and automobiles roll. At eight o'clock in the evening, all doors and gates are shut, theatres are empty, trade and commerce are stagnant. Merchandise ordered from Warsaw cannot be forwarded. The street-cars are daily held up and the conductors forced to hand over their takings to the revolutionists. The Government spirit-shops are guarded by five or six men, but they might as well be protected by painted wooden soldiers.

It is two in the afternoon. Along the "New World"—one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Warsaw — the traffic is brisk. Hard by is a Government spirit-shop. Facing it stands the patrol, composed of four men and a non-commissioned officer, all of them holding their loaded rifles, not on their shoulders nor at their feet, but horizontally. They are ready to fire, to march, to attack or defend at a moment's notice; but, meanwhile, everything is quiet around them. Suddenly, however, a number of stalwart young men are in their midst, but so suddenly have they appeared that one might feel tempted to think them an apparition from the other world, were it not that they are armed with Brownings, one of which is aimed at the forehead of each soldier. "Stand still. Don't budge, or you shall die," exclaims one of

the youths. And the warriors stand motionless, as though a Circean spell had bound them. Meanwhile, the public is sidling off quickly, quietly, leaving the street almost deserted. It is not wholly deserted, however, for on the opposite side stands a group of curious, undaunted onlookers. It needs courage thus to remain, but they evidently have it. And yet they stand as though they were ready to run at any moment. Meanwhile, the money in the cash-box of the spirit-shop is being taken, swiftly and silently, while the servants of the Crown stand looking on with arms raised on high, pale faces and tightly pressed lips. And in the street the soldiers are still in the quasi-cataleptic pose which they took up when the words of command were first uttered by the head of the Browning gang. Now the plunderers have done their work and are leaving the shop. "Comrades, that will do. Get ready. We are off." "All right," is the reply. And the money-grabbers have gone. "And now we must be going," cries the leader of the Brownings. "Be quiet. Woe to you if you budge. Remember." Thereupon the striplings walk backwards five, six, ten, twelve paces, still keeping the revolvers pointed at the soldiers; then they turn swiftly and run like hares. But the Tsar's warriors, too, have recovered life and activity, as by the waving of a magician's wand. They level their rifles and . . . a number of reports are heard in quick succession. The smoke-cloud lifts; and on the ground, in various positions, lie the corpses of the soldiers. The curious "onlookers" on the opposite side of the street are now in full flight, and in their hands are smoking revolvers. On the following day the newspapers publish a short, dry telegram, headed "Pillage in Warsaw."

The attitude of the Russian press calls for comment. One of the least respectable of the opposition organs called upon its readers to admire the heroism of the assassins at the Premier's house, and to sympathize with them for the sufferings their wounds must have caused them! On the other hand, one of the most respected newspapers, the organ of Professor Miliukoff, passing in review all the measures which the Government might take in order to repress such deeds, is criticised for having made fun of each and every one of them, and treated the matter flippantly. The "*Novoye Vremya*" wrote:

"Jester, desist! You are making fun of blood. You are sniggering at the shattered limbs of the lifeless and the half dead, at the old

men and the children. It is thus that the organ, inspired by the professor of Russian history, Miliukoff, derides, in the discourses of its professional clown, the grief of Russia mourning for the victims of the 25th of August."

The blood bath in Warsaw which the revolutionists caused a few days before, killing off the policemen of that city at the sound of a trumpet, was actually extolled. One journal wrote:

"Almost by the waving of a magician's wand, in various parts of Poland, wholesale murders of police agents were effected. It was unprecedented, grandiose! There is something sublime in these mighty deeds of red terror. There is something magical in the simultaneity and swiftness with which the police were killed off. Enormous hypocrisy would be necessary to stigmatize with obloquy the martyr heroes who lay down their lives for the holy act of vengeance, heroes in whom one thought, one sentiment, is active—to be revenged upon the executioners, to free the fatherland from the executioners."

Those are city scenes. The crimes perpetrated in the rural districts, unprotected by policemen or soldiers, are equally disgusting, sometimes far more repulsive. There men and women are slowly tortured, and little children playfully put to death, by beings who profess to be promoting the sacred cause of liberty. In Bonhsky, a cashier was taken and tortured until he gave up the money of his employers. The revolution required it. In the Garvolinsky District, the partisans of liberty attacked the house of a man named Rapp, and tortured his wife by burning the soles of her feet with candles. In the south of Russia, there is a flourishing district which surrounds the iron-works founded many years ago by a Welshman, named Hughes. On the night of August 31st, a wedding was being celebrated there, and, just when the dancing was in full swing, three lads entered and one of them threw a bomb on the floor. The bride, her mother, brothers, uncle, two sisters, eleven guests and a baby were grievously wounded. The bomb-thrower, himself wounded, was arrested, but escaped during the night.

The Empire, until recently one and indivisible, is at present split up into three active forces: the Imperial Government, the Duma or parliamentary opposition and the Revolutionists. By the surviving fittest of these three will the destinies of the Russian people ultimately be shaped. The fourth factor, the great sluggish mass of peasants, will at most supply those three armies with the needful recruits, remaining itself inert, almost indiffer-

ent. Unhappily all four sections of the population may be truly said to be tarred with the same Asiatic brush: that is to say, mingled with their admirable qualities are grave drawbacks of a kind so baleful that the good points are thereby often wholly neutralized. The Russian "intellectual," for example, is enthusiastic for liberty and, indeed, for much lesser boons. He can suffer all kinds of hardships for it, he is even ready to die for it; but he will not wait a reasonable time for it, nor use without abusing the degree of liberty which he has temporarily secured. Moreover, the Russian revolutionist is eager to ruin the country in order to free it from the *régime* of the Tsar.

Of the three forces mentioned above, the Duma has been weighed and found wanting. It disappointed the most moderate hopes. It feebly swerved from its own standpoint, served two masters badly, and successively denied them both. For instance, the parliamentarians at first condemned Witté's electoral law, which is undoubtedly most defective and unjust, declaring in advance that the deputies elected in accordance with it would not be true representatives of the nation. But, when they themselves were returned, they forgot this decree of disqualification, and deemed themselves representative enough to dismiss the Tsar's ministers, to pardon his would-be assassins, to limit his power in every respect, to suspend or violate the constitution, to break the laws and to carry on the government of the country without his cooperation. But they never once tried to improve the odious electoral law. That would have been a suicidal act, and they clung very tenaciously to life. Dependent upon the extreme element in the country, they feared to undertake anything, however patriotic, just or humane, which seemed calculated to estrange its sympathies.

Writing of the political parties which are now being formed for the first time and of the Russian intelligent public, Prince Trubetskoy sets forth his views very sincerely:

"Our entire social atmosphere is saturated through and through with flunkeyism. The flunkey by his very nature is a chameleon: he can dye himself in any hue, become a member of any party. His fundamental property is ubiquity. During the recent war he wrote patriotic addresses together with 'genuine Russian men,' but that did not hinder him from sneering and chuckling at our reverses, nor from sending addresses of greeting to the Mikado. He played first fiddle in all the reactionary undertakings of the 'Black Hundred,' yet he was not the

last among the 'reds' and in the competition for the prize offered to the most thorough radical, he was almost the winner."

So long as society is composed of gritless beings of this kind, there is little hope that it will save the nation.

The revolutionists, on the other hand, who number only some scores of thousands in a nation of 145,000,000, owe their powerful influence to the definiteness of their aims, their selfless devotion to the cause, their heedlessness of consequences. They pursue their end perserveringly, swerving neither to the right nor to the left. To the principles which they lay down they tenaciously cling; they recognize certain duties from the fulfilment of which they never shrink; fearing nothing, they can dare all. But they are mentally abnormal. For they mean to ruin Russia by way of regenerating it. They will treat it as the daughters of Pelias dealt with their father, cutting him in pieces and boiling him in Medea's caldron, whence he was to emerge renewed in youth and vigor, but did not. The Russian revolution is synonymous with anarchy. Its methods are inhuman. Its agents are killing off the servants of the monarchy, old and young, rich and poor, Governors of States and petty policemen. They butcher these and their families with perfect serenity, sparing neither sex nor age. They also take the lives of bystanders without ruth, mutilate or maim a hundred passers-by in order to blow up one man whose only offence is that he wears the Tsar's uniform. One day on the stroke of twelve they blew out the brains of most of the policemen on duty in Warsaw. Every day scores of constables, detectives, gendarmes, officers are being stabbed, shot, blown up, drowned, hanged or burned. Terror is now seizing hold of these obscure victims. Military leaders affirm that the bravest army will be put to flight if twenty per cent. of its soldiers are disabled by an attack. The annihilation of a smaller percentage will cause a similar panic in the ranks of undisciplined civil servants. The State cannot get men to sacrifice their lives for a few dollars a week. Soon there may be no protection for the inhabitants, except that which revolutionists, disguised as policemen, are willing to give. And then?

The Premier Stolypin is one of the sincerest patriots that ever held a ministerial portfolio. His good intentions are proverbial. Moreover, he means what he says, and his language abounds in humanitarian maxims. He would not wantonly hurt a fly, much

less an anarchist in trouble. Being a fanatical Liberal, he will eschew dictatorial methods even though the Empire perish in consequence. He worships legality and means to win or lose by relying upon the respect for law which he hopes to engraft on the people. His critics maintain that he might save the lives of the police and of the officials who are being daily "potted" like snipe or grouse, if only he would use vigorous methods or adopt measures that are unpopular. But he nobly withstands the temptation, and the tale of victims waxes greater and greater every day. He has had human beasts treated like gentlemen and tried in the fairest way. His maxim is: Do nothing of which an English or American statesman would be ashamed. He appeals to his agents to observe the law strictly, and he exhorts the nation to do the same. But his words fall upon deaf ears. The friends and defenders of the Monarchy are being killed off or frightened away. The revolutionists are getting their own partisans appointed in their place. Many of the trusted agents of the Government are therefore allies of the enemy, ready to open the doors of the fortress. The end of Tsardom seems at hand.

The only crime punished under M. Stolypin's *régime* is loyalty to the Tsar, fidelity to one's civic duty. Policemen, detectives, watchmen, officers, civil servants are caught between hammer and anvil, and annihilated. The anarchists attack them with bullets, and the Government protects them with words. Their places are being filled by revolutionists, and it is really to these wolves in sheep's clothing and to their love of law and order that the Premier is now confidently appealing.

It is in this way that the Cabinet is utilizing the months that must elapse before the Duma meets. Ministers resemble well-meaning reformers who, during a truce between two belligerent nations, should by means of suasive humanitarian discourses induce one of them to rely upon peace being concluded and to forego all preparation for continuing the campaign, while the other belligerent was working day and night to renew the war. Truly, the Tsar's position is tragical. He has received no thanks from his people for enormous concessions, and no help from his Ministers for his implicit trust. But close observers affirm that, of all the advisers to whom he has hearkened since the revolution began, there has probably been none so dangerous to him, his dynasty and the cause of Russian monarchy as Piotr Arkadyevich Stolypin.

THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, *September 24.* The Necessity of Woman Suffrage.

WE are convinced that the time has arrived when the welfare of the Nation would be most effectually conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office. The claim of leaders of the cause that the franchise should be granted because of a presumed inherent right we cannot admit. Whether or not in strict conformity with purely ethical considerations, it is nevertheless a fact of surpassing moment that, since the world began, the possession of power has depended upon ability to acquire and hold it. Practically, there has been no change in this regard, certainly since the German barons took possession of the valley of the Rhine; and, theoretically, custom of long prevalence often confers authority equal to that of written law. Man himself is not permitted in this country to vote except in compliance with arbitrary regulations, which universally disfranchise him until he reaches the age of twenty-one, and frequently during his entire lifetime.

Advocates of the change only weaken their case by resting it upon the untenable proposition that the action of the founders of the Republic in restricting suffrage to their own sex was immoral. Nor do they strengthen it by insisting that the policy was unwise. The women of a century, or even half a century, ago were notoriously unfitted for the performance of political acts. They possessed neither of the requisites—education and experience.

But mighty progress began with the recognition of mental alertness as the chief ingredient of real attractiveness in women and was greatly enhanced by the sense of responsibility aroused by their acquirement of rights in property. To-day we are satisfied that the intellectual equipment of the average American woman is quite equal to that of the medial man. Morally, it is

admitted, she is his superior, and therein lies the basis of our conviction that as a matter, not of right, but of policy, she should be taken into full political partnership.

The three evils most menacing to the country to-day are (1) debasement of moral standards in politics and business, (2) absorption by a few, at unwarranted cost to the many, of the common wealth, and (3) unreasonable and violent expression of resentment by the multitude. With each of these perils the American woman is quite as competent to cope as the American man. That she would be less tolerant of moral deficiency in a candidate for public office requires no demonstration; that, as a careful householder and ambitious mother constantly practising economies for the advancement of her children, she would take an active part in restraining monopolies from adding undue profits to the cost of general living seems evident; that her keen personal interest in the preservation and protection of homes and property would inevitably constitute her a conservative balance against the increasing horde of foreign-born voters may also, we submit, be accepted as a certainty.

The time for the effective use of the once-sound objection that she would not exercise the privilege, we believe, is past. Until recently, the necessity for woman's influence in politics has not been apparent; it is now, and it will become increasingly so during the next few years. It is true, doubtless, that at the moment the average woman is not adequately equipped with information respecting public affairs; but may not this be due chiefly to the absence of occasion for its acquirement? Moreover, is it certain that she is not even now as well qualified, at least, as the average unit in the great mass of American voters? And, at the very worst, would not her mere instinct afford a guide wiser and safer than the sordid motives which now actuate so great a proportion of the electorate?

For the purposes, therefore, of purifying the ballot, of establishing and maintaining lofty standards as to the qualifications required of candidates for public office, of effecting an evener distribution of earnings, of providing a heavier balance of disinterestedness and conservatism against greed and radicalism, we reiterate the expression of our firm belief that universal suffrage has now become, not only desirable, but almost a paramount necessity.

TUESDAY, *September 25.* Of Sleeping, Dreaming and Snoring.

CONSIDERING the fact that a person living the allotted period passes fully twenty years in bed, it is questionable whether sleep engages its just proportion of the attention of mankind. Attempts to diagnose sleep, so to speak, have been singularly futile. Why one person finds it easy to drop into normal unconsciousness almost at will, while another, of apparently similar physical condition, strives in vain for repose, is a problem that still continues to baffle scientific inquiry. That sleep of itself is a boon of inestimable value we all know, and yet the precise duration producing the greatest benefit has not been even approximately determined. The Duke of Wellington's famous prescription of six hours for a man, seven for a woman and eight for a fool has just been formally repudiated by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. A series of experiments upon representatives of the three classes convinced the learned men that the allowance in each case was too small. Further than this, however, they conservatively forbore to commit themselves. They would not even go on record as to the necessity of dividing humankind into classes at all.

Experience seems to indicate that nature decrees a longer period of unconsciousness for the young than for the old, but it is by no means certain that the successful training of the will to induce longer periods of recuperative repose would not prolong life. An experiment of one of the British professors bears directly upon this notion. He had prepared several arithmetical problems, equally difficult of solution. Then he arranged to be awakened after having slept half an hour at one time, an hour at another, and so on. He found as a result that his mental condition was quite as effective in application to mathematics after sleep of half an hour, as it was after that of several hours. But similar experiment, designed to test his memory, definitely established the fact that power of recollection grew in proportion to the duration of mental rest. It may be, therefore, that the pathetic loss of memory by old people is due to too little sleep. If so, there is no doubt that a remedy could be obtained through the exercise of will power in changing the habit. The familiar theory that one hour of sleep before midnight is more beneficial than twice as much after midnight seems readily confirmed in practice, and yet, so far as we are informed, nobody has taken the trouble to carry this idea to

its logical conclusion, and regularly retire at dusk and rise before dawn.

There certainly is good reason to suspect that our entire general method of living, so far as differentiation of waking and sleeping hours is concerned, is wrong, but it does not seem as yet to have occurred to the learned men to make the simple experiments requisite to the acquirement of exact knowledge. Any one, of course, can do it to his own satisfaction, but the individual result of an unscientific test would be far from conclusive. An effort by one of our own societies to determine whether there may not be in this simple revolution of hours a universal panacea for American nerves, would seem to be in order. We should not, of course, anticipate any immediate effect, whatever the result of such experimentation, because human nature is obstinate, and long evenings by the fireside are notoriously agreeable. One effect, generally considered highly desirable, we suspect would be certain. Almost surely such sleep would be less dreamful, and, consequently, according to both the learned men and experience, more restful physically and more recuperative mentally. But here again practice would encounter the serious obstacle of disinclination. Dreaming either by day or by night is one of the greatest of luxuries. It is not, of course, a physical necessity, since we all know many persons who never dream at all, and yet continue to be exasperatingly healthful. But observation teaches us that such persons invariably are most uninteresting. They may and often do possess in a notable degree sweetness of disposition, but they are so devoid of imagination as to be out of touch with the fantasies of existence.

We should, therefore, strongly encourage the cultivation of the habit of dreaming; not, however, to the limit of demanding expression through snoring, which to us has ever seemed a reprehensible practice and a just cause for divorce. Excuse upon the ground of unpreventability is absurd. If snoring were merely an obnoxious utterance of unconscious emotions, it might be wofully endured, but in fact it is a purely physical manifestation of the effect of excessive indulgence in food and drink, or of ignorance of good form in recumbency. We may conclude generally that "early to bed, early to rise," continues to produce the beneficial effects accorded by tradition to the habit, and that less turning of night into day would add materially to the sum of human happiness.

WEDNESDAY, *September 26.* **Of Honesty in Advertising.**

THAT advertising pays is a fact now generally recognized; but it is still an open question whether truthful advertisements produce results equal to those of announcements which, if not quite deceitful, are nevertheless obvious exaggerations. The first exponent of paid-for publicity on a large scale was a famous manager of circuses to whom was accredited the cynical observation that "the American people love to be humbugged." It is a significant fact, however, that the practice of that able showman did not conform to his precept, and that the continuance of his success was really due to the excellence of his productions. Doubtless, he was as well aware of this truth as anybody else, and merely chuckled over the additional advertising obtained at no cost, through a witty observation that could not fail to appeal to the American sense of humor. Second only to the showman in using what seemed to be a daring innovation, was the publisher of a story-paper, who, also, always gave more than he promised.

Not a few ambitious emulators of these pioneers mistook the true cause of their successes and endeavored to achieve similar benefits by mere pronouncements, without regard to accuracy. But it did not take long, for merchants especially, to discover that lasting gain could not be obtained in this manner, and year by year they have become more heedful of the injunction that, irrespective of its inherent merit, honesty is the best policy. It is, therefore, a curious and interesting fact that, of those who are still convinced of the efficacy of the apparently mistaken notion that gross exaggeration is essential to attracting public attention, the most conspicuous are themselves purveyors of advertising. An example before us is the prospectus of a comparatively new periodical, which, we are informed by the enthusiastic publisher, "is not only an unprecedented success," but "has at once taken a position in the front line." Curiously enough, so simple a method as reducing its price enabled it to immediately "strike the key-note of success," which it is sure to maintain because "probably never before has there been such a list of prominent writers of world-wide reputation engaged by a single publisher." In conclusive confirmation of these broad assertions, the publisher submits the expert opinion of a distinguished statesman—whose books, incidentally, he prints—to the effect that "it is by a long shot best of all the August magazines."

Now, each of these assertions is untrue and known to be untrue, not only by the publisher responsible for them, but probably even by the kindly disposed statesman, and surely by the experienced reader. If, by chance, there should be a person sufficiently credulous to make an experimental purchase only to find that he had been deceived, what, we wonder, is the effect upon his mind anticipated by the publisher? Probably that, while recognizing the artifice, he might nevertheless be convinced that the product was really worth the smaller purchase price required and that he would continue to be a customer. The chief aim, however, we suspect to be to get his attention at all hazards, by whatever method.

This is only a minor illustration of a practice which seems reprehensible and is becoming rather more general. Publishers of books, for example, have discovered, or think they have discovered, that an effective inducement to a prospective purchaser is the knowledge that many persons have bought and presumably read with delight the offered product. Hence the frequency of announcements to the effect that so many thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of copies of a certain book, usually a novel, have been sold or at least printed. We do not doubt that some reputable houses are scrupulously exact in making such statements; but, in the majority of cases, the figures present a woful exaggeration. We have too much respect for the intelligence of the American public to believe that they are regarded seriously, and yet their presentation must have some effect or publishers would not persist in the usage.

So, too, in respect to the circulation claimed for periodicals. False claims are the rule rather than otherwise. We know a publisher who refuses to make any statement whatever, simply because he has a prejudice against misrepresentation and his chief competitor has not. He does not consider it a part of his duty to challenge the assertion of another, even though he knows it to be false. Consequently, although certain that many thousand more copies of his periodical are sold than of his competitor's, he is obliged to require the prospective customer to convince himself of the fact unaided. We doubt if he suffers material loss of desirable trade by reason of his attitude, and yet the predicament is surely awkward and ought not to be. At times we have secretly hoped that some of our professional reformers would attack the problem and effect a wholesome change, but this is

probably too much to ask, or even dream of, since their own vehicles of expression are as a rule the worst offenders. After all, experience has convinced us that the quality of a publication itself is usually a sufficient guarantee of its popularity among people whose attention is worth having, and that heedfulness of exactitude in the advertising of wares is, in the long run, both politic and profitable.

THURSDAY, *September 27.* England, the United States and Cuba.

THERE has just come to light an official letter addressed by Lord Palmerston, when Prime Minister of Great Britain, to Charles Francis Adams, our representative at the Court of St. James's during the Civil War, which possesses a peculiar interest at this time. It is dated June 30, 1862, and reads in part as follows:

"I desire now, through you, to say a word of solemn warning to your people, whose earnest well-wisher I am. For eighty-four years the United States has been in a condition of internal peace and of steadily growing prosperity. For seventy-six years this peace and prosperity have obtained under her own independent government. Her peace, prosperity and independence are now menaced, for of all possible evils that can befall the United States the worst is the evil of anarchy into which civil war and revolutionary disturbances will assuredly throw her. Whoever is responsible for armed revolution and outrage, whoever is responsible in any way for the condition of the affairs that now obtains, is an enemy of the United States, and doubly heavy is the responsibility of the man who, affecting to be the especial champion of United States independence, takes any step which will jeopardize that independence. For there is just one way in which American independence can be secured, and that is for the American people to show their ability to continue in their path of peaceful and orderly progress. This nation asks nothing of the United States save that it shall continue to develop as it has developed during the past eighty-four years, that it shall know and practise the orderly liberty which will assuredly bring an ever-increasing measure of peace and prosperity. Our intervention in United States affairs will only come if the United States herself shows that she has fallen into the insurrectionary habit, that she lacks the self-restraint necessary to peaceful self-government and that her contending factions have plunged the country into anarchy.

I solemnly adjure all American patriots to band together to sink all differences and personal ambitions, and to remember that the only way that they can preserve the independence of the republic is to prevent the necessity of outside interference by rescuing it from the anarchy of civil war. I earnestly hope that this word of adjuration of mine, given

in the name of the British people, the stanchest friends and well-wishers of the United States that there are in all the world, will be taken as it is meant, will be seriously considered and will be acted upon, and if so acted upon America's permanent independence and her permanent success as a republic are assured."

The communication, although ostensibly of a personal nature, was apparently intended for President Lincoln after the battle of Bull Run, but it never reached him. Whether it was suppressed by Mr. Adams or, as some believe, by Queen Victoria before it could be despatched to the embassy is undetermined. Indeed, it may be a spurious composition altogether, though there seem to be internal evidences of genuineness. Speculation upon what might have happened if the letter had reached President Lincoln would now, of course, be idle; but there can be no doubt that the consequences would have been far-reaching. Its singular interest at this time lies in the fact that a more precise statement of our attitude towards Cuba could not be penned. It is even more exact, though less explicit, than President Roosevelt's warning through the Cuban minister to President Palma.

FRIDAY, *September 28.* Of Editors and their Critics.

IT is not uncommon to hear unappreciated genius speak up, especially with sarcastic reference to the "intellectual pretensions" of editors of magazines whose business it is to choose from many stories submitted a few for publication. Formerly, disappointed authors were prone to accuse these unfortunate judges of forming a ring around personal favorites; but gradually this accusation has yielded to recognition of the inevitable effect of keener competition. It is found necessary now, therefore, to convict the entire body of incompetency, and mere numerical enlargement has made this almost as difficult as to indict a whole people. Still, it may be done, if an anonymous correspondent of a conspicuous newspaper be believed and his deduction be accepted.

It seems that a casual discussion with a "non-literary friend" led to the making of a test—"one perhaps of questionable propriety, but nevertheless a test, and a relentless one," namely: "One of Kipling's most popular short stories was selected. The environment of the tale was English, but as the story depended little on local color the scene was easily transferred to America.

An entire change of names of characters was accomplished after considerable mental effort. Aside from this, I give my word of honor not a paragraph, a line, a word or a punctuation was changed." The manuscript so prepared was typewritten and sent to sixteen periodicals, comprising, of the first class, "Harper's," "The Century," and "Scribner's." Each of the sixteen editors declined the story, with the stereotyped form of thanks. "Finally, to make the position of the undiscerning publishers superlatively ridiculous, the manuscript was forwarded to Kipling's original publishers of the story. After an interval of about seven weeks we received a letter containing a check and acceptance. The check was returned by us, with the explanation that the story was to be amplified into a novel, and in due time we received our manuscript back. This experience is as true as the result was preposterous, and is a commentary and a reflection on somebody's intellectual pretensions—upon whose we will leave it for the public to decide."

To the writer, and doubtless to his non-literary friend, the result of this stupid fraud seems conclusive. Really, it is scarcely even indicative. We have no means of ascertaining the precise reasons why each of the sixteen editors returned the manuscript, but we do happen to know the cause of two rejections. It was sufficient for one editor, for example, to recall that he had declined the story when submitted originally by Mr. Kipling's representative. To another it was a matter of weary routine. Each month brings to his desk so many meritorious stories and articles which, on the presumption that they have been forgotten, some witless investigator, prying into the ways of the literary world, has doctored in a similar manner, that long ago he ceased to rebuke or invite any controversy whatsoever with the dishonest sender.

If the equally censurable maker of this "test" gave his true name, he may rest assured that it has found its proper place upon more than one well-laden blacklist. He, however, was probably more cautious than his prototype who called in person upon a certain editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" of the name of William Dean Howells, and, producing a poem and courteous note of declination, indignantly demanded an explanation. "Do you mean to intimate that this is not a good poem?" he challenged. "By no means," hastily remonstrated Mr. Howells; "I think it

is very good indeed." "Then why"—in a somewhat mollified tone—"do you decline it? I consider it the best I have ever written." "Ah, well," said Mr. Howells, "after all, we have very few differences of opinion. Do you know," he added in his gentlest voice, "I have long regarded it as the best that Tennyson has ever written."

But it was the purpose of our smacking inquirer "to make the position of the undiscerning publishers superlatively ridiculous," and he flatters himself that he succeeded when he won acceptance and a check from the publishers of the original story by Kipling. He may, therefore, be justified in claiming that he has brought "a reflection upon the intellectual pretensions" of one out of sixteen editors by demonstrating his ignorance or lapse of memory. Further than that he seems only to have convicted himself and his non-literary friend of moral perversion in having practised gross deception, to the possible injury of an innocent person, and of pitiful cowardice in hiding behind anonymity.

SATURDAY, *September 29.* **Should Waiters Wear Beards?**

WORD comes from Rome to the effect that the Waiters' Union of the Eternal City has decreed that hereafter each member shall wear a beard. The brief news paragraph bearing this interesting information does not contain the various "whereases" which undoubtedly preceded and stated the reasons for the resolution, but undoubtedly the action was a revolt against the indication of servitude. In taking this view the waiters had a precedent of long standing, since, according to Tacitus, even the ancient Germans regarded a clean-shaven face as a sign of menial occupation.

In the eyes of our Biblical forebears, the beard was almost sacred, and it was so universally worn that the great lawgiver, instead of proscribing the use of the razor, forbade the chosen people to "mar" so much as the "corners of their beards." Also when Hanun wished to humiliate David's messengers, he shaved one side of their faces, and when they returned to their master they were obliged to become social recluses until their hair should grow again. In more modern times customs have varied widely. The fantastic trimming into formal shapes corresponding to old-fashioned box-hedges began during Elizabeth's reign, and has continued to a greater or less degree to the present day. In England now a gentleman is supposed to wear a mustache, and

until comparatively recently the growth of one was the first ambition of the youth of this country. It is hardly ten years since the American usage changed, but the revolution was so complete, when it did arrive, that nowadays young men are almost invariably clean-shaven, and their elders are gradually yielding to the new fashion.

Why the absence of a beard was regarded by the Germans as a sign of servitude is not recorded, but in recent times the custom, as applied especially to waiters, undoubtedly had its origin in regard for neat and cleanly appearance. Mere contemplation of flowing beards in proximity to plates of soup would seem to indicate sufficient ground for the present arrangement to justify its continuance. Hairdressers have certain, though unsatisfying, excuse for utilizing their beards as convenient receptacles for their various combs, but a waiter has no such practical extenuation. In fact, the modern germ theory alone probably would suffice to deprive him of the privilege. Moreover, as we have pointed out, in this country the clean-shaven face is no longer a sign of servitude, but rather an evidence of freedom from blemish. There is also a growing indisposition on the part of those who do actually serve to resent the recognized signs of their occupation.

We question whether ever again the beard or mustache will become popular. After all, women make fashions for men as well as for themselves, and the ticklishness inseparable from a growth of wiry hair in the vicinity of the lips, we are informed, has become in their view obnoxious. If it be true, then, as we suspect it is, that the chief purpose of American men is to gratify those whom they are pleased to idealize, no general response to the movement inaugurated in the Eternal City need be anticipated here.

MONDAY, *October 1.* The Hearst Force in the Scales.

"ON one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith; on the other is a demagogue, ranting about the tyranny of the capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folk are in want of necessaries." These are not our words depicting the present political situation in the State of New York; they appear in a letter addressed to an American in 1857 by Thomas Babington Macaulay, and were meant to be prophetic of a condi-

tion sure, in the judgment of the famous essayist, to arise in this country. Foreseeing periods of industrial depression and general adversity, he searchingly inquired:

"Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you good deliverance; but my reason and my wishes are at war, and I cannot help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For, with you, the majority is the government, and has the rich, who are always in the minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen? . . . . Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workman who hears his children cry for bread?

"I seriously apprehend you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things that will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should, in a season of scarcity, devour all the seed-corn, and thus make the next year not one of scarcity, but of absolute famine.

"There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on its downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth."

Undoubtedly, our present plight is that set down with notable precision by the historian in the opening sentence. We have on the one side the "statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith," and on the other the ranting demagogue appealing to envy. There is no question of principle such as is usually involved in political controversies, no issue in respect to public policy or methods of governance, no call for wise determination of disputed theories—only the ferocious onslaught of a mob foreseen by Macaulay as constituting the final issue of popular government. The ordeal is not pleasant, but it was inevitable and may be undergone with at least the comforting reflection that a time more favorable in the eyes of believers in democracy could not have been chosen.

It is, indeed, a fortuitous circumstance that one cause of the

uprising is unexampled prosperity rather than the adversity anticipated by the historian. The people are not in the position of their prototypes, notably in France, who had nothing to lose and therefore everything to gain. General contentment, in fact, would prevail but for the fomentation of a covetous spirit by an evil force, whose progress has been accelerated by the stupidity characteristic of greed and manifest in ostentation. Deprived of the solid foundation of an almost universal revolt against the exercise of monopoly privilege for private profit, the present appeal to passion would have fallen upon deaf ears. Bribery, coercion, effrontery, intrigue, deceit, braggadocio and brutality are effective weapons, but not sufficient in themselves to plunge a great city into political chaos and effect the assassination of a time-honored National organization. Not the depraved alone have abetted the malign influence; only last year thousands of good citizens lent furtive aid at the polls in order to emphasize their demand for reform of present practices.

It is our belief that this determining element will go no further along the hateful road. The nauseating effect of mere contemplation of association with the creatures branded by each other as "thugs," "criminals," "blackmailers," "brothel-keepers" and "thieves," who kissed the rod at Buffalo, should prove an adequate deterrent. Even so, if the Republican party had failed to place in nomination a genuine reformer, of personal independence, recognized probity, proven capacity and utter fearlessness, the doubt and the menace would have remained. Fortunately, leadership prevailed over bossism. Honest men need no longer feel the necessity of using an evil force as a club, and the issue is clearly drawn between honor and ignominy, between credit and disgrace.

TUESDAY, *October 2.* Reform of a Great Commonwealth.

IT is refreshing, indeed, to turn from enforced consideration of the wretched political conditions of New York to appreciation of the vivid account of the redemption of Pennsylvania related in this REVIEW by Mr. Wayne Mac Veagh. The Quaker State and, more poignantly, the Quaker City, have been so long associated in our minds with all that is sordid and corrupt that expectation or even hope of the dawn of a better day seemed chimerical. But now we are gladdened by the testimony of this veteran observer that deliverance has been achieved. It was a feat made possible

only by the passing away of the master minds of political depravity that dominated the great commonwealth for so many years. Even more gratifying than the realization itself is the method of accomplishment. There was no resort to demagogic appeals, no pandering to vicious passions, no general excoriation of all persons in authority. The citizens of Pennsylvania were aroused by disinterested, patriotic men and a fearless, yet self-respecting, press to an unhappy sense of their deplorable political state, and forthwith they set to work, soberly and discriminatingly, but sternly and unremittingly, to effectuate a remedy. We were aware that they were making progress; but we had no comprehension of the completeness of their success until Mr. Mac Veagh set down the notable results. It is fitting that he, the first citizen of the State and the most courageous and efficient of public servants, whether in official position or in private life, should have been the one to make the record. There is a touch of pathos in his closing reference to the fact that "these great reforms have come too late to be of service to many of the veteran fighters in the cause of honest politics"; but to him, the leader of the righteous movement, we know that the consummation is in very truth full recompense. Well may his neighbors and helpers join with this honored man, in the ripeness of his years, in "reverently thanking God," not only for what has been accomplished, but also for the truly American way in which the good work was done.

WEDNESDAY, *October 3.* Conventional or Unconventional Morality.

WE have received the following interesting letter:

"TO THE EDITOR OF 'THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW':

"*Sir*,—I have just read your comment upon my review of 'Helena Richie.'

"There is a point that I am obliged to reply to, and beg you to give me space to do so. You say: 'That restive spirits should chafe at the conventional morality we can understand because there are and in the nature of things can be no other morals. To advocate unconventionality in morals is to uphold immorality itself.' I know that in making that statement you are radically mistaken. My Lord and Master, and yours, was Himself crucified because of unconventional morality. During His mission, He constantly said to the people, 'It has been said unto you,' or 'you have heard,' or 'you have been taught,' which is equivalent to 'conventional morality says,'—but 'I say unto you,' and then He gave a different and a higher command. Again He said,

Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and the Pharisees [the conventional folk of that day], ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' His ideal of morality was so far above conventional morality that even now, after two thousand years (and some strides have been made in that time), it is still looked upon as theoretically beautiful but practically impossible. I can myself conceive of nothing more unconventional than a consistent Christian. How many of us, for example, live up to the injunction given to the young man in the episode you quote in your Diary for September 21st, that we sell all that we have and give to the poor, and yet that was definitely the Christian injunction if we wished to be perfect. How many of us avoid riches that we may be more nearly within reach of the Kingdom of Heaven? It would be most unconventional to do so. We are not, even, like the young man in the Gospel, for his 'heart was heavy,' while most of us conventionally rejoice in such riches as we can scrape together. Whereas Christ told us (and I speak of Him as the Head and Fountain of morality) that His call was to such as felt the burden of sin; that His disciples should be known as bearing a cross and as despised and rejected of men. But surely it is unconventional to be despised and rejected! Christ Himself ate with publicans and sinners, healed on the Sabbath day, defended His disciples for not fasting, sanctified sorrow and repentance and forgiveness (none of these are conventional virtues!), although, for that matter, long before Christ's coming, it was authoritatively said: 'Because thou hast rent thy clothes and wept before Me, I also have heard thee, saith the Lord.'

"It was on account of unconventional morality that Socrates was invited to drink hemlock. 'I do nothing,' he said, 'but go about exhorting you to virtue,' but the habit was so unconventional as to be highly annoying to the good Athenians, who did not care any more than people do to-day for too many searching questions into the nature of true goodness.

"St. Francis of Assisi was converted in so unconventional a way as to bring down upon his head the curses of his father, the reproaches of his mother and a stoning by his townspeople, but he continued throughout his whole career an unremitting battle against the conventional morality of his day. It was for unconventional ideals or truths that Bruno, Galileo, Savonarola all suffered, but once one begins to name the great unconventional folk we are encompassed by a cloud of witnesses, and I think you must see that as there is a step below conventionality, which is lawlessness, so also there are many steps above it, and that to advocate unconventionality is *not* to uphold immorality. Discontent may mean a desire for higher things as well as a desire for lower.

"As to 'Helena Richie,' it is difficult to know the exact meed of praise to give a new book by a popular author. I see one critical journal proclaims this novel 'a perfect book.' I should be conscientiously unable to say that of any book that I recall on the spur of the instant, except the Gospel of St. John, but I think, when I say a book is readable and

pleasant, I mean as much as the writer who said it was 'a perfect book.' If, however, twenty-five years from now Mrs. Deland's 'Helena Richie' ranks, as you suggest, with Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' I shall be proven a very undiscerning critic.

"I did not say that the leading back of a bruised and sullied soul by the hand of a little child 'was not deep enough to make a serious impression.' I said (N. A. R., p. 550) that it was not deeply enough *felt* to make a serious impression — my whole plea being that while there is sin and suffering and anguish in the world we must beware lest we take them too lightly. I found myself somewhat shocked and at bay, that I had been able to read the book, dealing, as it does, with so serious a phase of evil, once to myself and once aloud, with perfect cheerfulness and even some merriment. I was struck by the fact that one could not have read 'Anna Karénina' and come out thus unscathed. Aristotle has told us that the function of tragedy is to purge the emotions by depicting scenes of terror and pity,—the book seemed to me too lightly done to effect this. But I am little concerned to prove my estimate of any given book just. The difference of opinion is very likely a difference in the habitual use of words. I am, however, very much concerned to refute your statement that an appeal against conventionality is an appeal for immorality.

I am, sir, etc.,

LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

"*September the 23rd, 1906.*"

STATE CAPITOL, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

WHILE Little Rock is a capital city, the seat of government of the State of Arkansas, is essentially different from the average capital city of the United States, in that legis- tive matters and affairs of state are by no means the acme of the city's life or the chief ɔurce of public interest. Little Rock is pre-eminently a city of trade and commerce, ıe busy houses of commerce and the large and numerous plants of industrial activity aking the city not only unusually attractive to men of affairs, but giving a snap to ıe general life that spells prosperity in a most emphatic manner. It is a typical Ameri- ın city, and, while largely peopled with Southern people, it bears more the stamp of a 'estern municipality than a city of the South. In stating that the city is given over to ısiness, it should not be understood that the attractions of modern home life are ne- ected, as it is a matter of history that more of the citizens own homes than in any other ty of equal population in the country; there are excellent free schools, numerous col- ges, many churches, clubs, etc., and an example of the thoughtfulness is shown by the ew Young Men's Christian Association building recently finished at a cost of $100,000, high-school edifice costing the same, the new hotel costing $350,000, and the union depot course of erection and to cost $500,000. All these, in addition to the State Capitol, to ɔst when finished more than $1,000,000. The commerce of the city, supported by ımerous lines of railway and a navigable river, is increasing with astonishing rapidity s the state develops. The aggregate commerce last year amounted to about $85,000,0[illegible]0, ıd in addition to the regular commercial houses was supplemented by the output of ılf a dozen cotton-seed oil-mills, numerous furniture factories and other industrial ants. The city being located in the geographical center of the state, it draws its growth

in population from all sections, and the entire state contributes to its commerce. Ther is ample banking capital, the number of financial institutions having increased durin the past three years from six to sixteen, and the custom of borrowing in the East t handle the cotton crop has been abandoned. The entire state is now dotted wit banks where a few years ago the finances were looked after by prominent merchant in the respective towns. The heart of Little Rock's commerce is the Board of Trade. sturdy, vigorous and progressive commercial organization. It is one of the few in stitutions of the kind owning its home, and its membership in the hundreds, is compose of the leaders in all the walks of life in Little Rock. A word regarding its methods af fords a good idea as to Little Rock's business. It has a corps of working committees in cluding wholesale merchants, entertainment grain cotton, etc. The wholesale merchant committee has its secretary, and its affairs are so systematized that every business-man i invited officially twice each year to visit the local market and the Board of Trade pay the transportation expenses of all whose bills amount to not less than $500 during eac and every visit. The entertainment committee looks after the matter of convention and once each year gives an excursion of Little Rock merchants to a different section the trade territory where old customers are met and new ones made. The grain com mittee has one chief inspector and two assistants and has adopted rules and regulatio in line with those of the boards of trade in other cities. The cotton committee is in se sion daily, and has control of the cotton market a sub-committee on quotations bein appointed monthly. Its daily report is made a part of the Daily Bulletin of the cotto exchanges in both New York and New Orleans. There is also an official broker, wit an office in the auditorium of the Board, with private wires and who posts the quotatio continuously during the hours of business. This year it is expected that the state w produce about 1,000,000 bales of cotton, fully one half of which will be handled in th city. There are buyers here not only from the European countries, but the Orient well, and our oil-mills are heavy exporters of cotton-seed oil. Estimating this yea crop at one million bales, and ten cents as the price, this crop alone is worth $50,000.00 and to this should be added $6,500,000 for seed sold to the mills, making a total of $5 500,000. So much for cotton as treated in its relation to the commerce of this city. this should be added the fruit business, the lumber business, coal, bauxite, zinc, soa stone and fullers' earth, all being contributors to the city's growth and commercial i portance. While figures are recognized generally as dry reading to the layman, th are decidedly interesting to the man of business, and hence we present the following illu tration of certain lines of business for the year ending the 1st of August, 1906:

FREIGHT

Received	42,681 cars
Shipped	28,204 "
Total	70,885 "

COTTON

Received	183,239 bales
Shipped	176,637 "
Total	359,876 "

CORN

Received	4,332,400 bushels
Shipped	2,007,400 "
Total	6,339,800 "

OATS

Received	1,382,000 bushels
Shipped	1,070,000 "
Total	2,452,000 "

WHEAT

Received	95,000 bushels
Shipped	85,000 "
Total	180,000 "

The following comparative figures showing the increase in the business of the clear-house will demonstrate more forcibly than words the rapid development of the 's commerce:

1904	$46,381,624.87
1905	55,608,103.56
Increase	$9,226,478.69

The varied altitude of this state brings to the doors of Little Rock the products of degrees of latitude, and every textile fiber used in the arts is grown in Arkansas. ıber is one of our greatest sources of wealth, and we have 129 species of native wood, ıy of which rank very high. The ash is an example, which is in demand all over the ld, so great being its value that it is used in the manufacture of boat-oars for the ies of the world. The State Capitol is being built of Arkansas marble, the court-se of Arkansas granite, and our streets are paved with Arkansas asphalt. A few es west of Little Rock are vast coal-fields, while near the city are beds of bauxite, pstone and kaolin, as well as mountains of granite and undeveloped quarries of slate. Little Rock in area covers about 12 square miles, not including the north side of the r, a separate city—Argenta by name—nor Fort Logan H. Roots, a government army-t on the mountain overlooking both cities and commanding a vast scope of country. tle Rock, while in the center of the state, is also on the dividing-line between the ıntainous country to the west and the alluvial lands extending east to the great sissippi River. There are 300 miles of opened streets, 200 of which are improved; lth is the best in any of the cities at which government troops are stationed, the ration above tidewater in the city being 440 feet, while outside the city limits there points from 50 to 60 feet higher. The city owns its lighting plant, has a paid fire artment, two telephone companies, a large water company, a heating company and one he best street-railway systems in the United States. There are 1922 business con-ns in Little Rock (including Argenta), and the number of travelling salesmen is 227. sely operating and co-operating with the Board of Trade is the Merchants' Freight eau, under the management of an expert railroad freight official, who handles the ght problems of the business community. The Board of Trade will not only cheer-y answer all requests for literature relating to the city, but when postage is enclosed l send free samples of the celebrated Arkansas Valley cotton, which has taken world miums wherever exhibited. Address The Board of Trade, Little Rock, Ark.

REAL ESTATE.

As the farm is tilled so is the promise of the city fulfilled. The country begets the n and imparts impetus to the city. The importance of the business center depends irely upon the animal, vegetable and mineral resources of its surrounding territory. vironment is the greatest factor in the equation of municipal as well as of individual cess, and by that token alone is the future of Little Rock, the capital city of the te of Arkansas, insured. Under the same corollary may Little Rock be said to be uliarly the "City of Now." In its early beginnings rural Arkansas developed very

slowly. For years King Cotton held full sway, and even his domain covered less t twenty per cent. of the total acreage. The remainder, heavily timbered, widely ur laid with valuable minerals or surfaced with a soil of unquestionable virtue, await more evenly balanced ratio of population to acreage. The major portion of the s was a mammoth interrogation-point. Only three years ago it was not known that broad prairies to the east of the city would grow rice greater in quantity per acre finer in quality than the product of any other rice-producing section of America. A years prior to that time the fruit-hills to the north, south and west, and the ger farming soils of their paralleling valleys, were practically unknown quantities; their vast of coal, iron, graphite, manganese, fullers' earth, marbles, chalks, kaolin, gypsum, grai and aluminum were unexploited; their wealth of timber, pine and hardwood unexplo

As a result the business dawn of Little Rock came on very gradually. The ca of a great state as a city of opportunity was like the top of a stile. There was not n width in which to operate. The success-seeker might go one way and be inside fence; he might go the other, and reach the outside, but no matter which directio took his course led him down the steps instead of up. Then, in 1900, came the first of activity gleaming along the newly laid rails of the Rock Island, which opened way from the East to the West. The coal was released, the timber was released, thousands of farms were redeemed from the forest. Commercial day was at hand, business and real-estate markets took on an activity that gave ordinary activity semblance of retrogression. To the city business or residence lot a value was imm ately attached that corresponded a little more nearly to its real worth. Gradually business section encroached upon the residence section, and, as the population incre from thirty-eight thousand to the present total of more than sixty thousand, cran conditions became more and more evident. There had been suburbs previously, the accent was on the "sub." Now the demand for suburban property became r and more insistent. First the east side filled up; then additions were plotted on south stretching away over the beautiful and healthful plateaus of what is to-day southwestern corner of the city, and on the west covering the heights along the riv

Factories, too, were attracted by the wealth of raw material so easily obtain But the factory era, next to that of municipal improvement, is the latest. There is room for many factories of widely varied description—handle, wagon and other w working plants, cotton mills, saw mills, grist mills, rice mills, mills that grind and that spin, for the resources of the state still latent greatly exceed those which have developed, and the manufacturer or the mine and quarry operator will search in vai a better all-around location.

And the last proud note in the harmony of prosperity and progress is that of pride. New and modern business buildings are replacing the old. Down-town prop while still priced far below actual values, all things considered, has quadrupled i last few years, and per-front-foot values are poor foundations for cheap buildings new ten-story office building is under way. A new theater was completed last sp and a magnificent new hotel is soon to throw open its doors. In less than a yea extravagantly planned state-house will have been completed, and a little later a n city-hall. In every section of the city the builders are at work. Miles of new s pavements and sewers have been projected. No spoke in the wheel of progress has neglected.

As a result, Little Rock may be said to be one of the newest old cities in the cou Her renovation has been thorough, and her growth has been marked by wonde rapid strides. There has been "something doing," and something for all to do day since the date when increased transportation facilities made expansion possible it is for that reason that the substance of the home letters of her new people has universally, "I came, I saw, I prospered."

The Standard Journals of America

Advertisements in this department of "The North American Review" are accepted from only such newspapers as the editor considers to be eminently worthy as public journals and notably desirable as advertising mediums.

The World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

"Circulation Books Open to All."

THE WORLD
Is the First New York Newspaper

8 MONTHS OF WORLD ADVERTISING SUPREMACY 8

894,922

Separate Advertisements Were Printed in THE WORLD During First 8 Months of This Year.

137,473

MORE than in the HERALD or in ANY OTHER Newspaper on Earth.

*THE WORLD'S GAIN during the first eight months of this year over corresponding period in 1905—**202,201**—is more than THREE TIMES THE GAIN OF ALL THE OTHER New York Morning and Sunday Newspapers COMBINED.*

All of THE WORLD'S Rates are upon its Rate Cards, and its Circulation Books are open to all.

THE WORLD, PULITZER BLDG., NEW YORK

Age and Character

¶ That age is a factor in the development of character is not only true in connection with human life, but it also applies to publications and especially to newspapers—with them it is

"A Survival of the Fittest"

¶ Over a hundred years of life have developed in The Evening Post a character for accuracy, truthfulness and probity that places it foremost in the ranks of high class journalism.

¶ Papers as well as people show something of their character in their dress. The fair pages and dignified make-up of The Evening Post are the outward and visible sign of its literary and scholarly spirit.

¶ There is no paper in the country with so characteristic a home clientele, and properly so, as the unusual care exercised in the editing of its news and advertising is a guarantee of its fitness for the home. Its character and influence are reflected in the grumblings of the habitual reader who, finding the newsdealer sold out, cannot be appeased by the affable proffer of other evening papers. The motto of The Evening Post is the key to its character.

Independence——Courage——Incorruptibility

Surely such a paper appeals to you!

¶ An inquiry will bring a sample copy for one week with information regarding terms of subscription.

The Evening Post

(Established 1801)

206-210 Broadway, New York

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGL

PUT IT AT THE TOP
of your Fall list of mediums

BROOKLYN is the greatest city of homes in America—a large majority of its homes are prosperous and well-to-do.

To get into these home circles is the ambition of the largest general advertisers.

To do this by the New York morning papers requires the use of at least four papers at their combined rate of cost.

The wise ones have long known that the

BROOKLYN EAGLE

covers the entire Brooklyn and Long Island field with its one and one-half millions of people.

It is the *one* paper in Brooklyn that is read by every member of the family.

Its value as an advertising medium will be apparent to the wise.

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Standard Journals of America

Advertisements in this department of "The North American Review" are accepted from only such newspapers as the editor considers to be eminently worthy as public journals and notably desirable as advertising mediums.

The Nation

FOUNDED IN 1865

A Weekly Journal Devoted to Literature, Drama, Music, Art, Science, Finance, and Politics

The *Nation* aims to present from week to week a report of the intellectual progress of the world, notices of the most important books, plays, musical events, and the principal exhibitions of art, here and abroad, the development of science, and the significant movements in foreign and domestic politics.

Its book reviews, its art criticism, and all its other articles are written by the most competent specialists in America and Europe.

The *Nation* stands alone in its field. It has a larger circulation than any other politico-literary journal published in this country, going to all the principal libraries and reading-rooms, and into thousands of families.

The circulation is chiefly among thinking and substantial people—lawyers, physicians, teachers, clergymen, and other professional men; in short, it goes to the homes of cultivated people.

Sample copies for three weeks sent free upon request.

The cost of a subscription for one year is $3.00; for any less period a proportionate rate is charged.

The Nation

206-210 Broadway, New York

THE BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE

A Home Paper

delivered direct to the best homes in every prosperous section six evenings of the week and every Sunday morning. A paper that is read not only by the father and the mother, but by the boys and the girls—and after the family is through with it, the household servants read it.

No waste circulation about it. Every copy counts.

Mr. Advertiser:—

Is not such a newspaper the one you need? Do you not think there are results in it for you? Many of the largest advertisers in the world have used it for years.

It is the only paper entirely covering Brooklyn—"The Great City of Homes."

THE BROOKLYN EAGLE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"The Best in Its Field and Its Field Is the Best."

The Evening Mail

NEW YORK'S POPULAR
EVENING NEWSPAPER

It Seeks Favor Through Merit and Not Through Hysteria

The Evening Mail's great success is due to the fact that it prints the news without prejudice or exaggeration. It is alert, aggressive and reliable.

Its reviews of new books and of new plays attract wide attention, and its other features, particularly its Saturday Illustrated Magazine (sixteen pages of half tones) have established it as the leading evening paper of New York.

The Evening Mail

ONE CENT

The Evening Sun.

Ever a good laugh,
A clever story,
A bit of genuine human nature,
Along with ALL the news,
well told by SUN men, in
THE SUN'S own, inimitable way.

IN THE

"Best of Evening Newspapers"

THE EVENING SUN

Published at 170 Nassau Street, New York City.

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL, POSTPAID.

THE EVENING SUN, per month, - - - $0.20 | THE EVENING SUN, per year, - - - - $2.00

Postage to Foreign Countries added.

THE BOSTON HERAL

IT is, of course, impossible within the limits of this page, to descri adequately the evolution of the Sunday newspaper. Originati in the Civil War to promulgate intelligence of the progress of th great conflict, it dragged along after its close, with hardly an excuse f living. It was not until the magazine features were added that it beg to rise in importance. Then the imagination was given play, and t eye of the journalist, like the eye of the poet, ranged from heaven earth and from earth to heaven in quest of what would prove to be i structive and entertaining. Almost immediately it caught the popul fancy. Some newspaper men sneered at it. Thousands of pulpi declaimed against it. But it stood, for it was founded upon a roc Sunday in America, before its advent, was quite as dreary as Sunday nc is in London without its seventh-day edition of the great dailies. I expressibly dull was it to children, and, if the truth were told, duller w it to the merchant, impatient to return to the excitement of the busine world. The Sunday newspaper dispelled the depressing gloom of th period. *Ennui* flew away. The average man and woman, not bei readers of books, found in its voluminous pages, in addition to the ne of the hour, amusement and instruction. Little by little its sco broadened, and to-day it is all-embracing. Think for a moment wh the true newspaper is, animated by high ideals. Like the pulpit, it dc God's work by carrying the words of the preacher into millions of hom Without its powerful aid in disseminating their views, senators wou be comparatively dumb and presidents largely shorn of power to rea and influence the people. When George Warrington, with fine e thusiasm, depicted "the great engine that never sleeps" to Arthur Pe dennis, he drew a faithful picture of the Thunderer, but then journalis was but as a child compared with the great newspapers of these tim If the *London Times* had "couriers on every road," the great newspap are now in electric touch with all the world, and the flying pencils reporters inscribe the events of yesterday on the pages of to-day.

If you will take down the newspaper files of twenty-five or thi years ago, you will find that, in the creation of the Sunday newspap the *Boston Herald* largely blazed the way.

The Providence Daily Journal.

[ESTABLISHED AS A DAILY 1829]

The new Journal Building is completed, and the oldest Rhode Island newspaper is published in one of the finest plants in the United States. While proud of its reputation as "the Rhode Island Bible," the Journal endeavors to be one of the best, as well as one of the oldest, American daily papers.

The Providence Daily Journal.

PUBLIC LEDGER

INVESTOR OR BUYER

For seventy years the PUBLIC LEDGER of Philadelphia has been the chief medium for financial advertising in Pennsylvania. Its constituency represents a larger investing class than that of any other newspaper in the United States. At no time in its history was its circulation so large as at present; it is increasing in a substantial ratio, **over 10,000 net increase** in circulation in the past twelve months.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1836

No get-rich-quick, bucketshop or catch-penny financial advertising accepted. Whenever the PUBLIC LEDGER accepts an advertisement for its financial pages it is the highest testimony to its worthiness.

The Pittsburg Dispatch

THE ONE BEST

In every great and influential community there is one newspaper known and recognized as the *best.*

IN PITTSBURG

where the material products of man and nature have combined in establishing "The Workshop of the World,"

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH

has for generations been the BEST newspaper and the BEST advertising medium.

New York Office:
WALLACE G. BROOKE,
41 Park Row.

Chicago Office:
HORACE M. FORD,
Marquette Bldg.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

EVERY EDITION A HOME EDITION

ADVERTISERS who buy space in THE CHICAGO EVENING POST reach the homes of discriminating and intelligent men and women. Every edition of THE EVENING POST is a "home" edition.

A sane, clean, optimistic newspaper, printing all the news that is fit to print. THE EVENING POST offers special attractions in:

The most varied, original and independent Editorial page in Chicago—contributed by writers of charm and distinction.

News of Books and Bookmen written by a corps of men and women who know and love books.

Foreign Cables and Correspondence by Justin Wallace, Malcolm Lincoln, Karleton Hackett and others.

Exclusive and authoritative news of the theaters—with the best theatrical pictures printed in Chicago.

A brilliant page of sporting news—baseball, golf, automobiles and amateur sports.

THE EVENING POST prints more financial and publishers' advertising than any other Chicago afternoon newspaper, and more automobile advertising than any other Chicago newspaper —morning or evening.

THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

160–162 Washington Street, Chicago

New York Office: Tribune Building

The Courier-Journal.

PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY

A Consolidation of

THE LOUISVILLE DAILY JOURNAL.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 24, 1830.

LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

Louisville, Ky., 1843.

MORNING COURIER.

Louisville, Ky., June 3, 1844.

First issued as the
Courier-Journal November 8, 1868.

AN INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO HOME RULE, HONEST MONEY AND REVENUE REFORM.

For thirty-eight years under the editorship of Henry Watterson.

Send for Subscription and Advertising Rates.

The News and Courier

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IS one of the oldest daily newspapers in the United States. It was established in 1803, and has stood for more than a hundred years for what is best in the life of the community and State which it represents.

On the celebration of its Centennial, three years ago, the Hon. Joseph Daniel Pope, LL.D., Professor of Law in the South Carolina College, said: "I have great respect for THE NEWS AND COURIER, and always underwrite its political faith and opinions. There is nothing small or mean about them."

The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor of *The New York Tribune*, wrote of the share of THE NEWS AND COURIER in the history of the century: "It has already been written imperishably into the records and it is a continuing proof of the absurdity of the notions now so often held among the believers in the sensational journalism of the present day that the editorial page has lost its influence."

THE NEWS AND COURIER represents the best sentiment and the best people of South Carolina. It reaches every part of the State. It stands for honesty in the administration of public affairs, for sound money, for high morality, for the Law against the Mob, for decency in public as in private life. It believes in government by the people for the people; in the administration of the affairs of the States by the people of the States; in loyalty to the Government at Washington economically administered.

Advertisers will find THE NEWS AND COURIER a most effective means of reaching the people of South Carolina. They know what it is, what it represents, what its services have been worth to them in the development of their natural resources and in the preservation of the highest ideals in public conduct and in private thinking.

Advertisers who wish to reach the most solid people in South Carolina should use its columns.

Readers who would like to be informed of the best thought of the people of South Carolina and the South on all political, social, and industrial questions ought to read it every day.

For rates of advertising and subscription, address

The News and Courier
CHARLESTON, S. C.

The Hartford Courant

HARTFORD, CONN.

ESTABLISHED 1764—FIRST IN THE FIELD—STILL IN THE LEAD

TO THE GENERAL ADVERTISER:—

There is not the slightest doubt concerning the result of your advertising in Hartford territory, provided your article has a genuine interest for average citizens, and you use the columns of THE COURANT.

The extensive advertising patronage of THE COURANT has been built up on the merit of the paper as a medium for legitimate publicity and the elimination of everything of a doubtful or questionable nature.

THE COURANT is one of the payers, and was never so strong as to-day.

THE HARTFORD COURANT COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION IN AMERICA

The Times-Dispatch

A Graceful Acknowledgment of The Times-Dispatch's Supremacy

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE,
Advertising Department.

The World's Greatest Newspaper.

The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va. September 14, 1906.

Gentlemen:

I cannot tell you how much we regret the mistake that we made in our paper. We got the figures on educational advertising from all the metropolitan journals in the United States. It never occurred to us to inquire for figures from Richmond, Va. The next time we have any occasion to mention a record on educational advertising we will certainly make note of the fact that your newspaper CARRIES MORE EDUCATIONAL ADVERTISING THAN ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

I would be very much interested in seeing a copy of this educational edition referred to in your advertisement. Can't you send it to me under a marked cover?

Yours truly, HARRISON M. PARKER,
Adv. Manager, Tribune Company.

For rates, address

Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.

The Cleveland Leader

"The Cleveland Leader has a larger quantity of good quality circulation than any newspaper in Ohio."

THE POST EXPRESS has a definite and unswerving policy.

It is sound, conservative and able.

An independent and influential Republican Newspaper.

The Post Express.

"THE MODEL EVENING NEWSPAPER"

ESTABLISHED IN 1859

Because of its circulation and influence THE POST EXPRESS is an excellent medium for advertisers.

No objectionable advertising taken.

Address for rates,

The Post Express Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Evening Wisconsin.

RANKS FIRST

Advertising Space in Four Leading Newspapers in Milwaukee for Six Months, Ending June 23

	COLUMNS		COLUMNS
EVENING WISCONSIN, . .	6,225	THIRD IN RANK, ...	4,294
SECOND IN RANK, . . .	6,095	FOURTH IN RANK, . . .	3,798

"This is what gives such significance to the magnificent leadership of (The Evening Wisconsin) as an advertising medium, for it emphasizes the deliberate choice of the business men of (Milwaukee)."

THE MILWAUKEE EVENING WISCONSIN is the only gold mark daily in Wisconsin. Less than 1,000 of its readers take any other Milwaukee afternoon newspaper.

CHAS. H. EDDY, *Foreign Advertising Representative*
10 Spruce Street, New York — 403 Marquette Building, Chicago

BUFFALO MORNING EXPRESS

DAILY AND SUNDAY

Strong in character, powerful in influence, and holding the respect and entire confidence of its readers, the *Buffalo Express* is recognized as the leading newspaper of Buffalo and the Great Niagara Frontier.

Its general news and advertising service is unsurpassed by any other newspaper in its field, and its great circulation in the homes makes it a valuable medium for general as well as local advertisers.

The *Express* is the first newspaper to be consulted when readers want to be SURE.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTIO

The Standard Representative Journal of the South

FOR SALE AT ALL IMPORTANT NEWS-STANDS IN THE UNITED STATES

Advertising Rates on Application

THE CONSTITUTION, - ATLANTA, GA.

The Writings of John Lothrop Motley

For the first time the works of this distinguished historian are presented in adequate form. The edition is in 17 volumes, each representative of the most artistic and advanced methods of modern book-making.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic,	5 vols.
The United Netherlands - -	6 "
John of Barneveldt - - - -	3 "
Letters and Correspondence -	3 "

With 120 illustrations, including 14 photogravure frontispieces from paintings by HOWARD PYLE, DE THULSTRUP, FREDERICKS, and others; and many maps, charts, and reproductions of rare prints.

PRICES

Cloth - - - - $34.00 | Half-Leather, $68.00
Three-quarter Levant - - - - - - $85.00

Sample pages and full particulars how to buy these sets, either for cash or on small monthly payments, sent on request.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

New Conception in Science

By CARL SNYDER

THIS is not a dry and arid treati unintelligible to the gene reader, but a clear, comp hensive exposition of the results latter-day scientific research and d covery. The underlying romance science and scientific method has nev been more convincingly set forth th by Mr. Snyder. The book will nothing short of a revelation to t average layman, while of abiding val to the scientific student.

Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00 net

(postage extra)

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHE FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

The Sun.

For more than twoscore years the ideal towards which the best newspaper men have striven.

What other newspaper has unmasked so many Pharisees and Hypocrites, or smashed so many false gods?

Unmoved by popular clamor or fleeting will-o'-the-wisps, it stands, as it has stood, the immovable representative of the best intelligence of the country.

Would you see the False Prophet exposed, his bogus inspiration proved common sawdust?

Then Read

THE SUN

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY MAIL, POSTPAID

DAILY, Per Month	$0.50	SUNDAY, Per Year	$2.00
DAILY, Per Year	6.00	DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	$0.70		

POSTAGE TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES ADDED

PUBLISHED AT 170 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY

The World

"Circulation Books Open to All."

"Circulation Books Open to All.

THE WORLD
Is the First New York Newspaper

(*From THE WORLD, Monday, Sept. 24.*)

THE MILLIONTH WANT ARRIVES TWO MONTHS AHEAD OF LAST YEAR!

YOU will remember the eclat with which THE WORLD'S millionth Want of the 1905 crop was greeted when it arrived on November 19 last year! It was the advertising event of the period.

Yesterday set another proud milestone in the pathway of THE WORLD'S advertising growth. The millionth advertisement in the great year 1906 was in yesterday's issue—two months earlier than last year's brother!

With yesterday's count THE WORLD printed since January 1, 1,005,896 separate advertisements, an increase of 222,247. No other newspaper ever printed so many in the same space of time—ever gained so many—or placed them before so many readers.

The New York Herald, the next important newspaper, during the same period printed 843,645 advertisements, an increase of 29,752 over last year.

All of THE WORLD'S Rates are upon its Rate Cards, and its Circulation Books are open to all.

THE WORLD, PULITZER BLDG., NEW YORK

IN THE OCTOBER SCRIBNER

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON'S article, **The American Bison or Buffalo.** The story of the millions that once ranged the Western Plains, and the causes that have led to their extinction.

Daughters of Zion, by **KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.** A delightfully amusing story of how Rebecca organized a Home Missionary Society.

JOHN FOX'S serial, **A Knight of the Cumberland.** Full of romance, humor, and interesting characters.

Between Towns in Spain, by **EDWARD PENFIELD.** Travel off the beaten track. Illustrated in colors by the artist.

Washington in the Hands of the British. A vivid account of the capture of the National Capitol, from the Diaries and Letters of Margaret Bayard Smith.

A Professorial Meditation. An essay about the **The College Professor and His Salary,** written from the inside by **GRANT SHOWERMAN.**

The Position and Influence of Pope, by **T. R. LOUNSBURY.** A remarkable statement of how the poet imposed an undeserved reputation upon his contemporaries.

The Closed Shutters, by **JAMES B. CONNOLLY.** A dramatic story of the Fishing Fleet.

The Girl from the Machine. A romantic episode in the life of a hustling young politician, by **JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS,** author of "The Stolen Story."

The Terror on the Boiling Water, by **FRANCIS LYNDE.** The story of a railroad Hoodoo and how it was cured.

NEXT YEAR

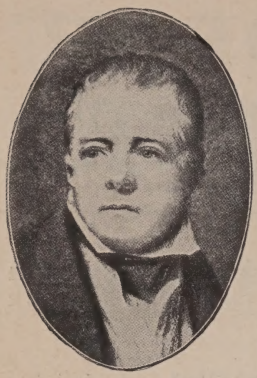
Another Great Novel by

EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth."

$3.00 a Year **25 Cents a Number**

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, - NEW YORK



SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE COMPLETE NOVELS OF Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

IN THIRTY ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

We will send you the entire set of 30 volumes, bound in cloth, all charges prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense, and we will return the $1.00. If you do like them, send us $2.00 every month for 15 months. The total cost to you is $31 00. On receipt of this dollar, we will send you, without additional cost, a year's subscription to either "Harper's Magazine," "Harper's Weekly," "Harper's Bazar," or "The North American Review." If the half-morocco edition is desired, please so state, and make monthly remittances of $3.00 until the full price, $48.00, is paid. In writing, state which periodical you want. Address

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS must be for all time a part of every library. This new edition in thirty illustrated volumes is designed to please the most exacting taste, and yet the price places it within the reach of all.

The thirty volumes are printed on fine laid paper. They are bound either in permanent dark-blue cloth or in dark-blue half Persian Morocco. The books have gilt tops and uncut edges. The decorated title-pages are in color.

There are 240 full-page illustrations by many eminent French and English artists.

At the end of each volume will be found a glossary, an index, and explanatory notes. The introductions to the various early editions of the novels are reprinted in full; also the General Preface, in which Scott discloses many interesting facts about his literary career.

Never before have these great novels been offered to the public in a complete uniform edition and in such splendid dress at this price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

Napoleon Bonaparte

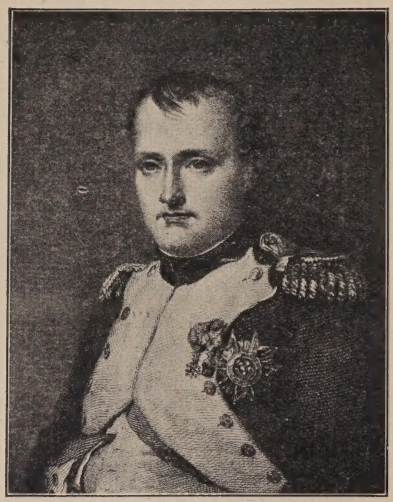
[*His Complete Life*]

and the story of the

French Revolution

by

John S. C. Abbott



"NAPOLEON AS EMPEROR"

IN SIX VOLUMES

With plans, maps, facsimiles of letters, important documents, etc., etc.

THE story of Napoleon and the French Revolution is the most vivid, brilliant, and interesting chapter in the world's history. It has been told by many writers, but, we think, never in a more authoritative and enthralling narrative than this. The eminent author, John S. C. Abbott, has here written in his most brilliant style and imbued the whole work with the results of his profound studies and judgment. The six volumes are of royal-octavo size, bound in dark-green silk cloth, with gilt tops and uncut edges. They are profusely illustrated with portraits, scenes from the Revolution, maps, facsimiles of documents, etc. — an important and distinctive feature.

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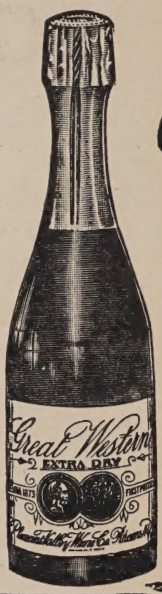

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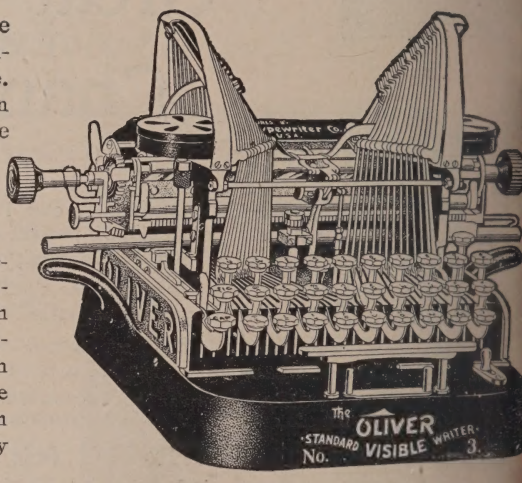

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